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T. Campbell S.J.

VARIOUS DISCOURSES

BY THE

REV. T. J. CAMPBELL, S.J.

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Archbishop of New York

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DEDICATED

TO THE

RIGHT REVEREND PATRICK J. HAYES, D.D.

AUXILIARY BISHOP OF NEW YORK

AS A

CONGRATULATORY TRIBUTE ON THE OCCASION OF HIS SACERDOTAL SILVER JUBILEE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THESE discourses are mainly on historical, sociological, ecclesiastical, and educational topics. They are the remnants of thirty-five years, or more, of pulpit and platform work, which have already appeared in pamphlets or in the local press of different parts of the country. There are no sermons among them, properly so called, though several of them have been delivered in churches or at religious gatherings. They are now put in book-form at the instance of some friends, whose personal regard, it is feared, may have influenced their judgment as to the advisability of the publication. Indeed, the reprint seems superfluous, or even presumptuous to a certain degree, but possibly it may be of some service.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY, New York.

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VARIOUS DISCOURSES

Obsequies of Father Hecker

Paulist Church, New York, December 26, 1888

THE first words of the Sunday Mass in the Christmas season are: "When night was in the midst of its course the Omnipotent Word of God came down from his celestial abode." They describe very rapidly and very vividly the intellectual, moral, and religious condition of the world immediately before the Incarnation.

During that period there were certain earnest souls watching for the dawn. They lived amid the Gentiles, where the night was darkest. They were called Wise Men because they were watching for God; they were called Magi or Kings because they were superior to the conditions around them; and according to tradition they were Priests because although not of the Chosen People they offered sacrifices to the Most High God.

When the star, the harbinger of the long-expected day, was seen, they arose and hastened to the source of light, availing themselves of whatever human or revealed knowledge they possessed to guide them on their way. Obstacles multiplied as they proceeded; royal cities glittered before their eyes to allure them with false lights; the apathy and unconcern of the appointed guardians of the truth repelled them; even the light that had led them through the gloom failed; but they were kingly souls, and, in spite of it all, they pressed eagerly forward until they knelt in the dwell-

ing of the Light of Light, and laid at the feet of the Saviour their symbolical gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh.

The coming of the Magi has always been glorified in the Church, for it was more than an act of individual virtue. It was the announcement of the vocation of the Gentiles, and almost a doctrinal pronouncement that for humanity to attain to God, there is need of supernatural wisdom, kingly fortitude, and a spirit of almost sacerdotal sacrifice.

In a somewhat similar way, but of course not with its wide significance, it happened that amid the darkness of forty years ago a star shone before the eyes of another watcher, and he, like the kings of old, arose and followed it. Heedless of what it meant in the abandonment of worldly hopes and ambitions; making light of what it implied in the way of sorrow and suffering; and though many a deceptive light would have lured him from the path, he kept ever onward through doubt and disappointment and defeat till he found the long-sought Christ, and laid at His feet the gold and frankincense and myrrh of his past life and whatever else of homage he might be asked to pay in the unknown future before him. He was wise, he was royal, and in his instinct he was already sacerdotal.

As with the Magi this earnest seeker for truth, Isaac Hecker, felt his heart filled with peace and joy and gratitude when that long and weary search was ended. Like the Magi of old he was bidden by God's representative to return to his own country, and then began the second pilgrimage; his lifetime of splendid endeavors, of magnificent priestly devotion, and during the fifteen darkened years that led to the tomb, the slow enwrapping of himself in the myrrh of sickness and sorrow and humiliation, until at last the light of eternity pierced the gloom, and he saw the Saviour, no longer through the intervening veil of faith,

but face to face in the splendor and glory of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Surely it is no exaggeration to say that the man about whose coffin we are gathered to-day with our offerings of sacrifice and suffrage was, at every moment of his career, ever eagerly watching for God, from the time that the first glimmer of light was leading him to divine truth until its effulgence shone around him, and after he became a Catholic and a priest.

It matters not what his human knowledge may have been, or how his enthusiastic and impulsive nature had to be restrained; those who knew him best understood that the one absorbing ambition of his zealous soul was to know more and more about the beauty, the majesty, and the mercy of God and to proclaim it to other men. For him the sun of wisdom was to know divine truth, and that desire was always the controlling and impelling power of his will.

Of his sacerdotal zeal for the extension of the Kingdom who can worthily speak? It was a fire that consumed him; a spark running through the reeds to set, if possible, the world aflame. He was exulting in the greatness of his strength, and little recked how soon it was spent. He was rejoicing to have been intrusted with the message of his Divine Master and thought only of sending through other men's hearts the joy that was pulsing in his own. What cared he for himself if the voice of the Lord could be heard to the end of the earth? What cared he if, with the Royal Psalmist, he might sing "the voice of God thundering in power and magnificence over the waste of waters, shattering the cedars of the mountain and startling the desert into life"? None who ever heard him preach and plead from the pulpit could hesitate to say: "There is a man who is living for God." Like the morning star shining in the midst of a cloud, and as the moon at full

and the sun shineth, he put on the robes of glory and clothed himself with the perfection of his power.

The end came before the normal time, but there was assigned to him as a preparation the oblation of the myrrh of his many years of shattered strength and helpless inactivity — to him one of the greatest of trials. Who of us that knew him in the days of his magnificent manhood can recall without a pang the change that had come over his outward appearance? How deep and tender were the words that sprang from many lips as he passed by with the pallor of death upon him, and all the brightness and animation of former days faded and gone. Eyes that were full of affection watched him, and sobs came with the words: "Ah! poor Father Hecker!" Many a prayer leaped to heaven for his recovery, and it is said that many a life was offered to God that he might be spared. But God had other designs. The faithful servant was purified by affliction, and when the struggle was over he knelt before his Master's throne with hands full of the fragrance of his works.

Hence it was that no one ever came within the sphere of his influence who could fail to experience the power he possessed of leading men to the service of God. No one who ever looked upon this man of noble mien with head erect, his kindly face illumined by the sunlight of affection for all mankind, could ever doubt that he was a leader of men. Who that knew him in the glorious days, now long past, could contemplate without amazement the labors he assumed in the building up of his religious community, the construction of his monastery and church, the publications he inaugurated, the books that he wrote, and the missions that carried him from ocean to ocean, each of them implying labor enough for a dozen men. His voice was an inspiration in the pulpit, in the confessional, in private conversation. You readily yielded to the

sway he exercised over you, and accepted his leadership without discussion or delay. You felt that he himself was conscious of the power he possessed, and exulted in it, though without the slightest trace of self-seeking or pride. His spiritual sons in the religious family of which he was the founder recognized it all through the long years in which a withering illness had unfitted him for the active exercise of his office, up to the very last breath he drew, when they knelt about his bedside and asked his parting benediction. He gave no response at first, but when, finally, the familiar voice of many years resounded in his ears, "Shall I bless them for you, Father?" he aroused himself from the depths of pain and exhaustion, and his ashen lips which death was sealing pronounced the singular words: "No, I will give it in the shadow of death." His feeble hand was raised, and like a leader dying on the field of battle he reconsecrated his followers in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost for the struggle in which they had chosen him as Leader. It was so with the High Priest Simon: "Around him was the ring of his brethren, and as the cedar upon Mount Libanus, and as the branches of palm trees they were ranged about him, and he took the oblation from their hands and poured out the libation of the blood of the grove, a divine odor before the altar of the Most High Prince. And coming down from the altar he raised his hands over all the congregation of the children of Israel, that he might give glory to God with his lips and glory in His name."

The Paulist Jubilee

Paulist Church, New York, January 25, 1910

IT is a very great privilege to be one of the speakers at this Jubilee, but in my own case I am almost tempted to claim it as a personal right. For there are few, if any, of the clergy of New York at present who know Fifty-ninth Street as it was fifty years ago better than I. Even among the Paulist Fathers themselves, all of the distinguished men who were then so much in the public eye, and we may add so deep in the public heart, have been one by one called to their reward, so that in the community which now commemorates its splendid achievements there are none who were living here in those far-away days.

What is true of them is true also, to a large extent, of the congregation. With some few exceptions, nearly all of those who were here when St. Paul's was first opened as a church have, because of the constantly changing conditions in which we Americans live, migrated elsewhere, though many have reached the term of their earthly career and laid down the burden of life. Fifty years ago the congregation was relatively so small, and the situation so isolated and remote, that we knew each other almost intimately, and could mark the gaps that occurred, as time travelled onward in its course. What few remain, no doubt like myself, often revert with pleasure to the past.

This place, which is now so congested, was then the open country. There were no whirring elevated trains rushing past, no rumbling of subterraneous railways, no clanging of trolleys in the then quiet street and avenue; there were no shops or hotels or hospitals, no dense lines

of tenements crowding each other for space. The greater part of the block where the church stood expanded into a beautiful garden; there were scattered houses here and there about Fifty-first and Fifty-fourth streets, but to the north was a rough region of rocks and swamps and woods as far as Harlem. The Park was just then being reclaimed from the wilderness; Broadway, which is now a line of palaces, was only the narrow Bloomingdale Road, along which the daily stage toiled sluggishly on its way to Manhattanville. To the east in the vacant lots stood the white foundations of the Cathedral, on which work had been suspended, for the Civil War was then in progress. The streets had not yet divided the remnants of the old estates, and the river banks were still free from the invasion of the power-stations and the storehouses of trade. On the contrary, high and precipitous rocks protruded into the yet unpolluted stream, and the boys found plenty of swimming places, in coves and nooks which were as safe and secluded as if they were in far-away rural retreats. Fifty-ninth Street Rock was famous in those days.

It was while coming up one day from the river with a party of boys that I first saw on the hill a structure which was nearing completion. We wondered at its unusual appearance, and in answer to our inquiries we were told that it was "the Paulist Monastery." But neither "Paulist" nor "Monastery" was then a familiar word in New York.

A short time after that, I was one of the younger members of the congregation, and formed part of, if I did not assist, the old volunteer choir, which was the predecessor, though not the progenitor, of the musical throng that now crowds the sanctuary of St. Paul's.

The church was not the present monumental structure, but merely a portion of the residence. It was not large, though we thought it so, for we were not then used to vast ecclesiastical edifices; nor was it beautiful, though we

were much attached to it, especially because it sometimes extended into the garden, and on festivals like Corpus Christi we could accompany the Blessed Sacrament and go in procession along the flower-lined pathways, singing our jubilant anthems in the bright sunlight which seemed always to illumine those happy days. We were all to ourselves in the verdure and fragrance in which the church was embowered. It all belonged to the Lord and to us.

We were fond of church-going in those days. The rage for parties and balls and theatres had not yet taken possession of the people, and beyond boating on the river our pleasure consisted mostly in attendance at rehearsals and assisting at Mass and Vespers; but I doubt if any set of young people enjoyed themselves more. We identified ourselves with the church. The sermons were never too long, nor the ceremonies too protracted. We shared the enthusiasm of the organist when such accomplished musicians as Young and Tillotson and Baker chanted the offices, especially the Passion, and those of us who were present on one Holy Saturday long remembered with delight how, after the gloomy silences of Lent, when the *Gloria in Excelsis* was intoned, a curtain dropped above the altar and what seemed then an almost luminous figure of Our Lord stood revealed. It was as if He had risen from the tomb of the dead wall which until then formed the rear of the sanctuary. I have often wondered what became of that inspiring picture.

We were very close to the illustrious and apostolic men who adorned the sanctuary.

First of all, of course, was Father Hecker, then in the full vigor of his splendid manhood; erect, tall, and robust; always on fire with enthusiasm; panting with eagerness to impart to us the love which was burning in his own heart for God and the Church; constantly planning new ways to extend the Kingdom of Christ, and ever possessed and

impelled by the idea that absorbed him of leading the world out of the darkness of error into the splendor of the Light of Faith. I have often thought, and still think, that in other circumstances and in other times, if the opportunity were offered, he would have made a magnificent martyr. I loved and admired him, and it was a strange coincidence that the boy who had looked up to him as he stood at the altar should after many years, in which I never saw him, be chosen to stand above his coffin and pronounce his panegyric.

With him was the gentle Tillotson; sweet, amiable, and persuasive. His sermons were not set speeches or harangues declaiming, demonstrating, denouncing, but conversations which explained, expostulated, and pleaded. He was even coaxing in his tone at times, nor did he ever hesitate to lay bare the workings of his trustful soul when speaking to the people. "I have completely forgotten what I wanted to say" he told us once, and then after a few more or less relevant sentences he exclaimed, as if he had recovered a lost treasure, "Oh! it has come back to me, here it is"; and he resumed the line of thought. Needless to say that such a speaker convinced and persuaded, for it was clear that we were not being carried away by the brilliancy of rhetoric or the devices of the accomplished orator. It was not the recovered thought we cared for, but we were captivated by the simplicity of soul that was revealed.

The striking personality of Father Baker of course arises from the past. His handsome face was like a medallion. The features were perfect, and their tranquillity suggested the ascetic, the man of prayer and mortification. His voice had almost a metallic ring in the beginning of his discourses, so clear was his enunciation, but it melted down into music as he proceeded, and its charm held us to the end. It was a sad day when we gathered around

his coffin; but there was a glory in the obsequies, for he had ended his career in a way that every priest would desire. He died a martyr of charity, because of the devoted care he had lavished upon one of his brethren who was at the point of death. It was not the patient, however, it was Father Baker who was carried to the tomb, and the new pall with its red cross which he had devised was first employed in draping his coffin.

The poet and the musician, Father Young, was here in those days; but may we not say that he is still here, especially on this anniversary, in the song that rises to heaven from the sanctuary, which he loved so much and for which he labored so long and well?

In that group also was the intense, the concentrated, the apostolically argumentative Hewitt, whose locks had even then begun to whiten. We venerated him chiefly as one who had almost achieved martyrdom, when he attempted to stay the fury of the mob in the bloody uprising of the draft riots which held New York in terror for many days. Indeed it was a marvel that he recovered from the savage blow of the axe that stretched him in his gore on the street.

Finally, there was the single-minded, straightforward, but kindly and affectionate Deshon, whose name is written upon every stone of this great edifice. It is his work; and the military training of the builder has imparted a fortress-like aspect to some parts of its exterior. Soldier though he was, he had the tender-heartedness of a child, and I shall always remember how, when he came to speak to me of the death of Father Hecker, his eyes were suffused with tears.

The advent of such men to the Church was an epoch in the ecclesiastical history of America. It was a shock to the Protestant world and sent a thrill of joy through the heart of every Catholic of the land. It was like an

unexpected pause in the battle, a temporary truce in the conflict, in order to make a clear, unmistakable, and almost defiant proclamation of a truth which the world needed at that precise moment, namely, that the poverty, the humility, the contempt, the scorn, the social, industrial, and political ostracism, and in some countries the bitter and relentless persecution with which everything connected with Catholicity is visited, are not the stamp of ignominy or the marks of divine disapproval, but badges of honor and unimpeachable evidences that the Holy Catholic Church is in reality and alone the Kingdom of God on earth.

These great men understood that; they grasped the sublime truth that although the Catholic Church has captivated the greatest minds, has counted among its children the most gigantic intellects the world has ever known, though it has received the allegiance of the wealthy and powerful of every age and every country, nay, has even placed the halo of sanctity upon the brows of mighty kings and conquerors, yet in the main it is the Church of the humble and the poor; necessarily so because it is the Church of the multitude, and proclaimed as such by its Divine Founder, who gives it as one of the marks by which it may be known, that the poor have the Gospel preached to them. Not only that, but it is poverty and lowliness that are most conducive to sanctity; for there are millions of saints among the poor and comparatively few among the great ones of the world. Christ Himself arrayed Himself in the royal robes of poverty and invited the scorn and contempt and persecutions of the world; and following His divine example myriads of the noblest of men and women have flung aside all the glory and wealth and enjoyment the world held out to them, and not only entered upon a life of poverty, want, and subjection, making themselves objects of pity and reproach to their fellowmen, but have bound themselves by solemn vows before

the altar to live and die in the consecrated livery of their Master. Like St. Paul, they gloried in their infirmities, knowing that they are the stigmata of Christ.

In a word, there are two armies in the field — one making use of material and physical weapons; the other flinging them aside and employing spiritual and supernatural arms to conquer. To the natural man the Church is weak, helpless, hopeless, often trodden underfoot and crushed; but to the spiritual man it is ever rising again with renewed strength and vigor and continuing in its magnificent progress to greater victories.

It is the inability to grasp this divine fact which explains why so many otherwise excellent men balk at entering the Catholic Church. But by a special illumination of the intellect which the infinite and unexplainable mercy of God bestowed upon the single-minded men of whom we are speaking, this weakness was a glory and not a reproach; it was a mark of divine predestination. They made the step and proffered their allegiance to the banner of Jesus Christ.

They came to the Catholic Church at a time when the outbreaks and outrages of Knownothingism were not only still fresh in men's memories, but were actually occurring; when the warrior prelate of New York, Archbishop Hughes, was maintaining his unaided fight against bigotry, misrepresentation, calumny, and injustice; when there were scandals and tumults even inside the fold; when the main body of the faithful verified what St. Paul said of the early Christians: "there are not many rich, not many powerful, not many learned." It was a time when Catholics were mostly immigrants or their immediate descendants, almost exclusively of the laboring classes, and regarded with mistrust and suspicion as foreigners whom their enemies had determined to keep in subjection, and who to all appearances would be forever debarred from all social,

business, or political preferment by those who held in their possession the wealth and power of the land.

But nevertheless this earnest and resolute group of men who had determined to do what was right at any cost, in spite of their worldly ambitions, in spite of their intense class and race prejudices which they had inherited and with which they were imbued, deliberately turned their backs on their families, friends, possessions, hopes, and ambitions, and cast their lot with the despised helots of the country; not thinking they had conferred a favor, however, but thanking God that they were the recipients of an unspeakable blessing to which they had absolutely no right. No wonder Catholics rejoiced, while all the world wondered.

Their coming also announced another truth, namely, that the Catholic Church, which is the City of God, is the City of the Soul. Their own minds had long been darkened by all sorts of religious error. They had followed delusive and dangerous lights over rocks and bogs and fens, and now by God's loving grace they had been led to see that the truths of salvation were to be found only in that City which the Son of God had built, and therefore notwithstanding the clamorous criticisms of their own people who ascribed their act publicly and privately to intellectual divagation, they continued on their course, clearly comprehending that it is not intellectual slavery to submit to authority, on what is hopelessly beyond one's mental reach, but, on the contrary, that it is the supremest intellectual folly to do otherwise, and therefore with inexpressible joy of heart they accepted the teachings of the Divine Redeemer, whom they saw clearly speaking in the utterances of the Catholic Church. The consequence was that they who, sincere though they were in their seeking, had up to that known no security in what alone it is essential to grasp, namely, the teachings upon which man's salvation

depend, entered at last into the possession of divine peace when they knelt at the steps of the altar and pronounced the words, *credo in sanctam, catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam;* not only the letter of its pronouncement, but its spirit, its mind, its intent.

Properly then do we raise our voices in Jubilee to revive the memory of the blessed men which is so identified with the fifty years' history of this church. But while we are rejoicing on earth in hymns and canticles and speech which imperfectly convey what is in the heart, may we not in these surroundings where our hearts are allured to celestial things hear an answering strain from the Jubilee of heaven, namely, the united song of these companions in trial and triumph, the departed Paulists, glorifying God for His boundless mercy and bidding us remember that greater than all riches and power and glory of the world is the privilege of dwelling in the City of God, in which are the light and the life and the peace which come from faith in Jesus Christ. They knew that in their lifetime and they know it more than ever now; and their prayers arise with more than usual love to the throne of God, ardently praying for us to remember that without the Kingdom of God on earth there cannot be for us a Kingdom of God in heaven.

Consecration of Bishop McDonnell of Brooklyn

St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, April 25, 1892

TO–DAY we are assembled in this glorious temple for the coronation of another prince of the Holy Church. It is the festival of St. Mark. And to-day every priest has repeated in his matins the story of how Mark, being the disciple and interpreter of Peter, wrote a Gospel according to what he had heard Peter narrating, which Peter approved and gave to the Church, stamped with his own authority; and how Mark, taking the book with him, went to Alexandria and established the Church there with so much learning and so much holiness that all were constrained to follow his example. There is a peculiar fitness, I think, in the coincidence of that act with the consecration of to-day. St. Mark could not have been sent to found the bishopric of Alexandria unless he were the interpreter and disciple of St. Peter, and the fact of his being so careful an interpreter and so faithful a disciple is sufficient to explain the importance which Alexandria subsequently acquired in the Church of God. For to be the interpreter of St. Peter was to be the echo of Jesus Christ, and hence from the time that the chief of the Apostles stood up in the Council of Jerusalem till to-day, when the voice of Leo is commanding the attention of the world, he is the oracle of the truths which men need to know.

" Happy Church of Rome," says Tertullian, " on whose soil the Apostles wrote their doctrine in their blood, and where the death of Peter was so like that of the Lord."

"Amid the clamor of contending factions," exclaims St. Jerome, "I cry out, 'Who belongs to the Chair of Peter is for me.' Therefore do I implore your beatitude by the cross of the Lord and by the necessary glory of our faith, the Passion of Christ, if you who follow the Apostle in honor would follow him in merit, if you are to sit in judgment with the twelve on the throne, if you are to be girded like Peter in your old age, despise not my soul which Christ died for, but tell me with whom I am to communicate in this strange and barbarous land." "Tossed by many tempests I have come late to this venerable synod," says the apostolic legate at the Council of Ephesus, "and have heard the holy acclamations of this august body greet the letters of our blessed Pope. Read, then, the decrees which you have made that we may sanction what you have imposed."

And so it has been in every age of the Church and in every battle which the Church has fought. The appeal has been always to one man, and only one, who could speak with the voice of Him who conquered the world. His place was in the centre of the world's civilization, and it is by the faith which He taught that the Son of God has conquered, and conquered with an irresistibleness that made Tertullian exclaim: "We are only of yesterday and have filled the world." *Hesterni sumus et implevimus omnia.* It is that faith which has made idolatry a condition of soul which can never occur again; it is that faith which was uttered like the creative word over the chaos of paganism, and which said "Let there be light" and there was light. With it the Holy Spirit moved over the void, and multitudes of every race rose up to testify by the holiness of their lives and the shedding of their blood to the truth of its teaching. That faith taught the world to be free not only from the thraldom of passion, but, in what affected the soul, made it independent of the greatest

powers that ever wielded an earthly sceptre; and it emerged from the first great struggle to see its symbol glittering on royal diadems and the rulers who had persecuted it accepting its mandates with veneration and love.

In the great disaster that fell upon the civilized world when the invading hordes of Vandals and Huns and Goths descended in a whirlwind of fire upon Europe, what was it but the faith of Peter that made the world anew? It is one of the commonplaces of history how it met those untamed spirits in their wild career, sent the ministers of peace back with them into their northern fastnesses, bent their necks to the yoke of the Gospel, built them up as nations, and made the thrones of their rulers bright with examples of royal sanctity. Hence it is that Proudhon was forced to say, "Theology is at the bottom of our laws." The dogmas of the Gospel formed for centuries the bases of the jurisprudence of Europe, the episcopal body held the highest place in the national assemblies, the profession of faith was deemed essential to legitimize the possession of power, and the ruler sought and received a religious consecration. As with David of old, the prophet of God poured the oil upon his brow and made him sacred, imparting the divinity which "did hedge round the king." Among the nations the pontiff sat as the judge, the father, and the sovereign, habituating them to the ways of peace and averting bloodshed by the veneration which he inspired and the awe with which his anathema was regarded. So that if Europe to-day is not the blighted wilderness of Asia and northern Africa, once splendid in the glory of their civilizations, it is because there has reigned at its centre for centuries a power that has always been and will ever be the champion of human liberty, the defender of the oppressed, the light, the guide, and the inspiration of all that is elevated and pure and noble in the individual, the family, and the State.

Not only is this true of Europe, but of our own country as well, which has borrowed its legislation and derived its traditions from the same source. And though it is slightly beside our present purpose, it may not be amiss, now that the thoughts of the world are engaged with the anniversary of the great discovery, to call attention to what you are aware of as well as I, that the faith of Peter has put its stamp upon our own country centuries before the birth of the nation. It was the hand of the Pope that traced the line across the globe to mark the course of the early discoverers. It was as the honored ambassador of sovereigns whose proudest title was that of " The Catholic " conferred on them by the Sovereign Pontiff that Columbus set sail in his *Santa Maria* to spread the Faith in these and other lands.

The first religious ceremony in our country was the solemn sacrifice of the Mass offered under the shadow of the cross. The most daring and successful explorers were priests bound by a special vow to the See of St. Peter. There was sacerdotal blood mingling in the waters of the Mohawk when the Dutch were intrenched at the Battery and Fort Orange was only a stockade. Priests were preaching to the Indians in Maine before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, and were consecrating the soil of Virginia by their martyrdom long before the cavaliers entered the river James. From *Pascua Florida,* the land of the *Flowery Easter,* to the St. Lawrence; from St. Mary's Bay in the Chesapeake to San Francisco on the Pacific, there are everywhere, on our lakes and rivers and mountains and cities, traces which can never be effaced and claims that can never be disputed that the Catholic religion sent hither by the See of Rome owes no apology to anyone in this land, but is above and beyond all others to the manor born and native to the soil.

But times have changed since Catholicity was an official

power in the assembly of nations and since Catholic navigators set sail with the blessings of the Pope on their caravels. The great religious revolt of the sixteenth century, which was mostly a political rebellion against the See of Rome, has effected a disintegration which promises to be as disastrous as that which swept away the last vestiges of the earlier civilization of Europe. For what is the condition of the intellectual world outside of the Catholic Church to-day? "A little careful memory," says a recent writer who knows whereof he speaks and who is not a Catholic, "a little careful observation will reveal a spectacle that is indeed appalling, and the more carefully we examine it the more shall we feel aghast at it. There has been a gradual dereligionizing of life, a slow sublimating out of its concrete theism, and at present a denial of religious dogma more complete than has ever been known."

Nor could it be otherwise. For the enemy that assailed the Papacy meant the destruction of the Church, the rejection of the Bible, and the contempt of all authority, civil and religious. And now under the teachings of positivism, agnosticism or pessimism, or whatever the new evangel may be called (and they were all hailed as such), it is making God Himself only a reminiscence and the spirituality of the soul only one more of the delusions that have drifted away into the past. And the will follows soon where the mind points to evil, and from a widespread denial of religious belief comes a wider spread moral depravity and corruption. For why

> "Am I to be overawed
> By what I cannot but know
> Is a juggle born of the brain?"

Men have ceased to be overawed, and the "juggle born of the brain" is making sad havoc with the fierce passions of the soul.

In the matter of personal purity what awful strides have

been made in the feelings and words and methods, both public and private, from the reserve and delicacy and restraint of a few years ago. Vice is brazen in its publicity, and the literature of the day (which is a fair test of morality) has sounded such depths in not only what is called realism, but in what claims to be refinement, that even the blasphemous Renan has felt himself called upon to deprecate with horror and disgust. Look at the family outside of the Church, how it is waning and disappearing. Divorce no longer forms a ban in society nor brings a blush to the cheek of woman. The consequence of this and other things connected with it are so disastrous as to threaten the very existence of nations.

And the governments of the world, whither are they drifting? Drifting? They are driving, and, like Jehu, driving furiously over the dead they have strewn in their pathway. They are all seeking, professedly or thoughtlessly, not only to ignore but to eliminate the Almighty from everything they undertake in their executive actions, in their legislation, in their schools, nay, in their very hospitals and on the battlefields with the dying and the dead. Take France as an example, which is foremost in the mad race. "One hundred years ago," said Clemenceau in a recent debate, "we said to the Tiers État, 'What were you yesterday? Nothing. What will you be to-morrow? Everything.' To-day we reverse the question and ask the Church, 'What were you yesterday? Everything. What will you be to-morrow? Nothing.' We cannot destroy you, for you are a spiritual power, but in all we do you shall have nothing to say."

And the governed, what of them? For the answer to that listen to the anarchist dynamite exploding in church and court and legislative chamber, from Madrid to St. Petersburg. What are the thoughts of the famishing millions in Russia, and of the hungry multitudes escaping from

bankrupt Italy? What is the meaning of the rattling sabres in the streets of Paris and Berlin, of the angry murmurs and the fierce unrest of the toilers in every land? What is the purpose of the mighty armies taken from the labors of peace and waiting for the signal or an accident to bring ruin upon the civilization of to-day more complete than the Huns and Vandals of other times? They were disorganized hordes, but their successors are trained for destruction. They were freebooters, but to-day the very priests are dragged from the altar to the barracks, and the sad sight is presented in this age of emancipations, of a great part of the civilized world in the enforced slavery of military life and another begging for bread.

> "Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
> And unawares morality expires,
> Lo! thy dread empire chaos is restored;
> Light dies before Thy uncreative word:
> Thy hand, Great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,
> And universal darkness buries all."

Who is the one who is to deliver us from all this? Who but the one who did it before? Leo confronted the wild Attila, who was burning the cities of Europe, making his track a wilderness. Leo and his successors can alone avert the disaster, and, if salvation is refused and the end comes, can construct another civilization out of the ruins, if, indeed, there is to be another. Listen to his words, addressed to the infidel governments of to-day: "If the State refuse to give God His rights, it will refuse its citizens theirs," and that, by the very fact, implies self-destruction. And, as an echo of this warning, scarce a month ago, in the columns of the *Dritto,* as if in mockery of its name *The Right,* under the very walls where the pontiff is held in durance comes the appeal to the people to use their knowledge of the chemistry of explosives to destroy the governments which they cannot overcome. The governments themselves are now in consterna-

tion as each returning May day brings its dark clouds foreboding evil. And so it must be; for the absence of God always means ruin.

It is precisely this exclusion of God from the State that so alarms the Catholic mind; alarms it indeed on every point where this exclusion is exercised, but most of all in that question so agitated to-day, the education of youth. There, if anywhere, it must enter or the State will infallibly perish. It is an alarm prompted by the purest patriotism and the plainest wisdom, for it can be said without fear of contradiction that there are no truer patriots and none with a clearer vision for such dangers than those who are in touch with the teachings of the Catholic Church. Whose voice is it that speaks to the world of the sanctity and inviolability of the marriage tie, so recklessly disregarded outside of the Catholic Church? It is the voice of the successor of Peter, who, while he points to the evils of the most awful kind that flow from its violation, reminds the world that around it revolve all that is pure in man or woman, all that guards the innocency of sweet childhood and makes the home, even of the poorest, an earthly paradise. It was the successor of Peter who raised above this adulterous generation the beautiful figure of the immaculate Mother and Virgin and bade the world see in her what is truly worthy of love and honor in man and womankind. It is he who speaks to the toiler of to-day and points to Him who was Himself a toiler, Jesus Christ. And, finally, with a special reference to the needs of this age of bewilderment and doubt, he promulgated the doctrine of his own infallibility. It startled the world indeed, and so did the pillar of fire startle the Israelites in the desert, but it led them to the promised land.

It is through such as you, Right Reverend Father in God, it is by your call to such a distinguished position in the illustrious hierarchy of the Church in America, that the

successor of St. Peter preaches this gospel of salvation. Like St. Mark in the early day, you are His disciple and interpreter. You are going, not like him to Alexandria, into a new land, but into a great church, which a noble pioneer of the faith planted and strengthened and adorned. You are going into a territory that had scarce a cross or spire when he raised his crozier above it forty years ago, and now after a lifetime of toil, continued to the very end, when he lay down in his coffin with the royal robes of poverty about him, having built it up for God, he entrusts it to you, rich in its magnificent churches, strong in its splendid charities and schools, with a zealous and devoted clergy and a flock of more than a quarter of a million, all on fire with zeal for the Church of Christ.

All this, I know, only fills you the more with consternation. But there are many things which seem like bright harbingers of a great and happy episcopate. Do you remember how when death was palsying the lips of the dying prelate that almost his last words were unexpectedly addressed to you, giving you for a moment almost episcopal power? Perhaps at that solemn hour it was vouchsafed him to penetrate the darkness that was closing round him. Why should it not be so for the one who had stood long before the mystic veil of the altar of sacrifice? There have come spontaneously from every side evidences of a warm and enthusiastic welcome increased by the quick honor of your elevation, and who can doubt but that it is a prophecy of the future and that the brightness of to-day will remain with you not merely as a memory, but as a widening and deepening reality through the labors and difficulties of your new and great career? It is the realm in which you alone can live, and the sweetness and gentleness of your own nature will reflect the sunshine even more abundantly than it is bestowed.

You are leaving a most honored and beloved prelate

who is tenderly attached to you, but who finds consolation, no doubt, in the thought that the white spires of St. Patrick's will hail with delight the towers of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, as they rise heavenward, to be together perpetual reminders, in sunshine and storm, to the millions that look up to them that it is the faith which they represent and it alone which can strengthen the walls of the social fabric, giving dignity and freedom to the individual, honor and perpetuity to the family, protection and stability to the State.

Your diocese lies upon a beautiful island, with the life and action and freshness of the mighty ocean around it. On both sides of its long expanse, the wealth of all the world is brought in stately ships; the travellers from every land first gaze upon your city when the mists of ocean lift from their eyes. With the great metropolis bound to it not only by its mighty bridge of steel, but by the stronger ties of kinship and religion, the influence that must be exerted upon the Christian Church almost defies calculation. Greater in the number of Catholics, more gigantic in the work of evangelization, more cosmopolitan and consequently more Catholic than any other religious centre upon our hemisphere, their united voices must ever command the greatest attention, their course be noted with the greatest concern, and their action invariably followed by the most stupendous results. May we not rest assured that, like the Church of Alexandria, both doctrine and holiness will ever distinguish these mighty Sees, the mother and daughter who sit side by side at the shores of the ocean, and that the waves that break at their feet will ever bear to the Rock upon which the Church is built, the Gospel of Peter, the glad tidings of Christ, brought into the souls of men, into the sacred circle of families, and into the destinies of our great and glorious nation!

Silver Jubilee of Bishop McDonnell of Brooklyn

St. James' Pro-Cathedral, Brooklyn, April 25, 1917

RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP. — It would not be rash to surmise that when the glory of the mitre rested on your brow in St. Patrick's Cathedral, on St. Mark's Day, 1892, you never imagined that after a quarter of a century had passed with its burdens of cares and responsibilities you would be celebrating the anniversary of that event. The condition of your health at that time would have compelled you to dismiss any such fancy as an unrealizable dream. But the wonderful is always quietly happening in Brooklyn. Your venerable predecessor, for instance, who has incidentally contrived to make this celebration coincide with the centennial of his birth (for he first saw the light of day in 1817), succeeded, in spite of the hardships and privations of those early days, in administering the diocese for the unusual space of thirty-eight years. You, Right Reverend Bishop, bid fair to rival him in that respect; but, in any case, for a see to have had only two Bishops during sixty-three years is a very unusual event in ecclesiastical history.

Your people, also, seem to delight in the unusual. Thus your friend and classmate, Right Reverend Bishop, the devoted and painstaking historiographer of Catholicism in Brooklyn, notes that one of the early settlers of this city was dragged to court for refusing to support a Protestant place of worship and was also charged with "alleging the frivolous excuse that he was a Catholic." In our time we no longer allege the frivolous excuse of being Catholics.

On the contrary, had it not been for the state of war in which we unhappily find ourselves, a great triumphal procession through the streets of the city would have proclaimed the fact that our fellow-citizens are at one with us in rejoicing at the astonishing progress of the Kingdom of God, recognizing as they and we do that the spiritual and moral growth which this celebration glorifies is the most important element in the stability and prosperity of a city or nation.

The Catholics of Brooklyn were only a handful at the beginning, now they are 800,000 in the diocese; they had only a little room on York and Gold streets, a meeting place that recalls the Upper Room of the Apostles and which on that account ought to be one of Brooklyn's most cherished sanctuaries; at present there are two hundred and fifty or two hundred and sixty beautiful and in many places splendid churches, chapels, and shrines where God is worshipped. Then an occasional priest crossed the East River in a rowboat to say Mass and hear confessions; now more than five hundred priests live in the midst of prosperous congregations, providing for every spiritual necessity of their flocks, while colleges, schools, convents, asylums, and hospitals are scattered with a divine profusion from one end of the island to the other. No wonder that forty thousand children were baptized last year and that seven thousand adults were admitted into the fold.

Do you know any other Cathedral which happens to be likewise the mother church of the diocese, where the venerated remains of the first pioneers of the faith encircle as with a crown the altar where they first knelt to worship God? In defence of that first beloved altar the heroic men and women who slumber here would have willingly given their lives, and hence it is eminently proper that their consecrated remains should still guard it. Indeed, the document they drew up petitioning for a resident pastor

seems almost prophetic of these conditions. "In the first place," they said, "we want our children instructed in the principles of our holy religion; we want more convenience for hearing the word of God ourselves; we want a church, a pastor, and a place for our interment."

These are not only unusual but extraordinary words and deserve to be written in letters of gold on the walls of this Cathedral as they are already in bronze on the Turner Memorial, to keep them forever in our memories: "The word of God; the principles of our holy faith, and a place for our interment." It recalls vividly the chapter of St. Mark when he tells of the Resurrection. Instead of showing us Christ in splendor and glory, as a contrast with the disgrace, the dishonor, and the apparently hopeless and eternal defeat of the Crucifixion, the Evangelist merely says: "Very early in the morning, three women went out to see the sepulchre; and a young man clothed in white — it was not even said that he was an angel — said, 'He is not here, He has risen; see the place where they have laid Him. Go and tell His brethren, He will precede them into Galilee.'"

In the same way, in the early dawn of Brooklyn's Catholicism this little group of men and women were looking for a grave; not an ordinary grave, but one over which an angel would stand one day and say for each of them, "He is risen, He is not here; go and tell the brethren He will precede them into Galilee, into heaven." That document was a Declaration of Independence; an Emancipation from what usually absorbs the energies of the world; a Proclamation that the only worthy thing in human existence is so to live that when we pass from the scene, the Cross of Christ may rise above our ashes and announce to our family and our fellow-men that "here are the precious remains of one who awaits the glory and the joy of the Resurrection."

There is another unusual feature in this celebration, which, though personal, must, I think, in the present circumstances be referred to. It is that the preacher who occupied the pulpit if he did not fill it at the Consecration, enjoys a similar distinction on the twenty-fifth anniversary of that auspicious event.

That the original invitation was personal to the Bishop-elect has always been a delightful memory to the recipient; that it was renewed on the tenth anniversary emphasized that pleasure; and coming now on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee, it is accepted as an assurance that the esteem and regard which it implies was not, in any way, impaired during that long stretch of years; and it is all the more comforting and consoling because it comes at a time when the shadows are beginning to gather and the beloved friends of earlier days are fast passing away. Perhaps, too, the appreciation of the honor is instinctive, inasmuch as for more than seventy years the men and women of my own immediate family were spiritually formed and fashioned at this holy altar of St. James' Cathedral. There I myself often knelt as a boy; and your predecessor did me the honor, fifty years ago, of asking me to go to Rome to study for the Brooklyn diocese. Had I accepted it I would be one of this clergy to-day. Perhaps that is why so much liberty and such frequency are allowed me in the pulpits of Brooklyn.

Speaking at your consecration, I ventured to call attention to the fact that the Capitulum in the Divine Office related how St. Mark, after having written his Gospel, submitted it to St. Peter for his blessing and approval. The lesson of submission and attachment to the Holy See which it conveyed was, however, absolutely superfluous for you, for the simple reason that almost from the beginning of your life you were indentified with Brooklyn. Such a conclusion might almost seem fanciful, but it is claimed

that as far back as 1524, that is, almost four hundred years ago, Long Island was called by the old Spanish navigator, Gomez, whose caravels skirted these shores, "the Island of the Apostles." He had sighted it on June 29, and according to the custom of the Catholic sailors of those days who recorded the progress of their voyage by dedicating the places they discovered to the hero whom the Church was honoring on that day, Gomez christened Long Island as the land of Sts. Peter and Paul. Thus, too, the first priests of Brooklyn came over from St. Peter's in New York; the second church on the island was called St. Paul's, and possibly it was the same impulse that prompted my venerable and venerated friend Father Sylvester Malone to build a church beyond the swamp lands of Wallabout, in honor of Sts. Peter and Paul; and finally the typical Catholic layman of Brooklyn, whose monument stands in front of this Cathedral, was called Peter when his parents held him over the baptismal font, the estimable and distinguished Peter Turner. In brief, it is this native devotion of Brooklyn, prophesied long ago by the old Spanish explorers, emphasized by the first settlers, and perpetuated by their descendants, which, apart from your personal qualifications for your high office and the piety of your people, explains the intuitive correctness of your teachings and the unqualified success of your administration.

Intimately connected with his profession of allegiance to the See of Peter, and constituting almost its corollary, is that other declaration, Right Reverend Bishop, which forms the device of your episcopal coat of arms: "Pax, Peace."

Peace is the tranquillity of order, the condition of repose which results from the subordination of the lower to the higher, of the material to the spiritual, of the human to the divine. The maintenance of this subordination is essential to the happiness of the individual as well as to

the happiness of the family of which he is a member and of the State of which he is a citizen. Hence it is the individual who is the ultimate and determining factor of peace and consequently of happiness in every sphere of human activity, personal, domestic, and political; and as in the special designs of Divine Providence man is destined for a supernatural end, the precept, "Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven and all the rest shall be added unto you," is not only the foundation of the whole moral law for individuals, but an invaluable principle of political economy, and an indispensable means in the acquisition, growth, and conservation of the happiness of family life.

A great artist of a century or two ago has illustrated this truth in a well-known painting, in which the Doge of Venice is represented kneeling in his loggia at prayer. Outside, through the open window, is seen the fleet of the Republic ostensibly ready for war. Before the suppliant Prince appears the radiant figure of Christ. The loggia is flooded with light, and at the feet of the Saviour rests a lion, the symbol of the civic power of Venice, but, in deliberate defiance of the laws of light and shade, the beast is left almost completely in the dark. Only the lineaments are discernible. Had the illumination been more intense, the effacement would have been complete. Meanwhile the Doge remains at prayer, and the galleys in the lagoon ride quietly at anchor. Christ had brought peace to the Republic.

Elsewhere in Venice there is another representation of the lion, but not in the splendor of a supernatural illumination. On the contrary, it stands in the public square, on the top of the Gray Pillar, in the glare and glitter of worldly wealth and fashion and the glory of civic, commercial, and warlike achievement. Its head is erect, its face is uplifted, its visage is marked by all its native ferocity, its muscles are tense as if it were preparing to

leap at its prey, and the artist has given it outstretched wings to fit it, as it were, for flight into the heavens above. But those wings have never moved, and the beast is still fixed to the pedestal, and grows blacker and grimier as the storms and the sunlight of centuries pass over it. It has eyes, but it does not see the earth beneath nor the blue of the skies overhead; it has ears, but hears neither the strains of music nor the rumbling of the storm; it has lithe limbs, but it is incapable of movement. What is it but the type of those old philosophers whom St. Paul reproved and of their modern descendants, who, "not understanding the invisible things of God from the things that are made, have become vain in their thoughts; whose foolish hearts are darkened; and who have changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness and image of corruptible man and of birds and fourfooted beasts and creeping things," the men, namely, who never wearied of boasting that revealed religion was unnecessary and that unaided reason sufficed to discover all truth, yet who failed to find even the Primal Cause or the Final Consummation. The result is that for them there is no God, no soul, no conscience, no moral law, and man is a twin brother to the brute. Even natural religion is scoffed at; the very name of God is expunged from the school books of at least one great nation; the churches are empty, and indecent theatres are thronged; authority is scoffed at, and organized anarchy is marshalling its forces for the ruin of all governments; divorce makes marriage only successive concubinage and families non-existent; birth control is discussed in the courts and dilated upon in the press; abortion is counselled and applauded; public indecency becomes more brazen every day, and carnal indulgence is blasting the physical life of the race; finally, the greed of commercial and territorial expansion has plunged the world into a war so hideous in its methods and so awful in its extent that men are fear-

ing the final disaster. The Lion and the Bear and the double-headed Eagles are rending each other; the dragon of Japan may soon enter the *mêlée,* and other representatives of the animal creation may follow or be forced into the carnage. Black savages and bloodthirsty Turks, semi-barbarian Serbs and Bulgarians and turbaned Hindoos and nearly all the civilized nations are in the welter of blood, and we ourselves, after holding out so long for peace, are now fighting for the life of our country, which we must and will protect at any cost or any sacrifice.

Whole armies are mowed down like grass; armored cruisers and hospital ships and defenceless merchantmen are sunk in an instant with thousands on board; fighters fly like huge vultures in the clouds, flash like fierce fish in the depths of the sea, and burrow like beasts in the earth, awaiting their prey; millions of warriors are wielding weapons which the wonderful science of the day has perfected to such a degree that we almost regret that science of that kind had ever been engendered, or at least that reason and religion and morality have not been able to control it. The animal man is in the ascendant, and in some parts of the strife there seems to be a special malignity against the things of the spirit, which shows itself in the eagerness with which churches and cathedrals are levelled or desecrated and crimes committed which have to be spoken of in whispers. Worst of all, priests are torn from the altar and made to fight side by side with men whose trade is blood.

Nor is there apparently any hope of arresting the havoc. The device of the balance of power has failed, peace congresses have failed, public opinion has failed; voluntary disarmament is too much like a counsel of the Gospel for an unbelieving generation to adopt; treaties are scraps of paper; the bankers who promised to prevent it have financed it, and even the Pope, who in former times could

compel warring nations to lay down their arms, is no longer heeded, and it is a sign to many that his power has forever passed away and even that Christianity itself has proved a failure.

Yet the very reverse is the case, and what is now going on around us in Brooklyn is a proof of the assertion. For what is this diocese in whose achievements we are to-day exulting? What are all the dioceses of the world but sections, portions, divisions, territories of the universal and visible Kingdom of God on earth? And who are those who govern them but the delegated and consecrated representatives of Him who is the Supreme Ruler and the Chief Shepherd, the Vicar of Jesus Christ? What they do He does; without Him they would be absolutely helpless. When therefore this world-wide Kingdom exerts an influence not only on eight hundred thousand souls, as here on this island, but on countless millions in every clime and nation and in every condition of life, by modifying, checking, controlling, curbing, and in numberless and sublime instances almost completely eradicating, the terrible appetites of the animal nature of men and substituting for them impulses and ambitions that are noble, elevating, and supernatural, it is clear, even though in individual cases it succeeds only to a slight degree or not at all, that a mighty power is at work in the interest of the world's peace and is succeeding to an extent that defies calculation. For suppose, if you can, that the doctrines and morality inculcated by Christ, not only those which the Catholic Church teaches, but that all the shreds and remnants and vestiges which have remained, despite the ravages of heresy and schism, were completely eliminated from the world, and that man were left absolutely in the power of those brutal instincts by which he is prompted to such a frightful extent to-day, what would the whole world be but hell? It is in preventing that catastrophe and in eliciting splendid exam-

ples of Christian piety even in the bloody trenches and reeking battlefields that the Sovereign Pontiff, the Representative of Jesus Christ, displays his power on earth, and makes it manifest to those who reflect that he is infinitely greater than if he were merely sending back an Attila to his forests or putting a Henry IV on his knees in the snows of Canossa.

It is to effect that result, namely, to subject the beast in us to the spirit, that the Church keeps continually before our eyes the vision of Jesus Christ. Thus we see Him in the multitudinous churches and chapels and schools and institutions of charity; we see Him in the lives, nay, in the very faces of thousands and thousands whose fidelity to their adoption as children of God has developed a resemblance to Him; we see Him in the uplifted Host; we see Him in our silent visits to the shrouded tabernacles; we see Him in the Sacraments we receive; we see Him in the sorrows we suffer; we see Him in the cross that is pressed to our lips in our last agony; we see Him in the cemeteries where the sign of salvation is raised above the mouldering remains of those we loved on earth and whom we shall love still more in heaven.

Never shall I forget the scene in which I was privileged to participate last year at Port Jefferson, when ten thousand men bearing the Name of Jesus on their banners marched in seemingly endless procession over the low sand hills merely to assemble for a short space before a shelter which had been erected for God's little crippled children. That vast multitude had had nothing to eat since early morning, they had sacrificed their day's rest or amusement, but they cared little for that. They listened to a brief discourse which was merely a re-echoing of the jubilation of their own hearts; they knelt for the blessing of Christ in the Eucharist, and late at night reached their homes. As I gazed upon that splendid panorama, for such it was,

I could not help repeating to myself: "These men are going to heaven. The presence of Christ is real and actual to them, and, like the throngs who followed Him to the desert, they are forgetting the ordinary things of life and thinking only of the spiritual and the divine."

It seemed like a universal, spontaneous, and united response to the Epistle of the Mass on St. Mark's Day which tells how the Prophet Ezechiel beheld in a glorious vision the chariot of God. "The wheels of it were four living creatures: the ox, the lion, the eagle, and the corporeal man. Their faces were turned upwards; and they had outstretched wings, and every one went straightforward, like flashes of lightning, whithersoever the impulse of the Spirit was to go. Thither they went and turned not when they went." But that superb Catholic demonstration was only a little phase of the glorious work that is going on everywhere in the Church in the subjugation of our animal nature to the will of God in Jesus Christ.

That subjugation, however, can never be achieved if Christ is regarded merely as a man, a teacher, a religious reformer, the inaugurator of a new epoch; much less if He is blasphemously rated as a dreamer, an enthusiast, an idealist, a composite picture, a growth of thought, or a myth, or any other of those mental fictions which constitute the crime and the curse of our day. No! Jesus Christ is indeed a Man, but He is at the same time the Everlasting and Omnipotent God, God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God, Who for us men and for our salvation became Man and dwelt amongst us. He is the Alpha and the Omega; the Beginning and the End of all things; the Ruler at whose Name every knee on earth, in heaven, and in hell shall bend; and consequently whose doctrines we must accept, whose moral law we must obey, and whose Sacraments we must receive. He is the Judge of the world; and at the Last Day, enthroned above

the sepulchres of the nations, He will assign to every mortal an eternity of happiness or an eternity of woe. It is only because the world rejects the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ that it finds itself in its present dire degradation and distress. To restore peace and happiness there is but one thing to do, and that is, to bring back Christ to the lives of individuals, families, and nations. It is only thus that we Americans can hope to avert from our own land the disasters that have fallen on unhappy Europe.

You, Right Reverend Bishop, have been privileged to further this work of salvation in a remarkable way, by your life, by your example, and by your quiet and persevering energy of purpose; and with you are your priests, your religious, and your people. May you continue your fruitful aspostolate for many years, and when the Lord at last calls you for your Jubilee in heaven you will hear from His lips, as He takes you to His Heart, the words that you yourself have so often repeated, *Pax tecum* ("Peace be with you").

Intellectual Education

Alumni Banquet of St. John's College, Fordham, Buckingham Hotel, New York, January 20, 1897

I CONFESS to a feeling of dejection when I read or hear of the countless millions which are being lavished on non-Catholic educational institutions and compare them with our own scanty resources. I cannot help thinking that from their financial and presumably educational heights they look down with unconcern, if not contempt, upon our scholastic littleness, and are following, consciously or not, the advice of Tyndall, in " differentiating themselves from the foolish, fanatical, and sacerdotal portion of the human race whose intellects are reduced to atrophy as regards scientific truth, and whose brain in relation to science is virtually the undeveloped brain of a child." Do you wonder, then, with this educational Eldorado before me, which I cannot reach, with the assurance from Tyndall, who never errs, that my brain is atrophied and undeveloped, and with the knowledge that enlightened Roman Catholics with social aspirations are differentiating themselves from me behind the walls of non-Catholic colleges, that I yield to gloom and depression?

But it is only for a moment. I recall an answer made to me by a high-spirited and noble young Spaniard, to whom I was suggesting motives of submission in a family bereavement. Drawing himself up proudly and looking me straight in the face, with just a gleam of indignation in his eye, he said, " Father, I am a Catholic! " So, looking straight at this gloomy aspect of things educational, I say to myself, " I am a Catholic," and can get and can give a better education and exercise a greater and better

influence upon my country's fortunes than they with all their wealth and prestige and power. I prescind altogether from the question of moral influence. Our superiority there goes without saying. But I maintain that in the fight for intellectual supremacy we can and must prevail, and I read my title to that claim clear and unclouded on the pages of history.

When the first Catholic educators appeared, they were confronted with the highest degree of culture the world had yet known. It was the golden age of Augustus, which meant not only the union of the poetry, eloquence, philosophy, jurisprudence, science, and statesmanship of that wonderful period, but included all that had emanated from Grecian genius in the splendid age of Pericles, whose influence still lingered over and pervaded the Roman Empire.

It was a hopeless task, apparently, for the atrophied ecclesiastical intellect that presented itself for recognition. Yet Clement's voice was immediately heard, and that of Irenæus and Hermas. There was Cyril of Jerusalem, with his marvellous lucidity of style; Gregory of Neo-Cæsarea, who first carried Christian eloquence to the height of sublimity; Basil, who could rank with the best Greek writers of antiquity; Gregory of Nazianzen, who deserves a high position with the orators of any age or country, and who first wove the golden threads of Grecian rhythm around the noble dogmas of the religion of Christ; Athanasius, of whom it is said the Greek mind never went further in sublimity and depth; Chrysostom of the golden lips; Origen, with his boundless learning; Tertullian, whose sentences reverberate like peals of thunder; Ambrose and Jerome and Augustine — one of the greatest minds the world has ever known — not all priests, for Tertullian was not, nor Origen in the beginning; nor Boëthius, the leader of Theodoric's army; nor Cassiodorus, his treasurer; and countless others whom we need not name.

And their competitors? What of them? What did they produce during all the time in which they still held the wealth and power of the world? "Nothing," says Cantu. "They gave nothing to the world but some cold grammarians, loquacious rhetoricians, meagre chroniclers, sickly poets singing nuptial verses and shepherds' idylls." The ever accusing and condemning fact is there, that after the time of Nero there is not a writer of any note whose name has lived, but Tacitus and Juvenal and Pliny; and they would have perished had not the old monks of the Middle Ages saved them from the wreck. Their literature was dwarfed before the splendid intellectual powers which demanded and won recognition from the world. It was not a sudden upspringing of light that flashed before the eyes of men, to expire as soon, but a brilliancy lasting through the centuries, with its influence still permeating the Christian world and probably to endure to the end. Before its splendor the lesser lights of paganism paled their ineffectual fires and disappeared. Who, we ask, were the conquerors in that first great trial of strength?

There came another test. It was when civilization was trampled underfoot by the barbarians of the North. The Catholic educator addressed himself to his task again, as poorly equipped as before, with no material at all on the side of his savage pupil to work upon. And what was the result? The result was simply the civilization of to-day. For who framed the laws of all the nations of modern times? Who taught the arts of peace and mitigated the horrors of war? Who shaped their manners? Who formed and fashioned and enriched their language? Who created and developed their literature? The Catholic educators. Who created the architecture of the modern World? Who inspired art, illumined its poetry, gave elevation to its oratory, guided its statesmanship, and bound its peoples together in international amity and peace? Who

but the Catholic teachers who met these wild men of the North and transformed them into what they are to-day? For let us never forget that whatever is noble, beautiful, splendid, and strong in modern civilization is due solely to its Catholic education. The Catholic teacher found Europe a desert and made it the sun and centre of civilization, the most beneficent portion and the most powerful influence in the world to-day. Without him it would have remained what Asia and Africa are at present — regions over which hangs a curse because there is no Christianity and consequently no Christian or Catholic education.

Admitting the past, say our opponents, it does not change the fact that for the future you do not count. Your influence in the educational and intellectual world is not only waning, but has already passed away.

Let us examine this assumption, whose arrogance we need not qualify. The situation is this: The educational trend of the present day is almost entirely in the direction of the natural sciences. The world, dazzled and perhaps dazed by the splendid discoveries of science, will have nothing else. Columbia's catalogue announces that she is to devote herself mainly to the applied sciences. In Harvard, the old home of polite letters, a modicum of the natural sciences is enough for a degree. The other colleges are in line. Vast sums of money are being expended in technical laboratories, parties of exploration are being organized, and schools of excavation established in various countries, and the arguments of the pick and shovel are, to use the language of one of them, replacing the methods of the past. Chemistry, physics, biology, geology, botany, palæontology, are the order of the day. No literature, no history, no philosophy, but only science. The whole country is not only drifting, but rushing in that one direction.

In the presence of this movement I am not discouraged

or dismayed, but distressed. I am in the presence of a work of devastation; for if not checked by the conservative elements in education, it means not only the ruin of all genuine culture, but the wreck of the universities themselves and the mental deterioration of the race that is to be subjected to this discipline.

It was bad enough to have cut out of university life the boundless intellectual wealth contained in revealed truth along with the illumination that radiated from it through the splendid minds of the first centuries of the Christian era; it was sad enough to have expelled with scorn and contempt the philosophy of ancient and modern times; but to have abandoned history, literature, and the arts, as Strauss, Renan, and others ordain, and to reduce the university to the level of a workshop — for that is all that applied science means — is to have already effected its destruction. Even the workshop will disappear when the funds of its patrons are withdrawn.

Time was when the university guided the thought of the nation. But who cares for the opinion or sentiment of an aggregation of mechanics or laborers, who have not a second thought beyond their laboratory or bench, on the mighty questions that weave themselves into the lives of men and nations? Jules Simon prophesied that the believers of yesterday, becoming sceptics to-day, will be nihilists to-morrow. But this scientific movement in education is as nihilistic against the governments of the world as political nihilism. It is a movement which began in apostasy, in the sixteenth century, degenerated into atheism in the eighteenth, and now aims at the annihilation not only of the institutions of learning but of the intellect itself. Darwin's lament that his life of classification and numeration had robbed him of all sense of the beautiful would be pathetic if it were not a merited retribution. "Art and music and poetry had become offensive to him,"

he said, "though once passionately loved." But not only the tender and sweet emotions are shrivelled and destroyed; the intellect itself is left undeveloped, atrophied, and in danger of destruction. "The tradition of great men from our universities," says Choate, "is lost." He attributes it to lack of work, but it is really lack of mind. "There is no such thing as reason, understanding, and intellect," shrieks Max Müller. "It is only an organism acted upon by matter and possessing no spontaneity or energy or life of its own," echo all the others; and judging from the reasoning of some of their best writers and their fetich-like adoration of each other's disgraced and discarded theories, he is right. "I am amazed," said a member of a scientific congress, "at the inability of my associates to co-ordinate their special investigations with the general science of which those specialties are a part, and their childish inability to explain the result of their labors." On the other hand, I have been asked, "How do you account for the readiness and ease with which your young men can address themselves to the abstruse subjects of ethics and metaphysics?" "Because they are Catholics," I replied. "They are on familiar ground, and their intellects are not dwarfed and undeveloped, but strengthened and enlarged. They are not mere machines with no other occupation than that of the laborer digging in the earth, or of the savage marking the track of animals, but their minds are immortal spirits that will not be satisfied with the visible world, but will soar above it in their search for truth, and not rest till they find it in its source."

Admire as we may these splendid achievements of science, we miss their import and purpose if we are dazed or unsettled by them, or if we fancy that they are necessarily guarantees of intellectual greatness. Some of the most astonishing discoveries have resulted in little else than the production of scientific toys; few, if any, have advanced

us one step in explaining the real nature of the agencies at work. Progress has been along the line of perfection of mechanism rather than of intimate knowledge of nature itself.

We must bear in mind that these conquests over the material universe are desirable in so far as they furnish material to ennoble or intensify the æsthetic or intellectual faculties of our nature. If the contrary ensues, namely, if our appreciation of the beautiful in art and letters perishes, if our intellectual and reasoning powers are impaired, we are like those who, coming suddenly into unexpected wealth, employ it to plunge into a life of glittering dissipation. The whole man is soon a wreck. As to superiority, there can be no doubt that the one whose intellectual faculties are perfectly trained will easily prevail over the exclusively scientific automaton who is notoriously, egregiously, and professedly unintellectual, and who is dull to the beauty not only of the invisible creation but even to that which comes in the domain of sense. The prestige which science enjoys at the present time is only that which everything new and startling obtains, especially when it appeals to the lower or animal part of man. In the contest that is being waged for educational supremacy there can be no doubt of the issue. Between a mind and a machine or between a mind and no mind, there can be only one result.

Do you propose, then, to eliminate scientific studies from your curriculum? I make answer that I belong to a body of men who, Von Humboldt says, always associate scientific research with the spread of the Gospel. The *Scientific American* of this week tells with enthusiasm of the explorations of one of them up near the Arctic Ocean, travelling over two thousand miles on the ice and snow alone with an Indian boy (and this was only one of many such journeys) in regions where no human being had ever

penetrated, gathering scientific data while preaching salvation. They are men whose unthought of and unconsidered letters, written in Indian wigwams or in bark canoes or in the depths of the forests, are being solicitously gathered by Harvard and Lenox and other great libraries, and are now elaborately republished as the best philological, geographical, and ethnological material for the history of our country; men who are at the present moment the Government meteorologists at the great danger points of the world — the Spanish Main, the China Sea, and the Philippine Islands; men who, primarily theologians and philosophers and preachers, have inscribed at least some honored names in the history of scientific research.

No; it is precisely because we do not wish to exclude science that we take this position (and let me say in parenthesis that the general chemical and physical laboratories of most of our colleges are as well equipped as those in many of the most pretentious universities); but, on the contrary, it is to have science better and more profoundly and more thoroughly and more intelligently studied that we adhere so tenaciously to our literary, historical, and philosophical studies. In point of fact the real princes in the domain of science — men like William Thompson, Clark Maxwell, and others — had been first trained in the very studies which we are advocating as indispensable in real education. They had the advantage of the old Catholic traditions of philosophy and literature which still lingered in the universities which sent them forth. They were not the uninformed and unreasoning and unintelligent experimenters who are invading the world to-day. That was the secret of their success, for surely, there is nothing to prevent a man who has distinguished himself in intellectual pursuits from being a master in these inferior sciences if he wishes to lower the sphere of his activity. Are there not examples in plenty of superiority won in

scientific matters by those who had been first intellectually disciplined when pitted against those who knew only what their eyes could see and their hands could feel? Not to leave the precincts of the room in which we are assembled, I see before me two physicians, graduates of Fordham, who in the same year were without difficulty the leaders of the respective schools of two or three hundred in Bellevue and the University of New York. At the present moment the University of Pennsylvania is commissioning two of our graduates, before even their course is completed, to examine all the medical laboratories of Europe and bring back the results of their investigations to enrich the university that delights to do them honor. Dwight, of the Law School, is quoted as saying that he could tell immediately a young man with Catholic training. The habit of reasoning, of examining into causes, of co-ordinating and unifying even the simplest studies from grammar up to philosophy, gives them an immediate superiority over their rivals. These are examples taken at random to illustrate the point I am insisting upon, that, instead of impeding it, intellectual training is the very best assurance of scientific success.

So that when Tyndall says, "We have explored the entire universe and have now reached the outer rim, beyond which there looms another universe, one which will forever loom," we can reply, "Over that rim and into that universe a Catholic boy can, independently of revealed truth (for we are taking no account of that here), by the inherent and cultivated power of his intellect, lead you, O learned Professor, and tell you many secrets which your limited vision, darkened by contemplating the earth alone, can never perceive."

What a Catholic Centrist of the German Parliament said to a Bismarckian member may be applied to us. "You are ahead of us by the length of Von Malinckrodt."

" Von Malinckrodt! " retorted the Catholic; " we are ahead of you by the length of eternal principles." So in the matter of education we are ahead of all the rest, first, by the infinite light of revelation which, while displaying before our vision the vast universe of truth which unaided reason can never achieve, throws light on those truths which reason is able to reach. We are ahead of them by the light which the genius of every age has shed upon the most vital questions that concern the human race. We are ahead of them by the heritage bequeathed to us by the greatest poets, philosophers, jurists, legislators, and statesmen of the modern world — for the greatest of them were Catholics. What then is to prevent us from being in our own country the leaders in all the learned professions, the orators, philosophers, jurists, statesmen, and men of science who are to guide and shape and direct the thought of our times and country?

History must repeat itself, and whether we consider the present condition of culture as the acme of civilization or the inroad of intellectual vandalism, Catholics can and must conquer now as they have done before. Our antagonists have not only actually abandoned the domain of intellect by abandoning the studies in which at times it has shown its greatest powers, but have in their gross materialism actually cast aside intellect itself, in proclaiming that their mind is a machine and they glory in their dishonor. It is no longer a trial of intellects, but of intellect against the pick and the shovel. History has shown us that they can be beaten when the contest is mind to mind; how much more so in these changed conditions.

In this battlefield of science which they have chosen it is mind against matter, it is light against darkness; and matter will yield to mind, and darkness will yield to light. Just as it is the Catholic intellect alone that can show the way through the gloom and perplexity of the great

questions of the day, and alone build solid the foundations of the State, so it is the Catholic intellect alone which can and will gather together all the researches that these diggers in the earth are making, will find their relations, coordinate them, and tell their meaning to the world. The laborers can fetch the material, but the master-mind will build the pyramid and inscribe his own glory upon it. He alone will be known when they are long passed into oblivion. It is Catholic teaching alone that can elevate the human race from the degradation of ignorance and error, and crown it with that glory which only the spiritual intellect can achieve in whatever pursuits the human race may choose to direct its energies and devote its time.

Marriage

Colgate University (Baptist), May 24, 1898

I HAVE read with intense interest the discourses already
the importance of the theme that has been adopted.
delivered here, and I am profoundly impressed with
There is in my mind no doubt that the acceptance or the rejection of the doctrine of Christ's divinity is fraught with consequences similar to those which confronted the Hebrew people, but which they were too blind to see nineteen hundred years ago. Its rejection means national ruin. For we must not forget that our civilization is a Christian civilization, and its doctrines form the basis of our laws.

If you destroy one you destroy the other. Take away the foundation and the edifice that rests upon it necessarily falls.

This is particularly true with regard to that part of the divine legislation which concerns the marriage contract, whose essential characteristics are formulated by Christ in a brief passage of Matthew and Mark. Therein He not only condemns the legislation of the then existing nations, but also reprobates the abuse which Moses had allowed to creep into the practice of the people of God; and He clearly marks out the course which future generations are to follow if they are to avoid the dangers of the past.

In a few rapid words He there declares, first, that marriage is a divine institution which no human authority has a right to invade; secondly, that it is a holy thing, with a holiness which, as the Apostle subsequently described it, is like Christ's own mystical union with His church; thirdly, that it is indissoluble, for the bill of divorce he declared to be an abuse which had been permitted only because of

the corruption of men's hearts; lastly, it was for two in one flesh, and consequently polygamy was not to be endured.

Here, then, is the thesis of this paper. This single law which Christ as ruler of the world promulgated is of such a nature that, if not obeyed, the family, and as a consequence the nation itself, must inevitably perish.

I base this assertion not on any doctrinal reasons, but on a simple historical presentation of facts.

I shall appeal, first, to the history of some of the great races which rose and fell before the advent of Christianity, and which had lost the tradition of marriage as God first instituted it in the Garden of Eden; secondly, to those which once were Christian, but which subsequently abandoned the faith of Christ. When that is done, we shall look at marriage as it was established by the Creator and restored by Christ, and it will not be hard to conclude that upon Christ's legislation on this matter of marriage depends, as I have said, the very existence of our present civilization.

A primary condition of the stability of this compact is the recognition and admission of the truth that the party most interested, namely, woman, is not man's slave, but his equal; that she is the guardian of purity as a virgin, a wife, and a mother, and the depository and exponent of the gentle and refining qualities which make for the elevation and the preservation of the nations. Only Christian marriage, I maintain, keeps for her those glorious prerogatives, and in consequence prevents the ruin of the commonwealths of the world.

Let us begin with the ancient Greeks, that wonderful people which was without exception the most intellectual and cultured the world has known, yet which in spite of its unchallenged pre-eminence had almost completely eliminated from its mind and heart the proper appreciation of

woman's dignity and woman's glory. A glance at their religious ideals will convince us of that. To take but a few of their female deities, what was Aphrodite or Venus but the most degraded human lust elevated into an object of cult? The chaste Diana, as she is called, whose vesture accords but little with our ideas of what chastity clothes herself with, had human sacrifices as part of her worship, — the ancients' idea possibly of what woman's influence was on the human race. Pallas Athene added to the slaughter-loving brutality of the masculine Mars the low element of cunning, and appears unwomanlike in full armor and glittering spear, with serpents hissing in her hair and on her breast, and with the Gorgon on her shield which stiffens all the earth to stone. Of Juno and her relations to her spouse and others we need say nothing. They are too foul to be thought of. When despairing humanity looked to heaven, it saw only what was abominable even for the earth.

So also for the heroines of literature. Even the sweet Andromache of Homer is made to utter a most unwifely sentiment by Euripides, in her parting words to Hector, and she becomes a degraded slave after the death of her warrior husband. Penelope's much-praised and therefore unusual fidelity is not above suspicion. Iphigenia, who figures in so many a pathetic story, is a priestess of the bloody rites of Diana, and was accustomed to offer human sacrifices, especially of strangers, on the altars of the goddess. Clytemnestra rises before us brandishing her bloody dagger over her sleeping husband. Medea scatters the mangled remains of her children as she flees away to an adulterous connection after murdering her rival. Hecuba murdered the sons of Polymestor after putting out their father's eyes. Polyxena was the instrument employed to seduce Achilles to betray the Greeks, and subsequently to cause his assassination. Antigone was a suicide, and these

cover the whole field of their ideal as to woman's work and woman's influence on society. The greatest poem of antiquity turns upon the most outrageous breach of hospitality in the abduction of Helen, which was condoned and defended by a whole race, while the lives of the avengers demonstrate that it was not the vindication of female honor but other motives that evoked the strife.

So much for the Greek ideal. The real corresponded to it. In that period of Grecian history which is known as the age of Pericles, in which culture reached the highest point it ever before or since attained, when its painting, sculpture, poetry, philosophy, oratory, and even war represented human power at its zenith, the condition of womankind and consequently the condition of morality was most appalling. The Greek wife was kept in absolute seclusion, was married when still a child, and remained in subjection all her life, first to her husband and afterwards to her own children. She was permitted to weave, embroider, spin, and care for her slaves and children, but that was all. She never attended public spectacles, received no male visitor except in presence of her husband, and had not a seat at table when male guests were there. Phidias illustrated the popular conception of her condition by painting her as a heavenly Aphrodite standing on a tortoise, to imply that the duty of a good wife was, like the tortoise, to remain shut up at home and in silence. "Her hair is long," the adage runs, "but her wits are short." There was no honor given to her as a partner and companion of her husband. His life was not hers and was spent mainly away from home. His interests were in the assembly and in the theatre, and his house was only a shelter for the evening or the night, and his wife useful to him for keeping house and bearing him legitimate children. In such a condition of family life divorce was necessarily common and was frequently a matter of mutual consent.

Nay, arbitrary powers were given to the husband to put away his wife as if she were a slave, or bestow her in marriage upon another, or even dictate whom she should marry after his death.

The only women who were at all educated and who were the ordinary companions of men were the immoral ones. They were the hetairæ, or courtesans, who possessed immense wealth and exercised an astonishing influence in the affairs of State, and are alone of their sex conspicuous in the history of their country. Demosthenes speaks without any words of reprobation of the respective social status of the prostitute and the concubine. Both were admitted and approved as making a part of the social and even the religious organization of the nation, and the temple of Aphrodite in Corinth maintained at great cost a thousand priestesses of its degrading worship. Even Socrates did not shrink from visiting the most conspicuous of these hetairæ to direct her as to the best method to be followed in her infamous profession. Such callousness of course implied a lower depth of immorality, and Athens became a Sodom where unnatural vices were regarded with as little shame as any other form of profligacy. Slavery made all licentiousness easy, and every home infected, in the country as well as in the town. The gladiatorial shows introduced by Rome later added a new horror, and, as a modern historian has expressed it, the whole country became a dismal swamp of blood and filth.

It is idle to attribute this fallen condition of woman to the ignorance and seclusion which was imposed upon the respectable portion of the sex. For at that very time in Sparta, where there was no restraint upon them at all, where they mingled freely in public life, and were owners of two thirds of the wealth of the State, their wickedness was grosser and more brutal than in other parts of Greece.

Is it any wonder, then, that this people, which was so

marvellously gifted, the people which at that very time had its Demosthenes, its Aristotle, its Plato, its Euclid, and its Sophocles, nay, who even produced an Alexander who was such a marvellous conqueror in war, should fall without a struggle, and become the degraded slaves and panderers of its conquerors? And though they filled the world with their glory, their eclipse was unremarked. As some one said of the lower Empire later on, they had sunk so low by their immorality that they made no noise when they fell. It is an irrefragable proof, if proof be needed, of the absolute powerlessness of mere intellectual culture to build up a nation's greatness, to maintain its strength, or avert its ruin.

Let us look at this same feature in the history of that other people which had assimilated all the culture of the Greeks and added to it besides a material greatness and a military domination which summed up and surpassed all that preceding earthly powers had ever attained, I mean the Roman Empire — the fourth beast of Daniel, " terrible and wonderful and exceedingly strong, treading down the rest with its feet," that Empire which in the minds of its people was a Deity that never could be destroyed. Consider how its decline and fall tally with the disruption of the marriage relation and the profligacy that inevitably followed.

The various methods of entering that sacred compact which obtained among them we dismiss — all except one. They are mostly too shameful to speak of in an assembly like this. The most solemn one, that of confarreatio, as it is called — the marriage that was contracted only after consulting the auspices, in the presence of all the gods and with most august ceremonies — brought to the woman merely subjection to man. She was, in the words of the ceremony, delivered to him. She became about the equal of his daughter and was entitled to a share in the family posses-

sions as a child. She was merely for pleasure, for respectability perhaps, and the procreation of a family. When she displeased her lord and master by becoming old or losing her beauty, a servant opened the door of her home and out she went. *Collige sarcinulas dicet libertus, et exi,* writes Juvenal. "Gather your traps," the freedman will say, "and go."

Clearly such a union could not be lasting, and though respect for ancient traditions kept them in check for a little while, the divorce introduced by Roman laws was practised under every form and for every motive. There were divorces of the rich, divorces of the wearied, divorces that came like a Mayday moving because the year was up; there were divorces for gain, as when Cicero dismisses his beloved Terentia, over whom he weeps so copiously in his letters, because his creditors were pressing him and Terentia's funds were low; and there were divorces of generosity, as when that amazing censor of morals, Cato, transferred his wife to Hortensius because she pleased Hortensius's fancy; and so on, rich and poor, Emperor and subject, wives were like old shoes, as one writer contemptuously said, to be flung aside when no longer serviceable.

What was the consequence? Women began to count their age not by their years but by their divorces, says Seneca. They divorced to marry and married to divorce, and the quality which men refused them in the practice of domestic virtue they acquired by the practice of public vice. The noblest women of the State took part in the most abominable drunken and impure nightly orgies; they had a place of honor in the horrors of the amphitheatre, and gave the signal to butcher the unhappy gladiator who knelt at their feet, expecting mercy at least from them; and when a madness for obscene and bloody contests in the arena took possession of the whole Roman nobility,

the women descended there, and scenes were enacted over which we must draw the veil. "Woman," says Seneca, "is an animal without shame," and in speaking of the women of his day it was true. And yet, although true, how shockingly brutal is that description of one half and that the lovelier part of the human family, and how quite in another sphere she seems in the eyes of the Christian writer of the nineteenth century, who speaks of her as keeping

> "The laws of marriage charactered in gold,
> Upon the blanched tablets of her heart; one
> Not learned save in gracious household ways,
> Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
> No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
> In angel instincts, breathing paradise,
> Interpreter between the gods and men,
> Who looks all native to her place, and yet
> On tiptoe seems to touch a sphere
> Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
> Sway to her from their orbits, as they move,
> And girdle her with music. Happy he
> With such a mother. Faith in womankind
> Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
> Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
> He shall not bind his soul with clay."

The oft-repeated objection that her degradation resulted from the subjection in which she was kept is refuted by facts. For the decline of her morality coincided with her emancipation from property and civil disqualifications. The legal position of the wife became one of complete independence. A vast proportion of the wealth of the Empire had passed into the hands of women, and a law had been enacted to prevent it from being completely absorbed by them. No! Not the seclusion of women, for their publicity was shameless in that golden age, not social or legal inequality, for their divorces had set them free from man in those respects, but the fundamentally wrong view of the marriage relation, and the consequent destruction of the sanctuary of the home, wrought the ruin. In the golden age of Augustus, in spite of imperial edicts, there were

neither homes nor children, for womankind had been dragged in the mire.

Every one knows what followed; the successive murders of the divine emperors immediately after Augustus; the wild uprising and butcheries by the slaves of whom the Empire was full, and then the devastating sweep of the naked savages from the North, who trampled with contempt on the ashes of the world-wide Empire of Rome that was thought to be immortal.

What is true of these splendid civilizations is also true of savage tribes; a gratuitous piece of information, apparently, but suggested by the famous passage of Tacitus, the Roman historian, who draws an amazing picture of the esteem and honor in which women were held among the barbarous people of Germany. That this was a mere rhetorical flourish and intended as a reprehension of the flagitious practices of the Empire is clear. For although there may have been one or another remarkable woman among the wives or daughters of the chiefs, to ascribe the virtue of purity as we understand it to, the savage is simply setting common sense at defiance. Even such an admirer of everything Saxon as Montalembert scouts the idea as absurd among a people whose conception of Valhalla or heaven was nothing but days spent in indiscriminate slaughter and nights in unchecked debauchery. Women in savage life can in the nature of things have no intellectual elevation, and amid the hardships of the struggle for existence cannot retain even their beauty. They are the most degraded and helpless of slaves, and the easy victims of their brutal owners. We have it from Cæsar himself that among the Germans, wives could be sold or killed at pleasure, and that on the death of their husbands it was not an uncommon thing for all the wives (for they were polygamists and that says everything) to be buried alive or slain amidst the most atrocious torments.

It only goes to prove that the highest and the lowest, the civilized and the savage, have no notion of the rights of woman, the equality of the sexes, and the sacredness of the family unless the divine institution which was imparted to the human race at the beginning and elevated and consecrated by the Redeemer be known and observed.

So much for the nations who never came under the direct influence of Christ. We omit all mention of the Jews, whose history, however, is a constant and forcible proof of the truth we are stating. It will suffice to say that there were frightful domestic disorders among them from the very beginning. Polygamy had to be granted them to prevent greater evils. The curse of possessing great troops of female slaves at least during the military period of their history increased the corruption of morals, and divorce was so commonly accepted that even the Apostles found the doctrine of Christ hard to follow. As a necessary consequence their history is nothing but a succession of national calamities, defeats in war, pestilences, destruction of the city, captivity of the whole people, all of which were proclaimed by their scriptures to be so many scourges of God in punishment of their wickedness. There is scarcely a doubt in my mind but that they would have disappeared from among the nations had not the Almighty kept them for the especial purpose of preparing for the Redeemer, and when He at last came the wicked and adulterous generation, as He called them, were shattered and scattered among the peoples, and have been wanderers on the face of the earth ever since.

There is a modern instance which perhaps will illustrate more vividly than examples of the past. I allude to France. I know from personal knowledge and long residence among them that there is still a strong element of fervent Christianity there, but the splendid nation that once gloried in

the proud title of the eldest daughter of the Church, the nation which has furnished multitudes of the noblest men and women of modern times, the nation that has been conspicuous among the peoples of the world for its intellectual culture and magnificent examples of sanctity, where marriage was ever held to be a holy and God-given thing, and as inviolable as it was holy, where as nowhere else chivalry had idealized woman and was ever readiest to rush to death to preserve or increase her honor, that nation is no longer not only not Catholic in its constitution but not even Christian. It is governed by atheists and haters of Christ.

Just one hundred years ago, in 1794, its National Convention met, and as a prelude to its proceedings formulated these three declarations as the voice of the nation: first, there is no God; second, the source of morality is the people; third, marriage is a civil contract. Mark how even in the minds of its enemies marriage is necessarily connected with belief in God and the practice of morality. The consequence was that in seven years after divorce was permitted, a thing undreamt of since the beginning of its Christianity, there were ten thousand divorces — ten thousand households disrupted and dishonored. When we add to this that almost half of the marriageable men are single, and that a large number of marriages are without issue, we can appreciate the warning of Jules Simon, one of its ablest statesmen, that if France has soldiers to defend it now, in a few years it will have none. France is without children and the glorious nation of soldiers and saints finds itself in the presence of national disaster because of its desecration of the married state.

In the light of all this, is there not a genuine reason for apprehension in our own country? We are proud of our strength as a nation, but let us put the question frankly: Is not the same cause that destroyed empires and king-

doms in the past at work among us? The official census declares that between 1866 and 1885 (and things have grown much worse since) there were not less than five hundred thousand applications for divorce. Can you estimate what that means — five hundred thousand families broken up in twenty years, and what is most alarming, without the reproach that rested upon it only a few years ago. Society no longer shuts its doors on divorced parties as it used to do. The divorce laws of the various States have made marriages a farce; and the most absurd pretexts, sometimes none at all, are alleged for separation. Mere children of sixteen or seventeen, it is said, have been divorced two or even three times, and even ministers of the Gospel, in face of Christ's injunction to the contrary, come into court with their applications, and, strange to say, continue the work of the ministry, after they have flung aside this most solemn mandate of Him they call their Master.

Connected with this is another omen of evil — the absence of families. As far back as 1870 (and since then the evil has multiplied a hundredfold), the births from foreign-born parents in one section of the country — and we take that as a sample — were eight hundred in excess of the deaths, while among the native-born the deaths exceeded the births by seven hundred. It is impossible to say much upon this delicate subject, but it is a Cassandra announcing ruin. Childlessness was formerly considered a reproach, now the reverse is the case. Jules Simon's warning should be heard by America as well as by France. There will soon be no native soldiers to defend the country in its hour of peril.

As in all other instances of national ruin, we see among us, simultaneously with this, a brazen shamelessness of vice that was unknown in America until recently. It stalks on the stage, in literature, in art, in manners and customs, in

the avowed libertinage of the lives of men and women, in the subjects of conversation of young girls and children; everywhere there are evidences of an appalling descent in the tone of public morality. No wonder that we see everywhere empty churches, indifference to creed, widespread apostasy from every form of religion, avowed and blatant and remunerative atheism welcomed with loud acclamation of approval by throngs of eager listeners, corruption all through the body politic, and a feverish unrest among the working classes that shows itself repeatedly in wild outbreaks against real or fancied oppression. Is not all this ominous of disaster?

There is only one remedy for all this, and that is not in white or gray cruisers, not in disappearing guns or mined harbors, not in vast numbers of men ready at a word to die for their country. Those are for foes outside. With a people of seventy million united as we are, there ought to be no fear of a foreign aggressor. The danger is within, in ourselves, and to be taken into account as a very great factor of national peril. Against that foe, taught by the light of experience, there is only one defence, only one safeguard, the Church of Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, the Church which teaches restraint of the passions, which fearlessly denounces all infractions of morality and prevents them as far as is possible by the purity with which it invests man and, principally, woman, and which is ready at any cost to defend the honor and inviolability of the marriage tie and the sanctity of the Christian home.

It is the corruption of life which strikes at a nation's heart, and that can be averted by Christianity alone. If she purifies, she saves; and such has been her aim, and such has been her glorious achievement.

It is Christianity alone which has lifted woman from degradation and slavery and given her the honor which

she enjoys to-day. For looking back over the past, what women appear on the surface of Pagan history? Those who were distinguished were impure, and they were harbingers of national ruin. Among the Jews, how few were even conspicuous; and they were so for actions difficult to explain according to our code of morals. But Christianity started with the ideal woman and has clung to her with intense and ever-growing affection ever since. The woman before whom an angel knelt to announce the Incarnation of the Son of God; the woman holding in her lap the new-born Christ in the poverty and want of Bethlehem, and then standing while the world was darkened and rocked beneath her feet during the horrible agonies of the Crucifixion; the Maiden Mother in the absolute whiteness of her purity; the crowned queen whom the Apostle saw in the glory of the skies clothed with light as with a vesture, while the stars came with their radiance to crown her, strong in the cause of God as an army set in battle array, yet fair as Jerusalem and encircled with roses like the days of the spring; the one who has been on earth the dream of the painter and the glorious inspiration of the poets, so elevated in heaven, yet a child of earth; a woman with feelings and hopes and joys like other women, and nevertheless honored with the incomprehensible dignity of the mother of the Redeemer — such is the ideal of the Christian woman actually realized — living in the Mother of Christ, whose maternity was so marvellous that her virginity was not taken from her. No wonder it lifted all women up in dignity and honor and filled them with exaltation and delight. With the unerring instinct that recognized the source of Mary's holiness to be her association with Christ, they, too, reached out to the Christ as soon as He appeared. Instantly, from humble Galilee as well as from the court of Herod and the Prætorium of Pilate, mothers, wives, and maidens, the pure

as well as the castaways, all recognized that the dark night which had intervened since the curse was ended; and from the very beginning they were found always the most faithful and devoted of His followers, lingering near Him in all His sorrows and, when men had left Him, weeping at the foot of the cross. So, too, in all the Church's history women of every age and condition have been honored by Christ's representatives, and they have recognized and responded to the revolution which Christ has effected for them. They have reigned as glorious queens like Pulcheria, who dared to reply to the savage invader, "We have gold for our friends, but steel for our enemies"; they have led armies to victory like Joan of Arc; have swayed the destinies of Christendom, like Catharine of Siena; have disputed with philosophers like her of Alexandria; have sat in the chairs even of papal universities long before this silly clamor for their emancipation was heard of. They learned from Christianity that woman is not man's slave, but his equal, and that her marriage is not the degrading bondage binding fetters upon her body and soul, but a union that puts a new diadem upon her brow and fits her for her great work in the redemption, elevation, and sanctification of the world.

The Redeemer of Mankind, looking at marriage as the world had dishonored and desecrated it, exclaimed, and there was grief in the short word, "It was not thus in the beginning." What was it in the beginning? Behold it as it was celebrated in the Garden of Paradise, the sanctuary of the newly created world, the most sacred spot in the vast temple of the universe. There in the morning of creation stand two of the fairest of God's creatures, the king and queen of the visible world, to be joined together in marriage by God Himself. Around them shines the glory of their holiness and their earthly forms are radiant with the light of their immortality. Well may we think

without exuberance of fancy that on that first nuptial morn all nature was singing its hymns of joy, that each blade and bush was vocal with minstrelsy, that the forests upon the mountain side swayed to the breeze that came singing the song, and the waves upon the sea danced brighter in the sunlight, and from the snow-capped peaks the hymn arose and star repeated it to star till it reached the angelic choirs, whose harps and voices filled the skies with sweetest music as they gazed at these earthly nuptials, and lifted high their canticles of joy above the twain whom God so wonderfully loved. They are in the presence of God. The first mortal hands are joined, the first bridal troth is interchanged, and the voice of God has pronounced them one. Their wedded love has come to them from God, and will be to them a path of light and joy to lead them up to Him from Whom all holy love descends. They are two in one flesh.

To the sacredness with which God has invested it in Paradise He adds a glory in the New Covenant with men. You will permit me, I trust, to note that in the Church to which I belong the marriage contract when properly performed is encompassed with all the glory that the most solemn liturgy can bestow upon it. In the midst of the sanctuary, in what we regard as the Holy of Holies of the New Law, it makes part with the solemn rites which we believe is the sacrifice where the Lamb is mystically slain. It is at the altar where ministering angels bow down in adoration and sing their glad hosannas to the Lord God of Sabaoth that the two spouses are brought to pledge their marriage faith. They have purified their souls in the laver of penance, and have sanctified themselves still more by another divine sacrament, and kneeling at the feet of the vested priest, in a place where at that time not even a consecrated nun dare enter, they seal their marriage contract in the blood of Christ, for they, and not the priest, are

the ministers of that sacrament. "I give and I take" are spoken, and there comes through the channel of those words a greater dower than all the treasures of earth can give, a communication of divine help, which while elevating them in the sphere of holiness enables them perfectly to fulfil the grave and sacred obligations of their state of life. They rise up one flesh, never to be separated, and are holy in the sight of the angels and of God.

No wonder that the Church regards as most sacred this compact between man and woman. No wonder that it proclaims, as it always must do, that this contract can never be dissolved, though the world seems to fall in ruins around.

In this connection will you again pardon me if I produce as an illustration that historic event which first brought religious difference among us who speak the English tongue. I hope I can presume the more easily, as it is not a matter of doctrine, but of history, and in no way touches the religious views of this great university. Do you recall that momentous period which perhaps has changed the course of events of all modern times, when an English king, one in whose veins Catholic blood coursed down from a long line of Catholic ancestors; a king who was honored by the Pope with the title of the Defender of the Faith, a title to which all his successors have clung tenaciously; the king whom England numbers as its Eighth Henry, approached the sanctuary in the fury of an illicit passion and demanded the annulment of his marriage with his rightful queen and wife?

It was an awful crisis for the See of Rome. All Germany had broken away from it. France and Switzerland were already half gone. The northern nations had also deserted or were swept away; the whole East was long under the dominion of the enemies of Christianity, when into the gloom of the general disaster enters one of the

mightiest monarchs of Europe, one who but a moment before had been the Church's champion, and makes a demand which, if not granted, will add England to the universal rebellion. England, for centuries the home of multitudes of glorious saints; England, crowned with the most magnificent of earthly temples where Catholic worship had been offered for ages; England, whence Catholicity out of its numberless sanctuaries had poured out Christianity as a river upon the continent of Europe; England, unless the demand of its ruler is granted, is to be lost to Rome forever.

From the standpoint of Rome what an awful alternative that was! It needed not the eye of a prophet to forecast the future. Apart from the new power added to the general revolt, apart from the misconception and aversion which would possess the English mind for centuries wherever the English tongue would be spoken or English power extend its influence, wars, strifes, and persecutions would add their sanguinary horrors to the havoc already made, as the nation went further and further in its rebellion against the Mother Church.

What was to be done? Avert all that by simply annulling the marriage, or come boldly forward as the defender of a helpless woman whom all the world had deserted? Let us see. "Stand forth, Catharine of Aragon," said the august synod in her husband's court which had met to declare her no longer a wife. "Behold the wisdom of all the world is against you, and all the learning of the greatest universities declares your marriage null." "I appeal to Rome," she answered. "But all the power of your royal consort is pledged to annul it; your imperial kinsman who might prevent it is silent." "I appeal to Rome." "Nay, even the learning of the body empowered by Rome lends its authority against you. What say you?" "I reject you all, unworthy judges, and over

your heads I appeal to the Bishop of Rome himself, in whom alone of all the world I place my trust." "What! think you he will for you forget all the past of England? Will he for you face all the terrors of the future where the interests of the Church are in such awful jeopardy?" "I place my cause in his hands," the despairing woman still repeated; and listening to her appeal, the Pontiff arose as her champion, and though all the casuistry of prelates, of universities, and of learned men was striving to throw a doubt upon her marriage, though all the skill of diplomacy was used to mislead and all the power of gold to bribe, though all the terrors of the future were known and dreaded, there came the same answer that has come at all times, the only answer that could come, an answer that will reverberate through all time and thrill every heart that can recognize what is noble and sublime: "*Non possumus.* We cannot do it. King Henry! she is your lawful wife and cannot be thrust aside. Whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

Over the trembling form of the defenceless and deserted woman he extended the shield of the Church of Christ, and, defying every foe and fearless of every disaster, kept upon her brow the coronet of wifehood, more precious by far than the fairest diadem that ever glittered upon the head of any earthly queen.

The issue was taken, and the English-speaking world is Protestant to-day, you will permit me to say, not because there was then any divergence of doctrine, but because of that fight for the inviolability of the marriage vow and the rights of womankind. It was war to prevent her from sinking again into degrading slavery. Better it was deemed, and rightly so, that an entire and noble race should be lost to the Mother Church than that the principle upon which the salvation of all nations depends should for a moment be abandoned or obscured.

Such has been the Church's fight from the beginning, for England's tragedy is one of the many, though none was fraught with such subsequent disaster to the Church and to the world. And such it must be till the end. In this as in all other matters of truth and morality the Church speaks the will of God. It is God's voice to man, and it must ever proclaim: "Marriage must be as it was in the beginning. On that hangs the fate of the world."

On the fortress-like portal of one of our great armories is the inscription cut in stone (as it ought to be), *Pro aris et focis,* "For our altars and our fires." In that is the comprehensive summing up of all that we have been saying. In the union of the altar and the hearthstone is to be found the only basis of a genuine and lasting civilization. For it is by the power of the altar alone that individual man can be purified and made fit to live at the hearthstone. It is by that power alone he can get the strength to keep in check the degrading animal passions whose undue and improper satisfaction is the cause of most of the violations of the moral law. It is by the altar that the woman puts on her glory and her beauty as a stainless virgin and a chaste wife. It is by the altar that as a mother she becomes the priestess in the sanctuary of her home, and makes it a temple where no unclean thing may enter. It is by the altar that she imparts to her sons and daughters the purity that, shining resplendent in herself, insures the affectionate and admiring fidelity of her husband, and makes her his loving and devoted guide in prosperity and adversity, rendering him happy in the touch of her soft but pervasive influence, as, hand in hand, they journey from earth to heaven, the home of the Father of us all. It is by the altar alone that home is made a holy place like the one where they stood on their wedding day, when the contract which their hearts and lips had made was sanctified by the blood of Jesus Christ, and like

that other sacred spot where the first married lovers stood and found their first home an earthly paradise, when God and not man pronounced them one.

To keep such homes as God made them, will men in times of peace frame wise and holy laws, and if for them they must engage in the carnage of war, will they eagerly and gladly die. *Pro aris et focis* means something for those who are bred in Christian homes; for those who are not, the motto is an empty mockery of meaningless words.

That fire which burns upon the altar communicates itself to the souls of those who dwell in the household, makes the home itself shine with the glory of the sanctuary, and from the united virtues which are illumined in those centres of holiness, diffuses through the land, wherever such homes are found, a midday splendor of truth, fidelity, self-restraint and purity which is the only light in which a nation can acquire and preserve a real civilization. "In its light nations shall walk, and kings in the brightness of its rising."

Not the possession of wealth, not the power of armies, not mere intellectual culture, but the personal purity of men and women, the sanctity and inviolability of the marriage tie and the altar-like holiness of the hearthstone, are the guarantees of the peace, the prosperity, and the progress of the nations of the world.

Who Delayed the Establishment of the American Hierarchy?

Before the American Catholic Historical Society, St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, April 25, 1899

IN compliance with the wish of the distinguished President of this Society, I have attempted in this paper to remove certain doubts connected with the inauguration of the hierarchy in this country. It is but just to you, however, as well as to myself, to state that I would have made another choice had I known that the matter was to be discussed before a public audience. It was approached under the impression that it was to be one of those ordinary studies with which historical societies occupy themselves in their private sessions, and it was too late to select a different theme when I was made aware of the character and proportions which the meeting threatened to assume. Hence I hasten to warn you that the treatment of the subject, which in point of fact has very little public interest, will appeal rather to the student who spends his time prowling about the dusty shelves of a library than to the audience that usually gathers in the auditorium of a lecture hall.

With this explanation and apology let me address myself to the question that first presents itself in this connection, namely, why was it that it took so long a time for the American hierarchy to be established?

The Catholic Colonists came over with Lord Baltimore in 1634, and not until 1789 was the first bishop consecrated. The delay is frequently attributed to the unwillingness of the missionaries here to receive a bishop among

them. At first sight their action seems to be reprehensible, but I am convinced that if we do not examine the matter superficially, satisfying ourselves with expressions taken out of their context, but study it in all its bearings, and with a proper regard to all the circumstances, the cloud which rests upon the reputation of the noble and self-sacrificing men of those times may be easily dispelled.

It is perfectly true that a remonstrance was made to Bishop Challoner in 1765 by the clergy and principal members of the laity of the Colonies, against the appointment of a bishop or vicar apostolic in this country. It is also perfectly true that Bishop Challoner, with what theologians would characterize as material uncharitableness (for even saints can sometimes be unkind), ascribed it to very unworthy motives, first, because the "Padri," as he called his priests here, had "an unspeakable repugnance" to the presence of a bishop among them, and, second, because "they wanted to keep the best places for themselves."

Bishop Challoner was firmly convinced of the correctness of that opinion, for two years before, in another letter to his friend Dr. Stonor, he had said "they will have no relish for it, as they have engrossed the best part of that mission for themselves."

This is a very formidable arraignment. The great sanctity of Bishop Challoner gives unusual weight to this already grave charge, and there are few who will not be ready to admit — for we all reverence his authority — that there must have been a solid reason for what such a great and good man so solemnly declares, and at the end of two years again insists upon.

There is no doubt that such was his deep-seated conviction, but, on the other hand, we are not compelled on that account to admit its objective truth. Sanctity gives no immunity from error, and prejudices coming from one's education or surroundings may cause almost any man, even

the best, while being in perfect good faith, to view things in a way that is quite distorted and unjust. This, with all due deference to the illustrious prelate, we think can be shown to be the case in the present instance.

First, with regard to "the best places," which the missionaries had "engrossed" for themselves, we ought not to forget that Jogues had occupied some of them on the Mohawk, the Spanish martyrs some on the Rappahannock, and only a little while before Rasle had been murdered and scalped in New England. But, omitting all that, we have a description of what some of those places were about the time of the Bishop's complaint. It is found in a letter of Father Mosley, written to his brother, a priest in England, and consequently never intended for publication. The date is 1764.

"Our journeys are very long," he says, "and our rides constant and extensive. I often ride about three hundred miles a week, and never a week but I ride one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles. In our way of living we ride as much by night as by day; in all weathers, in heats, colds, rain, frost, and snow. You must not imagine that our chapels lie as yours do. They are in great forests, some miles away from any house of hospitality. Swamps, runs, miry holes, lost in the night, etc. — this as yet, and ever will in this country, attend us. Between three and four hundred miles was my last Christmas fare on one horse."

He regrets that one of the posts had not been occupied, although it was only two hundred miles away (and although several missionaries had already succumbed in their attempts to reach it). Unworldly reasoning, that! He finally settled in the place, and lived all winter in an unplastered log hut which let out the smoke through a hole in the roof; at times he was without the necessaries of life, but thanked God he had wood enough to keep up a fire,

and expressed his delight when spring came that things were beginning to grow. He lived there seven years.

Shea tells us that the average missionary district was one hundred and thirty miles long and forty wide. Some of these places still exist in the lower counties of Maryland, which, though not of such vast extent, nor involving all the hardships of the earlier times, are yet regarded as missions to which only self-sacrificing priests can be sent. The Padri were alone in caring for the souls that were found scattered here and there in those desolate regions. Long after that time Carroll complained that he could get no suitable priests in England to share their labors.

But what puzzles the historian in this particular, is that in a collection of manuscripts in the Archives of Propaganda, written after 1763 and sent from the Vicariate Apostolic of London, on the condition of the English Colonies of America, we find: "The Vicar Apostolic cannot provide ecclesiastical ministers, partly for reasons of distance, partly from want of money to meet the expense." That was the time in which the missionaries were said to be "engrossing the best places for themselves." Whom, may we ask, were the missionaries excluding, if the Bishop could not provide ecclesiastical ministers?

Even when the Colonies were in absolute destitution for want of priests as much as ten years after that, namely, when the Society of Jesus was suppressed, he had absolutely no one to send.

It is hard to reconcile his accusation with these two facts, except that worry and anxiety about the condition of the Church, combined, we must confess, with a good deal of prejudice, made him forget the true condition of his resources. Doubtless he thought that even if he had had priests to send, they would have been badly received; but, at all events, whether this feeling existed or not, it really was inoperative at the time in the assignment of the "best

places," for, according to this document, no applicants for them could be found.

That this feeling of exclusiveness did not exist even later, we have Carroll's indignant protest as proof. But he had reason to regret his liberality in that regard. There were indeed applicants in his time, and several of those, he admitted, embittered the last days of his life and did infinite damage to the faith. His letter to Archbishop Troy as to what kind of men were applying, and what kind of men were wanted, is worthy of perusal for the suggestion it conveys of the desirability of exclusiveness. Father Kohlman, in fact, directly advocated measures of that kind, prompted, no doubt, by the deplorable scandals which had almost wrecked religion in New York and which he had to deal with.

But all that was much later. In Challoner's time there were no priests to send, and the objectionable utterance clearly sprung from unkindly feeling to which doubtless he did not avert. It may have been an echo of the long controversy which had been going on in England between seculars and regulars; or, again, as it was the time of the suppression of the Society, perhaps he was merely giving expression to the sentiment then so common in Europe, which accepted every accusation against an Order on which the Church was putting its ban.

But we need discuss this point no further. It is, after all, only a side issue of the general subject we are studying, namely, the attitude of the clergy to their bishop. It will suffice to remark that the men who introduced Christianity and civilization into this country, and who had given for a hundred and thirty years previous to this accusation ample proof of their apostolic character, cannot be charged with meanness and exclusiveness, merely on a hypothesis of a condition of things which possibly might, but which in reality did not, exist.

Regarding the alleged delay in establishing the hierarchy here, the truth is that there never seems to have been any question of it until 1756. It was first suggested by Bishop Challoner, before he became Vicar Apostolic of the London District, and consequently before he had any jurisdiction over the Colonies. On the other hand, a petition was sent from here for some one with episcopal powers as early as 1783, and a Prefect Apostolic was on the ground in 1784. So that in point of fact, even supposing that some other obstacles did not prevent it, the hierarchy, at the very furthest, could have been inaugurated only twenty-seven years before its actual establishment. But there were other absolutely insuperable obstacles to its establishment during part of that time. One was the Revolutionary War in 1776, in which period there could have been no question of a bishop. The other was the suppression of the Society of Jesus in 1773, when Bishop Challoner had not a single priest to send out to take the place of the dishonored missionaries.

After that period he practically dropped all communication with them, resuming it, however, three years later. They were like outcasts on the world — secularized, and yet with no bishop to care for them. And we may say here that had they not been the men that they were, Catholicity would have perished in this country.

A pathetic letter of Father Mosley to his sister well describes their feelings. In fact, even their power of administering the sacraments was questioned by priests who came over subsequently, and Bishop Talbot, Challoner's successor, said he could not give them faculties. During that sad period, when these excellent priests were, as Father Mosley says, "covered with infamy before the world," there was assuredly no opposition. If there ever was any, it must, as we have said, be sought for in the short space of time between 1756 and 1773 — a period of seventeen

years. That there was none whatever we propose to show.

It is true, as we have said, that a remonstrance against having a resident vicar apostolic, or bishop, was sent by the priests, or Padri, in 1765. But they were not alone in remonstrating. The most distinguished men of the laity were most emphatic in expressing their unwillingness. They also sent a petition, and to it two hundred and fifty-six signatures are appended. By the kindness of the Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J., I have been fortunate enough to obtain a copy of it, which I here give:

"Copy of ye Petition of ye R C to Mr. Dennett relating to V: A:
"*Hond. Sir*

"Haveing receivd intelligence yt a plan is on footing for sending into this province an Apostollical Vicar, we think it our duty to god, ourselves, & posterity to represent our objections against such a measure, as wt would give our adversaries, bent on our ruin, a stronger handle yn anything they have hitherto been able to lay hold on, and consequently terminate in the utter exterpation of our holy religion. The grounds of these are just fears & apprehensions are — 1°. The legislative power of this collony is so disposed with regard to those of our persuasion, as to have made many attempts of late years to put the most pernitious penal laws in force against us, and are still, every convention aiming more or less at something of yt kind. Would not the presence of An Apostl. Vicar afford a new, and strong argument for further deliberations on this head. — 2°. Amongst the sundry motives alledged for puting the penal laws in force, one of the strongest, and most urged was the too public exercise of our Divine worship, in so much that one of the gentlemen was obliged to quit the colony to avoid being summoned for a fact of that kind. Would not the functions of an Apostl. Vicar be deemed a more public, & open profession thereof than anything of that kind that could have been done hitherto. — 3°. The Gentn. have no farther liberty for exercising their priestly functions yn. in a private family, & that by a particular grant of Queen Ann suspending during the Royal pleasure ye execution of an act of Assembly, by wch it was made high treason for any Priest to reside in the colony, wch. act still subsists, & will of course take place, whenever the above grant is repeald. Would the functions of an Apostl. Vicar be interpreted functions of a Priest in a private family? 4°. Neither this province, nor indeed any one of the British American colony's has ever hitherto had one of that Ecclesiastical rank & dignity. Would not our seting the 1st. example of yt kind appear very bold & presuming, if not also even dareing & insulting. Reflecting on these

reasons amongst several others, we cannot but judge the above measure of sending us an Aposl. Vicar in the present situation of affairs would necessarily draw after it the utter destruction & exterpation of our H. religion out of this colony, & consequently compel us either to forfeit a great part of our estates & fortunes in order to retreat to another country, or utterly give up the exercise of our H: religion. We therefore by all that is sacred intreat you Hd: Sir, as head of the Genln. we have for our teachers, that you will be pleased to use all yr intrest to avert so fatal a measure, & as far as you judge necessary or proper for that purpose to transmit coppy's hereof to all whom it may concern. In testimony whereof, and that the above are the true sentiments of ye Body of ye R: Catholicks in Maryland we R: Caths. of the said province have hereunto set our hands this 16 day of July 1765.

" C: CARROLL
" IGN: DIGGS
" HEN. DARNALL
" P. MANNER " Sign'd by 256."

To these two petitions was added a third from Charles Carroll himself, the signer of the Declaration of Independence. We put this in evidence not only because of the prominence of the man himself, but because he makes a point of informing Bishop Challoner that " he did not write it at the instigation of the Jesuits." We owe this valuable letter to the same esteemed source we have referred to above.

" Copy of ye address of ye R. C. relating to a V. A.

ANNAPOLIS IN MARYLAND, July 16–1765.

" My Lord

" The revd. Mr. Jos: Dennet will communicate to yr Ld.ship a letter from many of the principal Rom: Caths: of Maryland derected to him, wherein they set forth a few of the many, and weighty reasons they have against the appointment of an Apostl: Vicar for America. Altho I have subscribed with others to that letter, other considerations have induced me singly to address myself to yr Ldship on the subject. Maryland has been settled above a 130 years, the Fathers of the Society accompanied the 1st settlers our fore fathers, and have from that Period to the present time very justly deserv'd our esteem, love, & gratitude, an uninterrupted peace & harmony has at all times as well as at the present subsisted between us & these our spiritual guides. Should an Apostl. Vicar, or Priest of any other Denomination be sent amongst us, I am fearfull ye peace & harmony wch. has so long subsisted, will be very soon banished. I have many reasons to alledge agst. such a step, too tedious to

trouble you with, and of wch. many must be obvious to yr. Ldship. Yr. Ldship must know, yt for many years past attempts have been made to establish a Protestant Bishop on this continent, and yt such attempts have been as constantly oppos'd thro the fix'd avertion ye people of America in general have to a person of such a character. If such is the avertion of Protestants to a Protestant Bishop, with wt. an eye will they look upon an Apostl. Vicar. I am confident no one here have ever thought such a person necessary. Some may suggest yt this my letter to yr. Ldship as well as the R. Caths. letter to Mr. Dennet has been wrote at the instigation of the Jesuits. For myself my Lord I most sincerely profess yt uninfluenced by 'em I write this, & sign'd ye other letter, wch. contains not only my own but I am well convinced ye true sentiments of every Rom: Cathck. in Maryland. I writ it in order to continue in the enjoyment of my spiritual peace, & a quite possession of my Temporal goods, and from these motives only, & I beg yr Ldship to believe me. I therefore most humbly entreat yr Ldship by the Dignity you hold in the Church, by the zeal you have for God's honor & glory, yt you would strenuously oppose by all means becoming yr Character, ye appointment of an Apostl. Vicar for America. But in case such a one should be appointed, I most earnestly beseech you, if possible to put a stop to his comeing hither, as such a step I am afraid will create great troubles here, & give a handle to our enimies to endevour at the total suppression of the exercise of our Religion, & otherwise most griviously to molest us.

"I have the honor to be, yr Ldships most obt. & most humble servt.

"CHA: CARROLL.

"P.S. — I have my Lord sent coppies of this my letter to ye Rd. Mr. Dennett in order yt he may cooperate with yr Ldship to prevent a step wch to me seems most fatal & pernicious."

As regards these three petitions, we must bear in mind that they were perfectly legitimate and quite within the usual and accepted lines of ecclesiastical procedure. They were not sent to Rome over the head of the Bishop, or to any extraneous power, but were presented to the Bishop himself by those whom he regarded as his subjects, whose work he had often praised, and who had always loyally upheld his authority. There was nothing secret or underhand in them. They were not the outcome of a cabal or organized opposition, but an honest and plain statement of facts such as every sincere man is compelled in conscience to make to his superior, even at the risk of mis-

understanding, when there is question of a measure which he deems unwise, holding himself in readiness to obey if it should be ordained otherwise, as was certainly the case in this instance. That they were addressed to the Bishop to be decided upon by him puts quite another complexion upon the whole matter, and shows that it was a case of submission and not of resistance. To deny such a right to the humblest country curate in regard to his bishop, or, for the matter of that, to the commonest laborer in dealing with his employer, would be the most odious tyranny, and while being morally wrong would simply invite disaster. Nor could the motive of the distinguished and holy men who made it be impugned.

To an unbiassed mind there can be no question that it was not this submissive, respectful, and deferential declaration of opinion, but the stern, hard facts which that declaration presented to the Bishop's consideration which prevented the residence of a vicar apostolic in the Colonies at that time. Challoner admitted that their reasons presented "some show of probability." For one so intent upon his purpose to admit so much is proof enough that they presented more than probability. Had there not been solid ground for this appeal, it would not have received the slightest consideration. The ecclesiastical appellants at least, though they were great men, had very little weight in ecclesiastical councils at that time in England or any other country, and were soon to have none at all. It was the facts which spoke.

What these facts were which prevented, or rather deferred, the appointment of a resident bishop in the Colonies during those seventeen years, is the purpose of this paper to show.

For a long time prior to the Revolution this country was part of the Apostolic Vicariate of London. It was so constituted as far back as 1702. The priests received

faculties from the incumbent of that vicariate; his vicar-general resided here; his pastorals were duly promulgated; he was regularly informed of the status of the clergy; the records of marriages, births, etc., were duly transmitted to him. He frequently expressed his approval of their work. In a word, although more remote, it was as much under episcopal control as England was at the same period.

But why was it not erected in 1763 or before that into a separate vicariate?

In the first place, perhaps it may be worth while to remark that even if it had been, it would not have been the beginning of an American hierarchy in the sense in which we now use the word. The priests and people of that day were intensely English. Even Washington himself would have resented any other appellation. No thought of separation from the mother country was entertained except by a few advanced patriots like Samuel Adams and his associates in New England. That idea developed with the progress of the war. Had there been a vicariate erected it would not have been an American, but merely a subdivision of an already existing English vicariate. But why was it not done in any case? It would be just as superfluous to ask why New York, Philadelphia, and Boston did not antedate their actual establishment, but remained for some years as part of the diocese of Baltimore. In the wisdom and prudence of those to whom God had intrusted the determining of such matters it was considered inopportune, or the condition of things rendered it absolutely impossible of realization.

In the case under consideration, however, Bishop Challoner deemed it most opportune, though in point of fact it was not only unnecessary and inopportune, but absolutely impossible of realization.

It was not necessary, for there was only one thing in the management of this part of his vicariate that gave

him any cause of worry or anxiety. Everything else, until calumnies began to multiply, merited and received his approval. That worry was about the difficulty of administering the Sacrament of Confirmation. Again and again it recurs in his writings and seemed to pursue him like a phantom.

Why, in that case, did he not have his Vicar-General or some one else empowered to administer it? That was common enough in the Church, and the Superiors of the Franciscans in New Mexico, Texas, and California had the privilege, and, what is more noteworthy, at that very time (1763), Dr. Camps, the parish priest of a few immigrants in Florida after the Spaniards had been expelled and at a time when it was under British rule, possessed it also. "It is a cause of surprise," says Shea, "that this old established church could not obtain what was accorded so easily elsewhere."

Very likely the reason is that as all the priests here were Jesuits, and as the suppression of the Society was in the air, either fear or prejudice prevented the Bishop from conferring even the shadow of episcopal jurisdiction on any one of its members, though we cannot see how that would have held after the suppression of the Society had taken place, except that the old dislike remained. In any case the blame, though doubtless not the moral fault, of not having the Sacrament of Confirmation given in America will have to be laid most likely at the door of the holy Bishop, himself, since its administration could have been so easily procured. His project of having a resident vicar was not only unnecessary, as we have seen, but utterly out of the question. At first he proposed to appoint several. How that scheme could be realized is incomprehensible. There was certainly no possibility of one in New England or New York, where he himself, in a letter to Stonor (1765), says: "If there be any straggling Catholics, they

can have no exercise of their religion, as no priests ever come near them, nor, to judge by the present disposition of the inhabitants, are ever likely to be admitted among them."

Nor could there have been one in Maryland, where the persecution was so fierce that the Catholics were on the point of abandoning the Colony altogether. Shea says that "in 1763 Catholicity was apparently crushed, never to rise again in the northern parts of the western continent. The early Catholic missions in the north and west, the long-suffering Jesuits and their flocks in Maryland, all seemed menaced with extinction under the triumphant tyranny of Protestant intolerance, which to the human eye was destined to banish all trace of Catholicity from the land, as it had done in Florida."

But it was deemed that at least one might be established in Philadelphia, where there was a little more tranquillity than elsewhere. Was that feasible? At that time there was just one priest in Philadelphia, Father Harding; Father Farmer, who was associated with him, spending most of his time in missionary excursions through the Jerseys and New York. There did not seem to be much room for a bishop with such a small body of clergy behind him. There were only two other priests in the whole State — one in Goshenhoppen, the other in Lancaster. But what was the real reason finally why a vicar was not appointed?

After all this discussion of the possibilities of the case, the real reason comes somewhat as a shock and a surprise, but there is no evading it; it is clearly, succinctly, and explicitly stated in Challoner's letter to Stonor, February 15, 1765, in which he writes: "I know of no one that would be proper for that station who could be spared by us in our present circumstances." This was nine years after the subject was first broached. It is a great pity that the missionaries were not aware of that before they sent their

remonstrance. It would have helped their reputation for shrewdness and would have spared them many a suspicion and reproach. But in any case, we respectfully submit that this single phrase, "I know of no one that would be proper for that station who could be spared by us in our present circumstances," disposes peremptorily of the whole matter. It is idle to say that opposition of the clergy here stood in the way of sending a bishop, when admittedly there was no one to send. There was no one in England; there was no one in America. It was like the reason of the old Governor for not firing a royal salute: "There was no powder, sir."

But even if there were powder, there were other most potent reasons why the appointment of a resident bishop was then an utter impossibility; and upon these points I wish to lay particular stress.

The first reason was the attitude of the British Government.

The fierce Puritanism of the Colonies was then at white heat. It was raging furiously against prelacy of every kind, Protestant as well as Catholic, and the appointment of a Catholic bishop would have simply precipitated the Revolution.

The sentiments of the Puritans were perfectly well known. The eleventh grievance alleged against the mother country by the patriots, who met in Faneuil Hall in 1772, was that England was going to introduce the prelacy of the Established Church into the Colonies, and following in the same strain, and adding another complaint, the Continental Congress of 1774 expressed its indignation that the Home Government had, by the Quebec Act, established "a sanguinary and impious religion upon our borders." Suppose that England had permitted the establishment of that same impious and sanguinary religion within our borders, what would have been the consequence?

Very few people are aware that during the entire colonial period, England had never dared appoint a single bishop of the Established Church in this country, and when two ministers of Virginia, Talbot and Welton, shocked by the disorders of the Protestant clergy, which they attributed to the absence of episcopal supervision, went to England to have themselves appointed bishops, they were on their return immediately punished — one being sent back to England, the other degraded from the position he had formerly occupied.

It is clear that in such a state of the public mind the establishment of a Catholic bishopric here was simply out of the question, and useless besides, as the only end to be obtained was the conferring of a sacrament which could easily have been provided for otherwise. Everything else was admittedly in excellent condition.

Second. Not only would the appointment of a bishop have incensed the Protestant Colonists, but it would have embroiled the Catholics with the Home Government as well. Such an appointment would have come only through the hands of Prince Henry, Cardinal Duke of York, the brother of the Pretender, Charles Edward. The Cardinal lived in Rome, and all English ecclesiastical matters passed through his hands. Clearly such an act as making a bishop in a place where the Government feared even to have one of the Established Church, and of having him designated by a prince of the house of Stuart, which was in actual war with the reigning sovereign, would have authorized very stringent measures against the Catholics, not only in the Colonies, but in England itself. It would certainly have been regarded as an act of rebellion.

Third. Even supposing that a bishop could have come over, the probability was, for a time at least, that he would not have had a flock to govern. So intolerable had the persecution of Catholics become that Charles Carroll, the

father of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, had actually gone to the court of France in 1752 to ask for a grant of land in Arkansas, so that the Catholics of Maryland might abandon English territory altogether. With that large portion of the Catholic body lost, what would a bishop have to do?

If, then, there was any fear of having a bishop reside in the Colonies at that time, it was certainly warranted by the circumstances. The opinion of the wise and devoted priests of this country, backed as it was by that of the laity, was assuredly the only criterion in such a matter. It was not prompted by any spirit of insubordination, or by a desire of withdrawal from episcopal control, or by any unworthy motive of excluding others, but by an apprehension of disaster which it seemed most unwise to provoke. The end to be obtained was altogether out of proportion with the means to be employed.

It is intelligible that when there is question of the salvation of souls one should face persecution, and even death, if inevitable, but to invite it for a sacrament which is not absolutely necessary, and for which there was really no difficulty in providing in a way quite in keeping with the ordinary methods of the Church, is a proceeding that could hardly be justified.

In fact, that question had already been passed upon in the case of English Catholics more than a hundred years before. Through the kindness of Father Hughes, I am put in possession of the following facts. In 1612 the Archbishop of Rhodes, sending his reports from Brussels to Rome on the subject of a bishop for England, passes a splendid eulogy on the fortitude of English Catholics, "whom God by His singular providence has known how to strengthen, even without the Sacrament of Confirmation."

Again, in 1624, the Scotch clergy addressed a memorial to the Pope against having a bishop among them, espe-

cially because he would have to be an Englishman. Their national animosity was deemed a sufficient reason. They discussed several aspects of the question, and treated only in the last place that of Confirmation. They declared that for the solitary advantage to be derived under that head from the presence of a bishop, it is not necessary to incur so much damage: "Non est quod pro uno beneficio tot damna manifesta in præsens sustineant."

A similar view of the subject may be found in a document issued by Propaganda, April, 1688, on behalf of the Congregation of the Holy Office, and directed to the Internuncio of Flanders on English affairs. The "Instruction" simply passes over the question of Confirmation, although that had been distinctly put forward as one of the arguments for appointing a bishop.

In point of fact the power of confirming had in the early times been vested in the missionaries here. For in a memoir of Father Grassi, 1836, addressed to Father General Roothan of the Society of Jesus, the following statement is made:

"In view of the very great distance from any bishop, the Holy See had granted extraordinary faculties to Jesuit missionaries, and at certain times even that of administering the Sacrament of Confirmation to the faithful living in those far-off regions." Then he adds in a note: "I saw in the sacristy of the residence of St. Thomas, near Portobacco, in the year 1812, letters patent for such a faculty."

Possibly before Challoner's time those faculties had been withdrawn. At all events, their having been given once, shows how easily the whole matter could have been settled.

Challoner's suggestion of procuring the help of the Bishop of Quebec could not possibly be acted upon. It may serve, however, as an illustration of how imperfect that otherwise excellent man's ideas about the extent and

condition of the country were. Yet if it is true that not only then but after that time, the geographical notions even of the government officials were so vague, that in the war of the Revolution the British fleet was ordered to sail up the Bronx to co-operate with Howe's forces in the battle of White Plains, we can understand how Challoner's geographical ideas were so much at fault. "The Bishop of Quebec," he said, "is at no very great distance from those parts"; and yet it would have been very much easier to have come from Europe. Bishop Challoner certainly could not have been aware of what he was proposing, when the aged and infirm Vicar-General, Father Hunter, was requested to travel all the way from Maryland to Quebec — a distance of fully eight hundred miles. It took nearly three months, at a time when the intervening country was a wilderness inhabited by savages and wild beasts and on the verge of war, to obtain what could have been provided for at home by the stroke of a pen. It serves, however, to show how devoted was the service of these priests to their Bishop when, at his mere suggestion, the venerable man immediately proceeded on his perilous journey, well knowing that the attempt would be futile. Arrived in Canada, he was straightway ordered out of the country by Governor Carleton, who would not tolerate such a proposal. Some years later the same request was officially forwarded from Rome by Cardinal Castelli with the same result.

It all goes to show how correct the judgment of the Fathers was in this matter. The mere sight of a Catholic prelate coming from a people who were detested and despised, and with whom the Colonies were always at war, and whose religion was not only abhorred but held to be sanguinary and idolatrous, would have been infinitely worse than the coming of Challoner or the presence of an English vicar apostolic.

On this topic we have a most valuable letter written by Father Farmer, ten years after the event, in which he gives the reasons by which Bishop Briand convinced the Pope that it was impossible for a Canadian bishop to enter the American Colonies. Its retrospective character vouches for its being written calmly and without any intention of creating sentiment. The reputation of the writer, moreover, would be a sufficient guarantee in that matter, and it will suffice to indicate here that it reiterates what we have been insisting on, namely, that the bitter hatred of the American Colonists for even the name of bishop, even though he were only of the Established Church, would have given rise to serious public disturbances had such a thing been attempted as was proposed by Bishop Challoner. Thus Bishop Briand's authority is seen to substantiate this view of the missionaries. With this we may leave this matter of Confirmation, and turn to another view of the subject.

Fourth. There was nothing abnormal in the delay of erecting a bishopric here. Thus Quebec was founded under the auspices of a Catholic king in 1608. It was the pet scheme of the powerful Richelieu. It had an extensive laity of chosen and exclusively Catholic Colonists. The various religious Orders and the established secular clergy were all represented there. Private and public benefactions were being continually showered upon it, and yet it took fifty years to provide it with a bishop. Champlain founded it in 1608, and only in 1658 was Laval appointed. The appointment was bitterly opposed, and by whom? By the Bishop of Rouen, who claimed it as part of his diocese. Not only did he set his face against the nomination, but he sent out a circular to the bishops of France to assist him in the opposition. He succeeded in enlisting the parliaments of Paris and Rouen on his side, and was strong enough to make the Bishop of Bayeux withdraw his

promise to act as consecrator. Laval was finally consecrated by the Papal Nuncio, behind closed doors, at an early hour of the morning in a chapel outside of the jurisdiction of Paris and Rouen. When he came to Quebec the representative ecclesiastics refused to acknowledge him, and a royal edict had to be obtained to protect him in his see. The storm was finally allayed by the influence of the Jesuits of Quebec.

In this same connection it is in order to remark that Quebec was the only place in that country which received a bishop until our own days. Why, for example, was Montreal not made a see long ago? It was a splendid Catholic colony, almost synchronous in its establishment with Quebec, and yet even some of us, without being very old, remember its first bishop — Lartigue was appointed only in 1836. So that it took one hundred and ninety-eight years to obtain two bishoprics for a country that was entirely and absolutely Catholic from its foundation to the present day.

Is there anything surprising, therefore, that the poor, persecuted, and despised outcasts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, who composed the main body of our Catholic Colonists, many of whom, according to Scharf, were bond servants and penal convicts, and who were presided over by such feeble Catholics as the Lords Baltimore, the first of whom actually forbade them to discuss their religion on the way over, and another of whom was an apostate, should be slow in inaugurating a hierarchy here?

Fifth. We ought not to forget that it took three hundred years to effect a really less notable change in what was once Catholic England, namely, the establishment of the hierarchy there, which in point of fact was little else than assigning territories to bishops already on the premises. Nor should we forget that its most active opponent was a great dignitary of the Church, Cardinal Acton. We

all recall the storm it evoked even in our age of alleged liberality and enlightenment.

But the difficulty did not end with the change of government. Not only was it absolutely impossible to obtain a resident bishop prior to the Revolution, but it appeared hopeless for some time subsequent to that event. The difficulty affected Protestants as well as Catholics. Thus, in 1784, Samuel Seabury was commissioned by the ministers of Connecticut to go to England to be consecrated first Protestant bishop of the United States. He was the famous rector of St. Peter's in Westchester, who had been so conspicuous for his Toryism during the war, and who had, in consequence, been expelled from this section of the country. Nevertheless, though such an acceptable person, when he arrived in England, the bench of bishops refused to consecrate him. Not being a subject, he could not take the oath of allegiance, and so in despair he addressed himself to the long disestablished Church of Scotland. Three Scotch bishops laid hands on him, making him promise to promote the ancient liturgy, which Seabury interpreted as the Scotch prayer-book. Hence, if we are to believe the Encyclopedia of American Biography, it resulted in making the Communion Service of the English prayer-book in this country Scotch and not English. In this roundabout fashion the Protestants got their first bishop in the United States, but not until 1784.

There seems to have been not even a question of a Catholic bishop for at least three years after the war was over, although the American priests were petitioning to have some one among them empowered to bless oils, confirm, etc. In 1784 the question was at last mooted, but in such a way that it gave rise to the first genuine organized opposition to the appointment of a bishop in the United States and a use of outside influence in doing so. But instead of reflecting discredit upon those who were

conspicuous in it, it merits for them the gratitude both of their Church and their country.

The French ambassador at Philadelphia was M. Barbé Marbois. He, of his own accord, and probably to advance the interests of some ambitious ecclesiastical friend, began negotiations with Benjamin Franklin and the Apostolic Nuncio at Paris for the appointment of a bishop for the United States. Marbois was the individual who had maligned all the Catholics of this country, clergy and laity alike, by saying in his official reports that under the guidance of the Jesuits they had been strong adherents of the English and bitterly averse to the Revolution — a calumny which Bancroft has repeated; whereas the truth is that, besides the very active and notable partisanship of Carroll and others, not a single Jesuit, native-born or English, was known to be other than in favor of the cause. If we needed any vindication we have it in Washington's letter to the Roman Catholics, in which this passage occurs: "I presume that your fellow citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of the Revolution and the establishment of your Government."

We prefer the testimony of Washington to that of either Bancroft or Marbois. This scheming politician, who thus publicly and officially endeavored to fix the stigma of disloyalty upon his fellow Catholics and who, according to Shea, reproached the Jesuits of this country with not favoring the Voltairean ideas of the day, urged Benjamin Franklin, who was then ambassador at Paris, to secure the nomination of a French subject who should reside in France, and administer from there the ecclesiastical affairs of the United States. It was stipulated that he was to be acceptable to Congress. Franklin took up the scheme ardently, communicated it to the American Congress, which, however, threw the matter out as not of its con-

cern, and probably also because there was not a man there who had any other feeling than that of dislike, if not of hatred, for everything connected with Catholicity.

Consider what a deplorable condition of affairs that was. A scheming, self-seeking French politician, avowedly an admirer of Voltaire and an enemy and calumniator of American Catholics, was in union with a deist like Franklin, asking a Congress of our States, which had almost all framed most oppressive laws against Catholics, to name a bishop acceptable to it — who was to be a foreigner, living abroad under a foreign king, to administer from France the ecclesiastical affairs of this country; and, what is most amazing (for that, too, is specified), to form ecclesiastics who should be acceptable to its notions of ecclesiastical fitness. It appears incredible did we not read it all in the letters of Franklin to the Nuncio, July 28, 1783; the Nuncio's acquiescence; the note to the French Prime Minister, Vergennes, the 18th of December of the same year, and the proposal to Congress, May, 1784.

We may remark, parenthetically, that all this goes to show that the opinion held by Challoner prevailed elsewhere in Europe, namely, that there was no one here available for the office of bishop, as the Nuncio, even as late as 1784, implies. It evinces a strange state of mind with regard to men like Carroll, Neale, Lewis, and others, but such is the fact. The object of residing in France is declared to be that the bishop might be always at hand to constitute a sort of triple alliance with his Holiness and the American minister "to form ecclesiastics agreeable to Congress."

What kind of a power, it might here be asked, would Franklin wield in the Church, and what kind of ecclesiastics would be acceptable to our bitterly Protestant Congress? This is surely one of the curiosities of history, and it is clear that opposition to the scheme became a sacred

duty. The English dependency would have been infinitely preferable. Father Plowden in England got wind of it, and in union with Fathers Mattingly and Sewall of Maryland, all members of the suppressed Society of Jesus, brought their influence to bear on Franklin, who did not know enough of Catholicity to be aware of what he was doing. He was made to see the foolishness, not to say the iniquity, of the whole proceeding, and finally he abandoned the project altogether. Opposition in this case is admitted to have taken place, but no reproach is feared for those who took part in it. It saved the country, and those old, proscribed Jesuits must have the credit of it.

But was there not just at that time, in 1784, a resolution adopted by the Chapter of the Fathers of Maryland, and ordered to be sent to Rome, setting forth that a bishop was not yet desirable? There was, most decidedly, but it was a minority report against the general ruling of the Chapter which had, on the contrary, asked for the appointment of a bishop.

Among those in the minority was the future Bishop Neale, whose motives surely cannot well be questioned. Knowing of the various machinations of Marbois to get control of everything ecclesiastical here, for political purposes, it would be strange indeed if some among them had not that view. They must have been aware that other plotters were at work just as well as Marbois. That such was their apprehension is explicitly stated by Shea, and their forebodings were fully verified by the events. Those who know how the scheme of Burke and two other episcopal appointments might have brought on international complications; how mad were the projects of Gallipolis, with which Professor Herbermann has familiarized us; how supreme a folly was attempted in endeavoring to have a Patriarchate in Oneida, and how disastrous were the plans that were concocted and carried out, as in Norfolk

for example, not to mention others, will certainly agree with those wise and holy men that God's work was not to be helped by an undue haste in a matter of such grave importance.

When the appointment was taken out of every one else's hands, and the Supreme Pontiff *proprio motu* appointed Carroll, their acceptance was instantaneous and complete. But it is worthy of remark that Carroll received then only the power to confirm. It took five years more to make him a bishop, and that was done only after repeated petitions from this side of the Atlantic, namely, in 1789.

Such was the beginning of the hierarchy of the United States. Slow in its coming, for it was absolutely unrealizable before the separation from England, and unrealizable for some time after, it was brought about finally by the intelligent zeal and devotion which prevented servitude and averted disaster.

In conclusion, it may not be out of place to remark that in the Society of Jesus there are certain specific rules laid down for right thinking. They are more properly laws for the development of correct instincts. They are called *Regulæ ad sentiendum.*

The first of those rules reads as follows: " Putting aside all judgment of our own, we must keep the mind ready and prompt to obey in all things the true Spouse of Christ, Our Lord, which is our holy Mother the Church of the Hierarchy: *Sancta ecclesia hierarchica.*" This expression *ecclesia hierarchica* is peculiar and unusual.

The history of the Society has been the fulfilment of that rule. Always eager for the most dangerous and difficult missions, leaving the imprint of their labors and their blood on every land they evangelized, their only purpose has ever been to hand it over to the hierarchy of God's holy Church, themselves never assuming the mitre except under compulsion, and, when it is a bishopric, to be

through glory and ignominy, through good and evil report, through labors and sufferings, its most devoted servants, its staunchest supporters, and its most fearless champions, seeking always in that, as in all things, the verification of their motto: *Ad majorem Dei gloriam.*

The Dead Nineteenth Century

Midnight Mass, St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York, December 31, 1899

YOU remember that scene in the early history of our country when Balboa, before Cortez, stood silent upon a peak of Darien looking out upon the Pacific, whose broad expanse then for the first time met his gaze. The grim old warrior felt his heart leap with joy as he saw before him in imagination the vast regions over which the banner which he held in his grasp was to wave for the advancement of Christianity and civilization. Cortez had not come yet, nor Pizarro, and so on the right and on the left of him was the great hemisphere, almost all of which was to be won for his country, and beyond the far horizon who could tell what regions rich in gold and precious stones stretched more boundless still? Out there upon that mountain peak, on the frontiers of the habitable globe, that heroic man, with his handful of followers, represented a nation, with all its traditions of the past and all its expectations of the future — a nation that for eight long centuries had stood as the bulwark of the civilization of Europe and saved it from being what Africa is to-day; that had just driven the implacable enemies of Christianity back over the Straits of Gibraltar and shattered their fleets at the other end of the Mediterranean; that had leaped at a bound into the forefront of the nations; first in civil liberty, first in the power of its armies, first in the extent of its commerce and the cultivation of the mechanical arts, and first in that enlightenment that promoted its sovereigns to aid the discoverer of the New World. He descended the mountain side and, flag in hand, entered into the sea and took pos-

session of it in the name of God and his King. It was a memorable moment in the onward movement of the nations.

But to-night the whole world contemplates a scene still more solemn, significant, and sublime.

Silent upon the summit of spiritual, yea, of earthly grandeur, though shorn of all his temporal power, at the culmination of the century, in his own city that has been for more than two thousand years the expression and the symbol of grandeur, magnificence, and power, stands not a mailed warrior, but an aged, white-robed priest, one whose unusually protracted life is disappearing in the glory of eternity, whose attenuated and almost luminous face, with the snows of almost a hundred years resting like a halo upon his pallid brows, makes him seem like some disembodied spirit on the heights as he bends his searching glance upon the future and gazes out upon the new century whose incoming waves are beating upon the shores beneath his feet. Back of him is the century that is fading away, not into the azure, but into the dark and stormy cloud-lands of the past.

What thoughts are in his mind in the retrospect of these one hundred years, with almost every one of which he is identified! The century of progress, if you will, of commerce, of boundless wealth, of marvellous discoveries, but at the same time of regicides and revolutions, of religious decay, and, in spite of our boasting, of moral deterioration, of national disintegration foreboded in the great forces that are struggling for the supremacy of the masses and preparing international wars which may at any moment begin through lust of empire and un-Christian race hatred; the century that was hailed as the great era of enlightenment and destined for the elevation of humanity, but which ends with a cry of despair from the lips of the philosophers who have received most of the world's applause. But in spite of it all there is a light flashing through the clouds

from the splendid triumphs of the Church in the battle for God, and the promises of a still more luminous dawn breaking from the horizon of time toward which his gaze is directed.

When the year of the Lord 1801 began — but wait — there was no year of the Lord 1801. Wherever the influence of the terrible revolution extended, and that was through almost all the continent of Europe, and from Egypt to Santo Domingo and Louisiana, the computation of time from the birth of Christ had been abolished; malignant hatred of Christ had expunged the chronology of eighteen hundred years, and the tenth of the month of Vivose in the eighth year of the Republic was made the beginning of the century. Religion was dead or on the point of expiring. There was no Sunday, there was no religious worship. For eight months there had not been even a Pope, and the boast was made that there never would be another. Pius VI died a martyr in August, 1799, and until March, 1800, violence and intrigue prevented his successor from being elected. The terrible revolution had engulfed religion in its deluge of blood and fire. All that was noblest and purest had been ruthlessly butchered; sixty thousand priests had either laid down their lives on the guillotine or had been scattered as wanderers over the earth, and the vast multitudes of religious men and women had shared the same fate. The sanctuaries of the Living God had been made scenes of the most indecent orgies; the great foundations for charity, piety, and education that had been held in trust for centuries were plundered; the schools were empty or in the hands of atheists and blasphemers.

The fires of persecution in consequence of the uprising of '98 in Ireland were still smouldering. The penal laws of England, Holland, and Sweden were still in force. Russia was still carrying out her rule of ruthless spoliation

and death. What was once Catholic Austria was doing its best to destroy the faith. Spain and Portugal were in the hands of atheists, and the great missions to heathen nations which had been founded in the blood of countless martyrs had been abolished, and the forsaken tribes had lapsed again into their former savagery. As in the religious, so in the political world. The battle fires of Napoleon were lighting the world with their glare; crowns and coronets and sceptres were tossed about like playthings. The invasions of England and Russia were planned, and the conqueror stood for the moment with his heel on the neck of the nations. So it was for the Church. He had granted it a brief respite of life only to throw upon it the chain of his Concordat, as galling as the former persecutions had been bloody. It was slavery instead of death. Who was to deliver the world from the yoke? Not the kings and princes who were cringing before him, giving up their kingdoms or delivering their daughters to him or to his brothers in adulterous or other marriages. There was only one power that could do it, as the great war minister of England Pitt had declared, and that was the trembling Monk into whose hands the staff of the chief pastor had been thrust.

Pius VII alone defied him. In spite of flattery, threats, abuse, bodily injury, exile, and imprisonment, he hurled his anathema at the tyrant when all other means had failed; a pebble from the sling of David, but it brought down the enemy of God. "Will his anathema make the arms fall from the hands of my soldiers?" he scoffingly asked. In the light of burning Moscow he saw them drop in the snows of Russia and he was flung a prisoner on the Rock of Elba when Pius VII entered Rome as the deliverer of Europe and the kings and princes resumed their ancient thrones. Monasticism, so much scoffed at by the world, had saved the world from slavery.

Did the world acknowledge it? No, the nations never acknowledge what the Church does for them, and they help it only for interested motives.

In the congress of the kings at Vienna their first act was to hand over to schismatical Russia eight million Catholic Poles and five million Catholic Ruthenians, who were lost forever to the Church, as were two millions more who were allotted to Prussia. Robbed of fifteen million souls for having saved Europe from destruction! Besides that, not only the great kings but each little princeling thought it the acme of diplomacy to thwart the Church in every one of her movements, and with a fatuity that is incredible after the lesson they had received, resumed in their manner of governing the same autocratic absolutism that had caused the revolution, and then, to insure their hold upon the people, they inaugurated that ubiquitous system of police which is such a tyranny yet in Europe, and was the immediate cause of the formation of the revolutionary secret societies, that were so soon to involve the nations in new disaster. At that time also the dreadful system of German Pantheism under Hegel and Fichte and Schelling was taught, whose only purpose was to do away with Christianity, and whose only result was to produce a depravation of morals in Germany and the rest of the world. The scoffings at Christ which are heard in what are alleged to be Christian pulpits, and the immorality that necessarily follows are a consequence of those teachings of the early part of the century.

Meantime, hampered though she was, the Church began to rebuild her desolated sanctuaries, to recall her religious orders, to re-establish her hierarchies, to reorganize her missions, to open her schools, and before the next storm burst upon her she saw those splendid figures arise from the gloom, some of them converts to the faith — not clergymen but laymen, like Görres and Schlegel and Stol-

berg, who led the indignant Catholics of Prussia in their first legal and united opposition to unjust government legislation. In France there were Montalembert and Ozanam, Chateaubriand and De Maistre and De Bonald, statesmen and jurists and philosophers whose lives were devoted to the cause of the Church; and, in the very citadel of heresy in England, the great movement was begun which gave to the Church and to the world such glorious men as Newman, Faber, and Allies and Wilberforce, the pioneers of the long line of illustrious men who have followed the kindly light that led them home. But above all there appeared before the world one who was without a doubt the grandest man of all this century; the man who, when dead, sent his heart to be enshrined in Rome, and who was a patriot precisely because every throb of that living heart beat in unison with Rome; the man who came from the Niobe of nations, who alone and unaided struck from her prostrate form the blood-stained shackles in which she had languished for centuries, who lifted up unhappy Ireland into the ranks of humanity, and compelled her enemy to admit that fidelity to Jesus Christ was not a crime — that man, O'Connell, added his glory to the first third of the century and gave to the Church by Catholic emancipation the greatest consolation she had received for a hundred years.

But meantime the secret societies, bad philosophy, and immoral literature had been sapping the bases of the nations. By 1830 all the world was in revolution. Spain had already lost most of her great colonial possessions, the last vestige of which was shot away by the guns of Schley in Santiago and Dewey in Manila Bay just as the century was drawing to a close. In France, Italy, Portugal, Spain, in far-off Greece, where twenty thousand Christians were slain and forty-seven thousand sold into captivity for an offence in which they had no share; in Poland,

the uprising ended only in greater atrocities from the Russian Government; and even in Canada, as if by a mutual understanding, the word was given to break the power of kings forever. France alone succumbed, it is true, and got its constitutional monarchy by the treachery of one of its own princes, but eighteen years later, in the ever memorable '48, the revolution was irresistible, and to-day with the exception of Russia there is not a government which can dare pretend to the exercise of that absolute power with which they so often used to scourge mankind. The constitutional monarchies of to-day are but republics with some vestiges of royalty left in them to conceal their reproach.

At the beginning of the last half of the century a new era dawned. In 1850 Pius IX returned to Rome. The hierarchies were re-established in Holland and England, the event almost shaking the latter country to its foundations. The thirty thousand Catholics of America had grown into millions. Great churches extended their sway in Australia, India, and China. The old religious orders renewed their energy in the missions, and younger congregations vied with them in zeal and in the results achieved. Schools and hospitals and asylums sprang up everywhere, and in the frequent canonizations of multitudes of her most illustrious children the Church held up to the world for inspiration and for affirmation her ideals of moral grandeur. Meantime, while the nations were convulsed by wars and revolutions, while Europe was in a death struggle in the Crimea, while our own dreadful civil war was raging, while Austria and France and Prussia were in mortal conflict, while kings were being assassinated and new forms of government introduced, through it all the Sovereign Pontiff was constantly and patiently giving to the world, whether it heeded or not, those warnings of the dangers of philosophical or political or moral teachings which were the

source and spring of all these disorders; the syllabus or résumé of which will be consulted by future students as the most perfect sociological history of our times, and perhaps as a warning to future generations to avoid the abysses into which the past had fallen.

It was then that another glory was added to the century by the declaration of the prerogative of the Mother of Jesus Christ in the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and finally there assembled in Rome one of the most splendid and impressive Councils of the Church that had ever convened since the Apostles met at their first Pentecost. In spite of the opposition of governments, seven hundred bishops and archbishops from every part of the habitable globe, representing every race and nationality under the sun, and every class of society from the lowest to the highest, uniting in their persons all the past centuries back to the time when the Apostles went out with their message to the world, there were seen men whose personalities were the highest expression of sanctity and learning, all, at the mere intimation of the wish of the Supreme Shepherd, hastening to the Eternal City, and giving to the disordered nations the astounding spectacle of a world-embracing union in perfect harmony of doctrine and government, animated by the single purpose of bringing peace and light to humanity, and daring to tell the world what to do and what to believe. But their message was not accepted. Gladstone flung his anathemas at it, and there began immediately that terrible persecution inaugurated by Bismarck, the man of blood and iron, fresh from his great victory at Sedan, who closed the churches and schools of Germany, banished the bishops and priests, or cast them into jails, and by every possible device endeavored to destroy the last vestige of Catholicity in the new Empire he had founded. Like all other trials of the Church, it ended only in good. It called into existence the great Centre

Party which sent Bismarck to Canossa to plead for reconciliation with the Pope. It created the great conservative element on which the Emperor leans in the dangers which are now threatening not only his Empire but the peace of Europe, and it pointed the way to Catholics all the world over for righteous and lawful resistance against oppression. When Bismarck was flung aside as a useless thing by the new War Lord, another danger succeeded; for, disguise the fact as we may, the spirit of democracy is sweeping over the world, and though safe enough when properly guided, yet under the guise of socialism or anarchy forms the greatest menace that has yet confronted the world, and with that problem before us the twentieth century begins. Who is to meet it? Who is to prevent it from leaping its bounds and bringing disaster everywhere upon civilization? Not the great fleets that bear on their decks such terrible instruments of destruction, not the formidable armies that cover the face of the globe. They will only accelerate the doom of the powers if the people are not instructed and controlled, just as the armies of Rome in its decay decided the fate of the Empire. There is only one power that can properly control the giant that is now arising in her might. *Papa et populus,* said Gregory VII centuries ago when the tyranny and rapacity of the German Emperors were bringing ruin upon the world. The Pope and the people. They understand each other. For in spite of its monarchical organization and power, and in spite of its subjection to one supreme sovereign who controls the consciences of men and nations, the Church is democratic in the fact that it speaks alike to king and peasant, bears the same message to both, is as tender to one as to the other, and will oppose the aggression of either with the same fortitude and the same insistency. There is no dignity in the Church that is barred against the humblest; a swineherd has been Pontiff and a great

one; its clergy are from the great body of the people, and in times of trial have shared their sufferings and guided their aspirations. Hence it is that the great danger that comes from a misguided and misunderstood democracy can be averted only by the Catholic Church. The world dimly recognizes it, for the utterances of that remarkable Pontiff whom the whole world, Catholic and infidel alike, now looks up to with admiration are accepted as messages of salvation in the great social questions which are at present agitating the world.

Such is the remarkable condition that presents itself at the end of a century which began in such disaster. The greatest man of the world at the present time, the one who fills the largest space in the world's regard, is undoubtedly Leo XIII. Bismarck is dead; Gladstone is dead; Victor Emmanuel and his successors are dead; Napoleon died under the knife in an obscure village of England when his Empire was destroyed; his fellow conspirators are dead; the whole phalanx of enemies who plotted against the Church are dead. He lives. The face of Europe is all changed, empires have fallen and kingdoms are shorn of their strength, and yet that wonderful man who represents God reigns, and wields an astonishing power over the whole human race.

We have seen how paralyzed and almost dead the Church seemed at the beginning of the century. Now behold it, in spite of the millions that it has lost by political spoliation and persecution, twenty millions stronger than it was in the beginning of the century, and if we consider the loss through legislation in Russia and Prussia alone, not to speak of unnoticed defections which have affected it elsewhere, the Catholic Church counts an increase of no less than forty or fifty million souls over what it had one hundred years ago.

There are splendid hierarchies in every part of the world,

and in the ranks of the episcopacy many who are remarkable for sanctity and learning. Here in America alone, where the century opened with thirty thousand Catholics under a single bishop, we have a Church of twelve or fourteen millions, with a Cardinal and eighty-four bishops to guide its destinies. There are hierarchical churches in Asia whose progress is more marvellous every day; and the same is true in Africa, in distant Australia, and in the islands of the Pacific. There are vast works of charity in every country of the globe for every human ailment or sorrow; hospitals, asylums, orphanages, schools and colleges and great universities, all built and directed and supported in the face of incredible opposition. Thousands of martyrs in China are willingly pouring out their blood in testimony of their faith. Converts are coming into the Church by thousands in England alone, where the Church has suffered so much during these three hundred years. Denmark and Sweden and Norway have opened their doors to the Church, and what is consoling above all is that the well-springs of the missions and missionary life have been opened again. There are missionary colleges in almost every Catholic nation, and France alone has at the present moment nearly sixty thousand missionaries preaching to the heathens. As in the Crusades of old, France first took up the cry "God wills it," and sent her thousands to battle for the cross, so to-day she is repeating the cry and sending out her hosts to win the nations to God. She alone, since 1822, has expended no less than sixty million dollars for the support of these soldiers of the cross. What an answer this is from the Catholic heart of France to those who boasted a hundred years ago that Catholicity was dead in the soul of the eldest daughter of the Church! We can trust that in the storm that is hanging above her to-day she will win still greater glory in the cause of God.

Is it not true, therefore, that the venerable Leo can look

out on the twentieth century with confidence and hope? "Make it," he tells us, "the century of Christ." The stamp is already on it; it is the year of the Lord 1901, for there is nothing more prominent, nothing more visible, nothing more powerful in the world to-day, though the Pontiff has neither fleets nor armies, than the religion of Jesus Christ, the Eternal Son of the Living God. Let that religion, the Pontiff tells the world, vivify your business, your homes, your schools, your great social parliaments, your politics, and your diplomacy. Behold what calamities the exaggerated devotion of the dead century to the rights of man has brought upon you. Let the twentieth century be conspicuous for its respect for the rights of God, for His law and truth, and there can be no doubt that the Church, which arose from such disasters and achieved such power for the welfare and peace of the world, will advance to a degree that will almost defy calculation in the century that is now begun, in winning the souls of men. As she has met every danger within and without from the time she first faced the persecuting Cæsar, and felt the first shudder from immorality and heresy and schism, so she alone can meet and conquer every opponent, be it the monarch or the mob; she alone can teach men the truth and save them from the oppression of their own vices or the tyranny of their fellow-men. She alone can wrestle with the great dangers that are coming in with the century. She alone can give the people liberty, peace, and truth.

Jesuit Education

Alumni Banquet of St. John's College, Fordham, New York, April 16, 1900

WHEN a statement was made some time ago by the President of Harvard University reflecting harshly on our methods of education, considerable alarm was manifested among our alumni, and there was an urgent request for a reply. The reply has been made, and the result is all that could be desired.

A writer, who is said to be no other than a distinguished representative of Columbia, declares that for a month or so educators everywhere have been talking of it. "And well they may," he says, "for it is one of the neatest bits of controversial literature that we have seen in a long, long time. It is a model of courtesy and urbanity; its style is as clear as crystal, its logic is faultless, and finally, its quotations, illustrations, and turns of phrase are apt, piquant, and singularly effective. We hope," he adds, "that President Eliot has been reading it over very thoughtfully himself, and as it would probably never reach him from Harvard sources, we may gently convey to him the information that throughout the entire country educators and men and women of cultivation generally are immensely amused at the cleverness with which his alleged facts and iridescent theories have been turned into a joke."

Of course, for a time we had to assume an attitude of profound humility. We were branded before the world with professional inferiority; we wore the badge of incompetency as teachers of the furiously studious youth of this country in the elements of science and the classics, and were tagged with inability to fit them for admission to institutions whose requirements were almost nothing. But

we were not worried about it. Much worse had been said before, and we still live and move and have our being. At the very time that we were placarded in every newspaper in the land as defectives, a review of a book was also published in which Ignatius of Loyola was represented as seated on a lofty throne with his Satanic Majesty in hell, while the Jesuit Satellites around, with their usual perfervid zeal, were dragging multitudes into those dismal domains. It is the old, old story that is told again, and is one of the grim pleasantries with which our enemies are wont to divert themselves.

Inability to teach the classics! Why, the language of the greater part of the classics is our mother tongue. We use it at table, we employ it in conversation, we write our letters in it; it is our official medium for the transaction of business, and its form and phrasing are not in that barbarous structure in which it issues from certain establishments of learning, but in the correctness and elegance that would have characterized Cicero's utterances in the glorious days of the Roman forum. The classics are our possession, and they were as truly saved by us from destruction amid the disorders consequent upon the Protestant Reformation as they had been by the monks in the darkness of the Middle Ages. The world is in debt to us on that score, especially our modern educators; for it must be borne in mind that, while giving in their monumental works on the ancient languages a sufficient answer to the reproach of inferiority, the writers of the Society were at the same time amassing treasures of linguistic learning which made the reputations of subsequent writers as easy as they were undeserved. The names of Alvarez, Torsellino, Castro, Montanus, De la Cerda, representing a whole host of profound scholars who devoted themselves to the work of grammar and lexicography, are brilliant enough to bring ridicule upon accusations which belittle the

association to which such writers belong and whose glory they enhanced.

Nor was it with Latin or Greek alone that they occupied themselves. They revived the study of Hebrew; they were among the first to begin researches in Egyptology; with Kircher they deciphered the hieroglyphics of Coptic; with De Nobili and others they introduced the study of Sanscrit and Teleuga and Tamil, the classic epic in the latter language being the work of a Jesuit missionary; they taught modern Greek and Illyrian and Turkish; they built up the old Etruscan; they traced the laws of language for China and Japan; they constructed grammars for the Bretons and Basques and Hungarians; they compiled lexicons of the tongues of the savages of every country, from the African deserts to the slopes of the Pacific. Through this vast country of ours, from Canada down through Mexico and Brazil and Chili and Peru and Paraguay, the first care of the missionary, while imparting the truths of salvation, was to systematize the barbarous idiom and trace its construction and order and make it a coherent medium of human speech; and they are doing it now for the remnants of the tribes of the Rocky Mountains and the scattered savages of frozen Alaska. Before this century opened, there were more than three hundred of these lexicons, written amid unimaginable hardships and privations, in Indian wigwams or the depths of the forest, and they are regarded as precious treasures by the libraries that possess them.

It was this Society that gave a splendid system of national schools to all the countries of Europe, and by interchanging professors of various nationalities, anticipated with success the feeble gropings of the educators of to-day for an international university. When its enemies compassed its downfall, it controlled six hundred and seventy colleges and twenty-four universities. They were com-

mended with special emphasis by one of the greatest councils of the Church that was ever convened, and their bitterest enemies did not refuse their meed of praise. Scholars came to them in multitudes, and in one college, that of Louis le Grand, there were no less than three thousand students, and the kings of England and of France sat side by side at its academic exhibitions. One single professor there counted nineteen of his scholars who were elected to the French Academy, and the famous Piron could say of the college that "it was the star-chamber of literary reputations." Its decisions determined the status of the nation's writers at a time when Corneille and Molière and Racine and Bossuet and Fénelon and the most brilliant galaxy of writers that France has ever known were shedding their lustre on the world. We have had more than twenty thousand authors in every branch of learning.

We have had mathematicians and scientists like Boscovich and Clavius and Kircher and Verbiest; we have built observatories in every part of Europe, and have won imperial patronage for them in distant China, as we have them still in the most dangerous centres of the world's commerce, Havana, Manila, and the China coast — and the United States at this moment are publishing the result of their researches.

We have sent missionaries to every savage nation to work in the interests of science and for the increase of human learning; we have had daring explorers in every part of the world, from the Congo and the Nile to the Amazon and the Mississippi, whose geographical and scientific charts still remain and are yet appealed to, as in Venezuela, for international arbitration.

We have had orators like Bourdaloue and Vieyra and Segneri, whose eloquence no one has since eclipsed; and in the sublimer studies, those, namely, which call for the greatest intellectual powers, philosophy, theology, and

Scriptural exegesis, the works of Jesuits are the glory of the modern Church, and the text-books wherever theology and philosophy are taught, while their illustrious authors, Suarez and Bellarmine and Lessius and Petavius and á Lapide, will ever be regarded as pillars of the Church of God and glories of the Society of Jesus.

But those are your own members, it may be said, and the reproach against you is precisely that you are ecclesiastical in your education. That is our grievance against you. Have you formed any great men for the outside world? Yes. We were forming illustrious representatives for every career of life in civilized lands when this country was a howling wilderness. We have had scholars who were the scions of the Bourbons and Montmorencis and Rohans; we have had warriors like Farnese and Tilly and Wallenstein, Villars, Luxembourg, and Don John of Austria; statesmen like De Broglie and Richelieu; pontiffs like Gregory XIII, who is identified with the modern calendar; Benedict XIV, one of the most learned of the Popes, and Pius VI, who defied Napoleon and died in the struggle. We have had Bossuet and Fénelon and Francis of Sales, Ligouri, Bridaine and Fleury, Alfieri and Tasso, Molière and Corneille, Canova and Muratori and Descartes and Justus Lipsius, and even Galileo himself. These are but a few of the vast numbers of illustrious men among the greatest of modern times, princes, pontiffs, soldiers, statesmen, orators, poets, artists, scientists, mathematicians, historians, who were our students, many of whom, like Tasso and Fleury, dedicated their works to their old professors and cherished through life the warmest affection for those who, while being their masters, were always their affectionate friends. Does not this answer the accusation that our education is merely ecclesiastical?

Possibly so, it may be said, but things are changed now

and the Jesuits are living on the reputation of the past. Well, it is a good thing to have a past if it can be looked back to with pride; breeding and good blood and a reputation are not to be despised when there is question of a struggle. At all events, we are not unknown in the field and are not without our credentials in the work of forming men. That we are not doing as great work in education now as in the past may be admitted without any reason for discredit or reproach.

A scarred warrior in fetters on a desert island cannot repeat the glory he won in the whirlwind of battle, but the fault is with the prison and not the prisoner. Give him his liberty and the same power that he displayed in the contest and he will assert himself again, perhaps in a more splendid fashion and with greater triumphs than before. That the Jesuits are not achieving the dazzling results of former days is explainable by the fact that in most countries of Europe the Governments, for political and religious and not for educational reasons, have closed their schools and forbidden them to teach. Give them freedom, and give them some small part of the means that are wasted on mere educational experiments, and we should not have to wait long for results.

In the great German province of the Society alone, which counts more than a thousand men among whom are scholars of marked ability, there is not a single school or college, and that condition of things antedates Bismarck and the Kulturkampf. I have found the Jesuits of Genoa in the fifth story of a tenement house and their splendid marble church around the corner closed against them. I have seen them in Milan in a little chapel no larger than the room in which we are assembled, while their college was changed to the city's museum and library and their principal residence converted into soldiers' quarters. I have seen them in a back alley of Bordeaux and their vast col-

legiate establishment at Tivoli near by was in the hands of strangers. I have been at table in Paris and have been served by an artilleryman in full uniform, one of our young professors let out for an hour from the city barracks. Will any one tell me how under such conditions they can do the work of former times? And yet there are some results we may point to.

It is not going too far back in our history to record the fact here that the man who risked most in signing the Declaration of Independence, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, was a Jesuit student, as was his illustrious kinsman, the friend of Washington and associate of Franklin, the first Bishop of the United States. The heroic Steuben of Revolutionary fame, whose piety in life and death is commented upon, was a Jesuit student, while Lafayette imbibed his intense love for the classics in the Society's famous college of Louis le Grand, which its enemies had wrested from it a few years before, but where its methods and traditions still remained.

Coming nearer to our own times, we have representatives in the most honored position an American can covet, for there are at present two judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, McKenna and White, who are from our Colleges of Santa Clara and New Orleans, and considering our numbers and lack of social influence, that is far beyond our quota. We have a fair representation among the distinguished members of the United States Senate, one of whom four years ago, according to the *Literary Digest,* was seriously considered as a candidate for the presidency, White of California. North Carolina changed her laws that Gaston of Georgetown might hold office, and the name of M. P. O'Connor of Fordham is mentioned with enthusiasm in South Carolina, where the "statesman and orator" inscribed on his tomb is referred back to the training he received. We have had Governors

of States like John Lee Carroll and Louis Lowe of Maryland, while others like the illustrious Senator Francis Kernan, who was nominated for Governor of New York, and John W. Corcoran, who was twice named Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, were both defeated for reasons which reflected glory on their religious education. We have had orators and warriors like the heroic Garesché and the splendid Thomas Francis Meagher. The hero of Santiago, Schley, was first trained in our school at Frederick; the most distinguished and capable member of the first Philippine Commission, Denby, long our Ambassador to China, is from Georgetown; the last hero whom Boston honored with a monument, the noble Shaw, who, braving the unpopularity of the act, led the first negro regiment to the war and died there, was a boy at Fordham with Hazzard, and McMahon; and his near relative, Father Shaw, was a Jesuit priest; and the man who absolutely on his own merits and amid a storm of bigotry and hatred achieved the Secretaryship of New York State is ours, while the only Catholic members who were ever honored with a place among the Regents of the State of New York are our men, the one just named being from Fordham, the Rev. Thomas A. Hendrick, who ought to give a good account of his stewardship.

Surely it is something to have trained a scholar of the type of the distinguished Charles George Herbermann, the editor-in-chief of the great Catholic Encyclopedia. He was without question one of the best authorities on the classics in the country, besides being a historian, a philosopher, and for more than fifty years the glory of New York City College, in which he had been long regarded as a crypto-Jesuit. He always took pleasure in ascribing his success to his old masters.

These are a few of the men taken at random who attract most attention, but there are others shedding lustre

in their various positions in the army and navy, on the bench and at the bar, in the medical profession and in business, in whom we have a right to glory. In other countries also we have conspicuous men to point to: leaders in the government, admirals in the navy, heroic soldiers on the field of battle, scientists, and writers. There is Lamartine, brilliant alike in literature and statesmanship, whose wisdom, courage, and wonderful eloquence saved his country from a reign of terror; there is Mezzofanti, so marvellous in his gift of tongues, who began his linguistic studies under Jesuit masters. The great Irish orator, Richard Lalor Shiel, is ours, the man upon whom the mantle of Malinckrodt and Windthorst has descended, the great leader in the German Parliament, Lieber, is ours; and that one who is the most inspiring figure of modern history, who with his unaided strength struck the shackles from his race in which they had languished for centuries, the immortal Daniel O'Connell, though coming after the suppression of the Society at St. Omers, he, too, is a product of Jesuit training.

Omitting the fact that there are numbers of illustrious bishops, such as the entire episcopacy of New England, who are our students, and that the august figure that stands at the head of the English Church, Cardinal Vaughan, as well as the distinguished friend of President Diaz of Mexico, Gillow, are ours, as are some of the most conspicuous of the princes of the Church who stand near the throne of Peter, there is one who alone would be a sufficient vindication of our power to educate, one whose every utterance shows him to be the finished scholar to his very finger tips, one to whose least word the whole world listens, and whom two hundred and fifty millions obey, the man whose life so marvellously prolonged makes him, as he stands upon his lofty eminence, seem like some disembodied spirit, the glorious Pontiff Leo XIII, he is a Jesuit scholar.

From the preparatory studies to the last thesis he defended in theology, he has had no other teachers, and he speaks of it always with satisfaction. He alone can free us from the reproach of inferiority in the training of men. Had we done nothing else in the world, that would be enough to point to with pride and delight.

These are some of the tangible results of our system of education, and the examples would have been more numerous and more brilliant had freedom been even moderately accorded for the exercise of its powers. Nor could it be otherwise. For this system of education avoids no field of human inquiry, and has been conspicuous for its achievements in all. It accepts all the researches of physical science and has given hostages for its love of it by the heroism it has displayed in widening the sphere of scientific discoveries and the zeal with which it has explored their depths. But it does not yield to the clamor of the age and permit itself to be absorbed by investigations in the material universe. It grasps the splendid literatures of all the ages and holds up for imitation the glowing ideals of all that is noble in human character, even in the heroes of pagan antiquity, and incites the impressionable mind of youth to emulate their greatness. It studies the history of the nations and draws from it lessons for future guidance, and from both it rises to the contemplation of the sublimer heroism and the more stupendous events that are displayed in the inspired literature which comes to us from the hands of God Himself, and by that means dowers the mind of the scholar with glorious visions of human and supernatural splendor and stamps on the soul moral impressions which time can never efface. It goes further, and herein lies its peculiar power in developing the intellectual capabilities of its students in a manner and to a degree that no other training can effect, namely, it subjects them to a thorough discipline in the study of mental

philosophy, a philosophy that is not the rationalism which, according to its great historian, Lecky, " eliminates all that is heroic in human nature," nor the blank agnosticism of the day which calls in vain for an answer from " the unplumbed depths " of life over which it aimlessly sails, but a philosophy that stands erect upon its mountain peak and in the clear light of revelation which shines not to limit but to enlarge the powers of the mind, scans the mysteries of this world and of the world beyond, and gives, as it alone can give, the answers to the problems that puzzle and disturb the souls of men.

Lastly, it comes to the student as did the great Lawgiver from Sinai, holding in its hand a code of ethics which determines and directs the conduct of individuals and of states; not the mean utilitarianism that is so immoral, nor hedonism or the ethics of pleasure that is so base, but an unerring moral philosophy which inculcates the eternal immutable laws that are reflected on the human conscience in letters of light from the mind of God, by which men and nations are guided on their way in justice and truth.

Thus it is that our system of education embraces in its scope the whole material, intellectual, and moral nature of man, not distorting, not unduly developing one part at the expense of another, but achieving a perfectly rounded completeness in its work. With an influence such as it must of necessity exert upon a nation's life, it would be impossible to descend into the barbarism which Santayana of Harvard declares " is the characteristic of the poetry of the period "; nor the degradation, vileness, indecency, and criminality which Marion Crawford asserts " has never before disgraced civilization "; nor the educational wreckage which governmental inquiry in France has shown to be the outcome of its methods of instruction; nor the moral depravity which one of Germany's greatest university professors declared on a most solemn occasion before

the University Senate to be the condition of the educated classes of his country. "There is," says that illustrious man whom all Germany reveres, "a denial of the existence of God, and a mockery of His word, which is no longer the timid confession of a few shipwrecked souls, but the cold-blooded conviction of hundreds of thousands throughout the Empire who consider it the acme of culture and education." Our education is the antithesis of all that, and its results as beneficent as the others are replete with disaster. For it is an axiom with us that the training of men which does not lead to God is a calamity and a curse. The system which we advocate has always endeavored to be, and it has succeeded largely wherever it has been free to act, both for individuals and for nations, a glory and a benediction.

The Higher Education of Women—Madame Barat

Academy of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, New York, November 21, 1900

THE world is applauding itself at present over what it is pleased to consider its magnanimous and novel conception of the higher education of women. Never was so much money expended in schemes to further it, never was so much of what by courtesy may be called thought bestowed to perfect it, and in view of all that was expected never were such unsatisfactory results obtained. The palatial establishments which required fortunes to build, and which annually call for a king's revenue to maintain, in payment of professors and in purchase of scientific apparatus, have in point of fact very imperfectly advanced the end proposed. It could not be otherwise, for all these splendid endeavors are one-sided, ill-advised, and incomplete.

If there is one thing that education must aim at, it is the formation of character. That missed, the education is a failure. To that the training of the intellect is necessarily subservient. You may dazzle the mind with a thousand brilliant discoveries of natural science, you may open new worlds of knowledge which were never dreamed of before, yet if you have not developed in the soul of the pupil strong habits of virtue which will sustain him in the struggle of life, you have not educated him, but only put in his hand a powerful instrument of self-destruction. You have made a monster and not developed a man.

To obtain that educational essentiality, namely, morality, non-religious education is absolutely powerless. It can go as far as suggesting and advising the practice of certain

natural virtues, but it can only advise; it can never command. It lacks a sanction of any and every kind, and though it may possibly punish public transgressions, it can never reach the corruption that perhaps may be all the while defiling the heart.

There is where religion enters as an indispensable adjunct in the work of education, and especially in the work of woman's education. To develop nobility and elevation of character in her is always its first aim. For it knows that virtues such as purity, piety, self-sacrifice, and others must be developed in her life or else society will be struck in its heart. Infinitely more necessary than any knowledge that her mind may acquire, or any exterior accomplishment in which she may be made proficient, her qualities of soul must be watched over with a care that never relaxes and a solicitude that never rests.

Religious education does not counsel, it commands, and it bases its requirements on a divine authority. It does not deal with virtue in the abstract, but sets before the eye of the pupil shining examples in the lives of the teachers themselves, who must be without reproach. It summons up from the past all the noblest and purest types of womanhood that have illustrated the world, the virgins, the martyrs, the matrons, the recluses in their cells, the queens on their thrones, the Cecilias, the Agathas, the Agneses, the Pulcherias, and the thousands of others who have given the sublimest examples of womanly virtue in every grade of society, either by shedding their blood for their purity or their faith, or by dazzling the world with the splendor of their immolation in the service of God and their neighbor; and it not only places them before the eyes of the pupil as worthy of imitation, but insists upon the beautiful truth that these saints are intimately associated with them as sisters in the consanguinity of the faith.

It goes further still and develops, in all its power to

impress and affect the sentiments of the child, the God-given tie which exists between the Catholic girl and the great Woman whose part was so stupendous in the regeneration of the human race; who is the example, to a degree that words fail to express, of the perfect woman in all the various stages of maidenhood, motherhood, and widowhood; who is ever beautiful, whether kneeling in the seclusion of Nazareth or standing in her desolation at the foot of the cross when the sky was darkened and the world rocked beneath her feet; the woman who has been the theme of poets and painters and sculptors of every age, and whom the closing pages of Scripture reveal as crowned with a diadem of stars, in a vesture of light, enthroned in the heavens, with the moon beneath her feet. This woman the child is taught to greet with the tender name of mother and to look to her for love and protection. Making their pupils Children of Mary, Catholic educators have lifted them into a sphere of nobility of thought and aim and aspiration of which other guides of youth have no conception. That association alone is an education.

The other notable defect of modern education is found in the multiplicity of subjects which it presents to the unformed and ill-prepared mind of the student. The result can be nothing else than intellectual congestion and disorder. It not only clogs the mind but cannot impart even erudition. The very vastness of the field over which it wanders must necessarily produce mental dissipation and superficiality, for the wider the scope of scientific research the less depth it possesses, while its almost exclusive devotion to studies which require only the observation of the senses, and its contempt for purely mental pursuits, as metaphysics, which it dismisses with disdain, must necessarily have a disastrous effect upon the mind. The incapacity for sustained mental application in the readers of to-day, as well as the deplorable incoherency in the

logic of many of our writers, is a direct consequence of the present system of education.

There is no intention in all this to belittle the study of physical sciences. The Church has always encouraged them, and while condemning the wild theories of prejudiced scientists, has always welcomed the results of serious and well-proved investigations. The father of modern physical research, Roger Bacon, was a monk, and his great namesake, centuries later, is famous for the prayer, in the preface of his works, in which he begs the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost to prevent the study of these material things from doing harm to his faith.

We can readily admit that our colleges for women are not equipped as extravagantly as other establishments which have lately been erected. That is due to reasons which are self-evident and in no way implies a disregard of such pursuits. But, nevertheless, in spite of our temporary drawbacks, we have yet to hear of any modern woman who has won lasting fame in such sciences. We have yet to find the equals of the Italian woman, Anna Mazzolina, who was professor of anatomy in the Papal University of Bologna, and of Maria Agnesi, who held the chair of mathematics in the same school; of that other woman who succeeded the marvellous Mezzofanti as professor of Greek, and of Novella d' Andrea, who taught the theologians their canon law. These were only a few of the distinguished women who lectured in that oldest of European universities which was under the protection of both Pope and Emperor, and which at one time had no less than ten thousand students from all parts of the world. It was no small honor to be conspicuous in such a place. In its halls dissection of the human body was first essayed, there Harvey worked out his theory of the circulation and transfusion of blood, and its museums of anatomy were famous all over Europe. There Galvani discovered what is now

called galvanism; there Mezzofanti presided over its libraries, with their two hundred thousand precious volumes and their six thousand manuscripts. Its musical school had its seventeen thousand books on music, and in our own day Richard Wagner was happy to accept the honor of its degree. It had its agricultural and humanitarian schools established in a palace and, better than our Hall of Fame, it had its Pantheon of the university professors whose busts are placed in its niches. It was in the Papal States and distinctly under papal patronage, and yet we are informed that not for a time only but for centuries women were famous as professors there, and, although it may be a shock to our prejudices, that their taste commonly led them to the chairs of medicine and particularly of anatomy. Hence it would not appear that the Church was opposed to the higher education of women, or that it looked askance at the cultivation of the physical sciences.

But there is another field which is especially the inheritance of Catholic education, and which directly regards the development of the intellectual powers, namely, history, language, art, philosophy, and, above all, theology. Certainly no one has left such monuments of historical investigation as Catholic writers; the languages of modern civilization were bestowed on the world by Catholic teachers; the arts took their sublimest flights under the direct and personal inspiration of the Popes, and Rome is their holiest sanctuary. Catholic philosophy is an abiding radiance in the domain of the mind, with eternal truth for its centre and not the fitful glimmer of the disordered intellects of deluded dreamers, while theology under the light of revelation has opened a universe for the speculation of the greatest minds that the world has ever known.

All this is an exclusive and home field for Catholic education and for the education of Catholic women. Nor is

it a dream that can never be realized, but a substantial actuality that has been achieved in the long-forgotten past when the Church, with its broad, generous, and catholic mind, had more opportunity than now to perfect its designs.

We have only to open the pages of Montalembert in his *Monks of the West* to see that, from the first introduction of the monastic orders, schools for girls, managed by nuns, never ceased to furnish Catholic society with a class of exceptional women as distinguished for intelligence as for piety, who in the study of literature rivalled the most learned monks. They knew Latin and Greek and Hebrew; they showed a surprising familiarity with Plautus and Terence and Homer and Ovid; they studied Greek and Latin patristic theology; on their own initiative they invited learned men as teachers from all parts of Europe; they wrote remarkable poetry; they composed dramas which showed an amazing acquaintance on the part of these recluses with the conflicting motives of human life; they lectured on Holy Scripture and Canon Law; they were artists, musicians, and even architects; and what is especially noteworthy, the most conspicuous among them were revered at the same time for the holiness of their lives.

There you have an example of the Church's attitude in the matter of Higher Education. The present movement is not new, nor is it as daring as what has already been achieved in Catholic countries and Catholic times.

Our modern schools are not there yet, it is true, but to have been the pioneer of our century in the attempted realization of that ideal in the superior education of women, while devoting herself at the same time with intense affection to that of the humbler classes, is the glory of the great modern teacher whom we are honoring to-day, the foundress of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, though

she would never admit the title, the Venerable Madame Sophie Barat.

Coming amidst the terrors of the French Revolution, which had destroyed all the schools of her native land, devastated the cloisters and convents and sent their forty thousand inmates to the guillotine or the bottom of the Seine or scattered them as wanderers through the world, she was the first to summon around her a band of devoted women, and, undaunted and undismayed by the scenes of carnage through which she had passed or the dread that she and her work would be dealt with in the same savage fashion, she set herself to build up the walls which anarchy and irreligion had levelled to the dust.

A singular combination was her life. Gentle and peaceful as she was, there seems nevertheless to have hovered ever above her head from the very beginning the dark and threatening cloud of war. Her early days were passed in the terrors of the Revolution; she stood for months in the shadow of death while her beloved brother awaited in his cell the summons to the guillotine; she saw the fires of the Revolution glow and then grow pale, and its blood cease to flow only to be succeeded by the universal wars of the great Napoleon. She passed through the upheavals of 1830 and 1848, and felt the shock of all the wars that were waged in the various nations where her houses were established. It was not without a certain fitness therefore that she whose mission was one of peace should win from a warrior the permission to open her first establishment of education in her native country. That decree without which nothing could be done was given amid the carnage of the battlefield, and was signed by Napoleon Bonaparte while he was exulting in his victory on the plains of Austerlitz.

In her beautiful character were united the tenderness and sweetness of a woman with the virility of a man, and

she fought her great battle and fulfilled her splendid mission in life without losing aught of the self-control, the well-balanced reserve, and attractive modesty which befitted and adorned the mother of a great religious family. Her first preceptor was her brother, who in spite of his affection ruled her with an iron hand; her guide through life was the old warrior Father Varin, whose constant injunction to her was *esto vir, esto robustus,* not *robusta* — be a man, and have the vigor of a man — and she herself regretted sometimes that she was not a man, for she longed to do still greater things for God, and in that combination of gentleness and strength we have the explanation of the marvellous results which she accomplished, although the forward and aggressive personality which we are prone to expect in great leaders seems to have been utterly effaced in her.

There is no intention here of belittling the splendid individuality of this noble woman, of obtruding an odious and disparaging distinction of the relative powers of either sex, or of suggesting the desirability of introducing masculine traits into feminine characters. A mannish woman is as offensive to the soul and even to the eye as is an effeminate man. As for fortitude, there can be no question but that women possess capacity for it to such a degree that men very frequently, even in ordinary every-day life, are forced to contemplate them with amazement and sometimes with bitter self-reproach and shame. Once convinced of the worthiness of the object to which she is devoted, a woman does not keep incessantly harking back to the possibilities of failure, as men do, but through darkness and defeat hopes on and fights on to the bitter end. What is especially to their credit is that their battle is fought unnoticed of the world, while men have the glamour of public applause and the fear of public disgrace to keep them at the post of danger. Even on the field of battle,

they know they will be shot down by their own men if they retreat and will be hailed as heroes if they remain, but Holy Scripture represents the *mulier fortis,* the woman with fortitude, as rising in the night and toiling amid the cold of the snows, while her husband is honorable in the gates of the city and sitteth among the senators of the land. He has the applause of his fellow-men, while she labors and suffers unnoticed at home, except by the Spirit of God, who records in Holy Writ that " far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her."

No Catholic can forget that when men fled from the Christ, one valiant woman broke through the rabble and the ranks of the soldiery to wipe the blood from His anguished brow, and that others without fear stood publicly weeping and bewailing His sorrows as He journeyed to Calvary. Women stood at the foot of His cross where only one man dared to appear. The voice of a woman was heard amid the tumult of Good Friday, bidding Pilate desist, and another from the Court of Herod stood fearlessly forth as His disciple. Women were first at the tomb when men were cowering in the upper chamber " for fear of the Jews," as Holy Writ is careful to record, and they hastened in multitudes to clothe themselves with the red robes of martyrdom, and have ever been as eager as men, only in greater numbers, to plunge into the dangers of savage countries for the salvation of abandoned souls; and at the present moment multitudes of delicate shrinking women are displaying the most astounding heroism in the depths of the forests of Africa, in the frozen regions of Alaska, or are laying down their lives with joy in the butcheries that are startling and shocking the civilized world in the upheaved Empire of China to-day.

Their fortitude is not only not less but in many instances far greater than that of men; it is freer from the taint of vanity and unsupported by the human helps and acci-

dents that sometimes manufacture heroes who a moment later would have succumbed as cowards. They are satisfied to be heroic and to be unknown if the object to which they willingly sacrifice their lives is advanced or even if it fail.

Hence when Mother Barat's personality seems to be eclipsed in the great critical moments of the life of the Order, it is nothing else but the sagacious woman's way of exerting a greater influence. As she herself expressed it, *de tout donner pour tout avoir.*

When the fatal decree was signed in Rome which entailed the destruction of the Congregation, she calmly wrote: "Let the demon be let loose against us; that has to be. But I abide in the trust that the Society of the Sacred Heart will arise from its ashes; for every work, like the seed of the wheat, must rot before it produces fruit."

Sublime courage in the midst of the wreck of a life work! It is of the same heroic temper as that of the just man who clings to his purpose to the end in spite of disaster. "Though the heavens fall shattered around him, the ruin will strike him undismayed." With the exquisite judgment of a true woman, she had refused, as her biographer says, to descend into the arena where so much passion was arrayed against her, and she remained upon the sad but serene heights of immolation and prayer, sure that the cause would ultimately triumph.

Such is true womanly heroism — self-sacrifice, through terror and darkness and gloom, and a sublime trust in God that not only does not falter, but grows stronger with trial, because it knows that more is accomplished by suffering and prayer than by the angry altercations and crushing blows with which men win their way to success. It is not as brilliant as the power of man and does not attract the notice of the world, but neither do the great silent forces

which shape and guide and beautify this universe of ours. Her influence is of that kind. Were it more patent and palpable, perhaps it would cease to exert its power.

Hence it was that under the gentle, sweet, and attractive influence which Mother Barat wielded, her influence was everywhere felt through the ever-widening limits of the Order; hence it was that from the storm which threatened its destruction she emerged without the loss of a single house or a single religious, and by the power which her memory still exerts among her daughters she has insured for them the possession of peace that has never been disturbed.

It would be an injustice to ascribe the wonderful growth in the religious life of this century solely to her, but nevertheless to the woman who first appeared after the storm that had destroyed religious life in her country, and we may say in Europe, and who inspired others with the heroism she displayed (for it was heroism to be a nun in those times), some degree of credit is due to her that to-day in France alone there are one hundred and forty thousand women in religious houses, whereas there were but forty thousand when the fury of the Revolution swept them from the earth.

Her own direct influence upon the world and the Church is surely stupendous enough apart from this, and we can well wonder at the work she has done. At the moment we are celebrating the centenary of the Congregation there are actually one hundred and forty religious houses of the Sacred Heart, of which she herself established eighty-five — one for every year of her long and beautiful life; there are seven thousand women who call her mother and expect for her the honors of the altar; there are twelve thousand children in her academies, twenty thousand in her free schools, and no less than thirty thousand former pupils under the beloved title of Children of Mary, who

are perpetuating in the world the traditions they have received in the schools of Mother Barat. That is the number as it stands to-day. Go back over the years of the century and estimate if you can, by counting each year, the grand total of religious and pupils and Children of Mary whose influence in the cause of right throughout that period is traceable to the wonderful woman who a hundred years ago began her work as a Religious of the Sacred Heart. Add it all up and see what this one woman has achieved.

It is beyond peradventure true that the scholastic triumphs which constitute the glory of the nuns of former days have failed of accomplishment in our own. But the blame is to be put where it belongs. It is the fault of the age in which we live, and we are all affected by it, teacher and taught alike. It is an *aes triplex* in which present-day humanity is encased and which it seems impossible for any one to pierce. It is a threefold combination of a shirking of labor, a squandering of time in frivolous occupations, and an unconquerable dread of even temporary seclusion from the world. Scholastic prominence in such a condition of things is impossible, for no one, man or woman, ever became proficient in science or letters without persistent and protracted toil, an insatiable greed of time, and a monastic love of solitude. That is what made the old nuns so learned and so famous. They were inured to toil, their rule obviated loss of time, and their life shut them out from the world and made them serious and intense.

Much is said about the necessity of convents adapting themselves more than they do to the requirements of the times in which we live. If adapting themselves to the requirements of the times means yielding more than they have already done to the clamorous demands of parents for interruptions of study and more plunges on the part

of their students into the vortex of the frivolous amusements of the day, and consequently more relaxation of the moral fibre and more inability to work, then the position of modern Catholic educators is a hard one, placed as they are between the impossibility of really educating their charges and the necessity of closing their establishments. They are confronted not with a problem of education but of domestic economy. God grant they may at least preserve the traditions of Christian modesty, and that the swaggering, over-confident damsel who affects masculine fashions and is cultivating masculine vices may never issue from our convent schools.

If, on the other hand, the requirements of the day call for the setting aside of some of the religious who are especially gifted and urging them forward while giving them the means to achieve eminence in the languages, in the arts, in history, in science, in philosophy, and even in divinity, and if perhaps, like the nuns of ancient days, they call from outside distinguished teachers as guides, there certainly does not seem to be any reason, especially in the light of the past, why such adaptation to the times may not be resorted to.

Nor should this be left, as so many things are left, to the sole efforts of the devoted women who have given their lives and their fortunes to the cause of Catholic education, and who do so not only without thanks and without recognition, but not unfrequently with ignorant criticism and unwarranted censure from a certain well-to-do class of the Catholic community. If a fraction of the money lavished on ridiculous private schools, which frequently have little to recommend them except the vulgar claims of wealth and conceit, and which, compared with a regularly equipped and recognized institution of learning, are wofully inadequate to educate at all, the want of resources which now hamper and impede capable teachers would be

done away with, as would the reproach and the stigma which make the people who are conspicuous for their absurd preference so open to condemnation.

And may we not hope that the daughters of the saintly woman whom we revere to-day, possessing as they do the splendid example which she has set for them, and with all that the Church puts at their disposal in literature, in history, in art, in philosophy, and in theology, may, while keeping all the graces of womanhood and all the virtues of their state, become conspicuous in the educational movement of to-day? They can easily, if properly encouraged, not only leave their secular competitors far behind in the race, but can without difficulty eclipse the glory of the nuns of the magnificent past.

The Only True American School System

Convention of Young Men's Catholic Societies, Philadelphia, September 24, 1901

AN enthusiastic but poorly inspired prophet of the West has informed the world that the religion of the future is not to be, as he puts it, a matter of godology, but of manology. Apparently his theology is on a par with his philology, and doubtless he would be surprised to learn that the more even he knows of man, the more he will be compelled to know of God, for the image must always refer back to the original from which it is copied. "Let us make man after our own image and likeness," God said in the beginning, and whether it be in the intellect's infinite avidity for truth, or the inviolability of the human will, or the imperishability of the human soul, that likeness must remain to the end, and with it an intimate and eternal relationship between the Creator and the creature. From that relationship obligations on the part of the man ensue. That is religion; and without it man is simply unthinkable.

What is true of individuals is true of nations. Religion is indispensable. "You may find," says Cicero, "cities without palaces, without towers, and without walls, but never without a temple or without worship"; or as Bonaparte, when building up his Empire, paradoxically but emphatically though somewhat blasphemously expressed it, "If there were no God, we should have to create Him."

Not only are all nations convinced of its necessity, but we have at least one example of a political power actually

arrogating divine honors to itself, erecting temples for its cult, and immolating hundreds of thousands of victims on its altars. *Ave Roma immortalis* was but the expression of a belief that the Empire had the immortality of God.

In the modern dispensation the religion that is essential to the prosperity and existence of the State is Christianity. History proves that beyond question. The Jews who rejected it saw Judah's sceptre broken and the once chosen people scattered as wanderers over the world; it was persecuted by the Cæsars and the great Empire crumbled to the dust; where it has been expelled, you have the barbarism of Mohammed devastating and degrading the fairest countries of the earth; Europe owes its civilization to Christianity, and where it is in honor and is influencing the State, you have, as a distinguished Churchman lately pointed out, three of the strongest nations of to-day, England, Russia, and Germany; while those countries which once ruled the world in arms as well as in arts and letters, but whose governments have been seized by a set of freebooting infidels, foes of Christianity, and anarchists, are now scoffed at by their enemies and taunted with being of the decadent and moribund Latin race.

How does our own country stand in this matter? Though there is not a word about Christianity in the Declaration of Independence or the Constitution, we are undoubtedly a Christian nation. The intense religiousness of the original Colonies, the opening of the Federal and State Legislatures with prayer, the annual proclamation of a Day of Thanksgiving to God, and, just at this terrible moment through which we are passing, the touchingly pious death of the last President who fell under the bullets of the assassin, followed as the tragic event was by the deeply religious messages of the new President and the Governors of the various Commonwealths, all go to show that we are a Christian nation.

But, on the other hand, the appalling fact revealed by the statement of the most representative Protestant paper of the country, the *Independent,* that out of our seventy-five million people only twenty-three million belong to any Christian denomination, Catholics included; and secondly, the startling and ever-increasing emptiness of our churches coupled with the scandalous revolt of so many ministers of religion against what was considered hitherto as the essential tenet of Protestant Christianity, namely, the authority of the Bible, and the rejection by so many of them of the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus Christ, whom they accept merely as a religious teacher, force upon us the dreadful conviction that what Christianity there is in the country is fast disappearing.

Does that mean that our existence as a nation is menaced? We might answer that question by another. Have we any right to expect any other result than what has happened elsewhere under similar conditions?

Washington, in his Farewell Address, has warned us that " reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles." And where there is no national morality there is national ruin. Gladstone said the same thing of England. Other great men have expressed themselves in a similar strain: and for the matter of that, though so easily lost sight of, it is almost a self-evident proposition.

But are there facts to support this pessimistic theory?

They are not wanting. Neglecting such agents of corruption as the literature of the day, which exerts a most malign influence even upon our children, and which such a competent judge as Marion Crawford declares to be " the worst, the vilest, the most degrading, and the most criminal literature that has ever disgraced civilization "; omitting the influence which the stage exerts on what is now a theatre-loving people, and which, if half that is said of

it be true, seems designed to excite the foulest passions and inculcate the vilest principles of human conduct; passing by all that, we are confronted with the fact that the vast majority of our school children never hear a word of Christianity during the entire school week and never enter a house of worship on Sunday. What will the Christianity of these future men and women be? What is it now? And yet the destinies of the United States will be in their hands in the next generation. Conspicuous men among us, who are not Catholics, have already raised the note of alarm.

Add to this the ominous condition of American life in the matter of marriage, in which there is not only a falling off, but a wholesale apostasy from the spirit and legislation of Christianity. The condition of things is not only humiliating and shameful, but appalling. Mulhall in his *Dictionary of Statistics* tells us (and his authority is unimpeachable) that "the actual number of divorces granted, in the twenty years that preceded 1886, was in the United States 328,716, while in the same period throughout the entire Continent of Europe there were approximately 258,000. The population of Europe at that time was 350,000,000, while ours was a trifle over 50,000,000." That is to say, Europe had seven times as many people as we, and yet we distanced it by nearly 70,000 divorces. Is Christianity waning or not? That was fifteen years ago, and we have gone down deeper in the abyss since then. It is wise to remember that the world-wide Empire of Rome, the most stupendous political structure ever built, dated its destruction from the multiplication of its divorces. Can we promise ourselves a different fate?

The record of crime is still more distressing. In 1880 our prison population was 59,259, that is, 1180 for every million inhabitants. Already in 1899 the number had risen to 82,329, and of these 7386 were charged with homicide.

In 1886 alone, 1499 murders were committed, while in Germany in the same year, with its population of 48,000,000 as against our 60,000,000, there were only 337 homicides. Four years after, namely, in 1890 alone, we have the horrible record of 3567 murders. The *Chicago Tribune,* quoted by Mulhall, says that in the six years between 1884 and 1889 there were no less than 14,770 murders and 975 lynchings, which of course are murders in an aggravated and atrocious form, with the guilt of blood on all the abettors.

Nor is this frightful increase in homicide due chiefly to the foreign element. The *World Almanac* of 1901 informs us as to the nativity of the 4425 white homicidal criminals in jail, that "3157 were born in the United States, and 1213 foreign born." The 2739 negro murderers are of course native to the soil.

With regard to the scenes which are occurring in certain parts of our country with such alarming frequency and with circumstances of such unexampled ferocity, we say nothing except to note that it is not an imported crime, and that if the negroes against whom the fury is raging had been Catholicized, they would not be regarded now as wild beasts. It is a boast in the South that the foreign element has not entered there.

We may well heed the warning of the Protestant Bishop of Western Texas, who is quoted in the New York *Sun* as saying: "The conditions around us are to lead in a few decades to a struggle the like of which has never been seen in this country, and it will be with a generation that will not believe in anything at all."

There is no denying the danger ahead of us. The question is, how is it to be averted? Why of course, we are told, "by the churches." But they are empty, and it is a physical impossibility to reach the people through that agency. They are not there to hear, and even if they

were, the jarring and discord of the preachers would soon drive them out.

"Let men think then, and their reason will guide them aright." As a matter of fact, it is a prevailing impression with our more than self-sufficient fellow countrymen that each man is a law unto himself, quite competent to formulate his religious views and frame his code of morals. If we have a national religion, it is that.

However flattering such an assumption may be to our self-conceit, it is in flat contradiction with reason and experience. Think out his own religion! Can the mud-stained laborer who perhaps has taken his dinner in the ditch and who stumbles home after his hard day's work to a miserable tenement amid a swarm of clamorous children to snatch a few hours' rest for the toil of the morrow, do any independent thinking on the abstruse matters of morality or religion? Can the mechanic who slaves at his bench, or the clerk at his desk, or the merchant engrossed in money-making, or even the lawyer or physician absorbed by the anxieties of his profession, sit down and ponder the vast mysteries of the spiritual world? Taking man as he is, actuated by passion, absorbed in business pursuits, apathetic from constitutional sluggishness, and averse to anything outside the domain of sense, though he may attain some religious knowledge, there are a thousand chances to one that he will not bestir himself at all, and there are more chances still that if he does he will blunder in the most elementary truth. But above all that, there are mysteries which no man can fathom and for which instruction is indispensable. We ask a policeman or a passer-by to guide us in a strange city; can we all unaided find the path that leads over the limitless universe of the unseen? If the meanest handicraft as well as the most learned profession requires an instructor who perhaps has spent years in acquiring the knowledge he possesses, surely

an acquisition of the sublime truths of religion requires similar assistance. The mere motorman or the man with the hoe needs some one to show him how. It is in the very nature of things. We cannot or do not evolve knowledge out of our helpless ignorance. Aid must come from above, and as the beneficent sunshine beaming on the cold and lifeless earth calls up the flowers and the fruitage that delight and sustain the world, so in the realm of the intellect the brightness of the knowledge that our fellow-men as well as the generations that have preceded us have acquired must dispel the darkness of our mind and make it beautiful and safe with the light it imparts.

Where shall we find this teacher in religious matters? Where shall we find him especially for our children, who assuredly are not independent thinkers in anything and most of all in matters of religion?

"There are two ways to solve the problem," says the *Educational Review* which voices the best non-Catholic views on this particular. "One is to teach religion in the churches, Sunday-schools, and homes, and such is the average Protestant position; the second is to teach it in schools, as Catholics and Lutherans insist."

With regard to the first he makes the astounding admission that "Protestants are shockingly lax in fulfilling their obligations in this respect, and still more shockingly incapable of rising to an appreciation of their responsibility." "The other," he continues, namely, "that of teaching religion in schools, is fraught with too many difficulties to be even thought of."

Deploring "the shocking laxity of the average Protestant in appreciating his responsibility," and animadverting that Catholics and Lutherans are not alone in insisting upon religion being taught in the schools (for Methodists and Episcopalians and Congregationalists and Friends, the *Evening Post* of August 31, 1901, assures us, are doing

the same thing), let us ask what are the reasons why the project as Lutherans and Catholics view it cannot be even thought of.

The first reason alleged is the uproar which the proposition caused when first mooted in the recent revision of the Charter of the City of New York.

To this we reply that it is a humiliating confession for men who boast so much of the strenuous life to be balked in any honest project by a little noise. After admitting that religion is an essential element in education; that attempts to substitute an independent morality are fatuous and have signally failed; that the project which the average Protestant favors holds out no hope of realization; that it is indispensable for the welfare of the nation, and that Catholics and Lutherans and others have successfully adopted it; and then to retreat because a few noisy and obstreperous demagogues are averse to it, is to act in a manner that is not creditable to American manhood. If the course is just, necessary, and feasible, if the country's salvation depends on it, why not follow it at any cost? Its opponent counted precisely on this faint-heartedness and must be greatly amused at the haste of its adherents to display the white feather.

The second reason against teaching religion in schools, though not explicitly formulated, is that it is not American. If it is not, it ought to be. But it is American and essentially so; and only recent times have brought about the present dangerous conditions. Harvard was founded for training Calvinist ministers: Yale was intensely Calvinistic, as were all the subsidiary schools which supplied both colleges with students. The old New England primary schools were thoroughly religious, and in the quaint Puritan phraseology of the day were mainly "to circumvent the devices of Satan." The *Evening Post* of September 7, 1901, says, that at the present day, of the 1957 secondary schools with

their 200,000 pupils and 9410 teachers (and of course the number is vastly larger in the primary grades), more than one half are strictly religious. Are they un-American? To say that we are tampering with the Palladium of American Liberty by advocating religious teaching is not to know the school history of this country, and to be blind to the fact that not only can there be no liberty without religion, but that it is a descent into paganism with its horrible and necessary tyranny of soul and body. Instead of being a Palladium of Liberty, irreligious and unreligious schools become the Wooden Horse that will destroy the city.

The enthusiasm for the schools, as at present constituted, springs from a groundless assumption of their superiority to any other system that any one has hitherto conceived; and this impression is sedulously cultivated in the minds of the pupils themselves and of the public at large, and with it, of course, a corresponding contempt for what are commonly known as parochial schools. The esteem and the contempt are both without foundation.

In the first place, we might animadvert that it is a peculiar grace of God to see ourselves as others see us, especially if those others are our friends. Other men's views about us are often revelations. Thus the New York *Evening Post,* March 19, 1900, in a review of a book on the History of Education, condemns "the unstinted praise that is given to modern school books and modern systems of education. It is enough to enter a modern school room and see how these systems are applied, with the very minimum of genuine reflection and good sense, to understand at once why it is that *the rising generation produce upon men in the afternoon of life such an impression of feebleness.*" The President of the Schoolmasters' Association of the United States frankly declared, in the annual convention, that "it would be better to read a novel of Balzac

than to attempt to master some of the *pedagogical stuff that is inflicted on the teachers of the present day.*" Charles Stuart, the ex-School Commissioner of Ohio, writing in the *Forum,* admits that "*our popular education is superficial* and does not develop mind or character." The *Times Supplement* of March 31, 1900, informs its readers "that the great political leaders of France and England are literary men" and inquires why similar cases are rare in the United States. It makes answer that "with us there is more education but less scholarship," which is an admission of poor education.

Besides, it is impossible to shut our eyes to the lamentable condition of many of our public schools as they now exist. Even in the capital of the country they called from the Senate Investigation Committee the scathing report quoted in the New York *Tribune,* April 19, 1900, that "the result of a thorough and fair trial showed a deplorable want of training in the grades the young people were supposed to have mastered. In history and arithmetic the general average made was not much over fifty per cent. The penmanship was poor and the spelling miserably bad." Senator Stewart, the chairman of the committee, said: "The children seem to have had very indifferent instruction. *The teachers of to-day are victims of a bad system;* the old-fashioned schools did much better work in spite of the fact that the path of learning has been made smoother and many things simplified." In Alabama the State Board of Examiners have discovered "the most deplorable ignorance, even among men who had received teachers' certificates." The *Educational Review,* May 1, 1900, quoting the *Courant* of St. Paul, Minnesota, gives what it terms "a melancholy picture of the deplorable condition of the public schools of that city." The New York *Commercial Advertiser,* April 14, 1900, reports that "charges were made by the Board of Education of Chi-

cago, that the teachers of the public schools fail to instruct the pupils in the most necessary branches of learning; one trustee asserting that half the teachers, most of whom are said to be graduates of the local high schools, could not speak or write English, or spell correctly. The superintendent admitted that many of the teachers were deficient in these points, but that *the fault was with the system* in which they were instructed and in which they were instructing others." Finally, the distinguished Dr. Eliot, of Harvard, laments that even the public schools of Boston, which were supposed to be irreproachable, " are not what they were fifty years ago."

This ought to be sufficient to dispose forever of that ridiculous old fetich, before which so many have been down on their knees for years past and to which they have ascribed so many marvellous and supernatural powers. On the public school question the average American is curiously superstitious.

Such being the case, and in the face of such authority it would be silly to deny it, it is manifestly improper to look with disdain upon schools which are not of the public school system and to taunt them with inferiority. The retort is in order, " Physician, cure thyself." It is annoying, on the other hand, to hear such reproaches from Catholics, especially when their personal qualifications scarcely fit them for passing judgment in such matters. Moreover, it is altogether unfair to pile a mountain on a man and then reproach him with inactivity. Catholics all over the land, although crushed by school taxes for other men's children, have been compelled to burden themselves besides with heavy outlays for their own. Aided by thousands of religious men and women who have without compensation consecrated themselves to the work, they have erected schools which at times equal in their equipment some of the best built by the State; out of their hard

earnings they have disbursed millions of dollars, and without the cost of a penny to the State are educating now more than a million children. Not only that, but they have saved the country from dishonor before the civilized world. There are thousands of children on the street to-day for whom the public schools have no accommodations; vast numbers of others can have but a half session for the same reason. Suppose the million Catholic children of the parochial schools were added to this abandoned multitude. Catholics assumed the burden of educating them. The service is not recognized but suspected.

Nor is the education of Catholic children below grade. We have not heard that the graduates have any difficulty in securing admission to the High and Normal schools. On the contrary, the percentage of success is remarkably large. In competitions for West Point and Annapolis parish schools easily carry off the prize, and where there has been a trial of strength with the same text-books and the same course, as in Poughkeepsie and elsewhere, Catholic schools were invariably in the lead. In fact, there is a suspicion abroad that the cancelling of school contracts in some places was due to that fact.

We have no means at our disposal to institute a comparison all along the line; but Catholics are the same the world over, and the recent Examination Results in Ireland, for example, show the exclusively Catholic University College of Dublin far and away beyond all the others. Similar success is noted in England, and the troubles in France emphasize the same truth. There is not a shadow of a doubt that the popularity of the Catholic schools determined their suppression and impelled the infidel government to seize the establishment and turn out the teachers as beggars in the street. The correspondent of the *Evening Post* of September 3, 1901, impliedly admits it.

Why should they not achieve such results? Religion

does not make people stupid. The brightest minds that modern civilization has known have been the product of religious schools; and Catholics especially have sacrificed too much to be satisfied with an inferior education. Give us a fair field and no favor. That is all we ask.

This leads us to the third and real reason of the opposition to religious teaching in the schools, namely, the fear of Catholicity, the dread that Catholics will profit by it most. "Well, what if they do profit most?" "Why, such a result would be a menace to the country." "Indeed!" "Yes, there is something about every Catholic that prevents him from being a genuine American." If not expressed in so many words, there is a vague undefined feeling in men's minds that such is the case.

Strange fatality! I am a Catholic and cannot be a true American. I am thus a man without a country, and yet with greater rights perhaps than others to possess one.

A Catholic is not an alien here. The first pioneers of civilization in this western world were Catholics, and the Catholic cross was planted on these shores, not only by Columbus in San Salvador, but centuries before by Leif Eric in Massachusetts. The names of Catholic saints and Catholic mysteries are stamped upon our rivers and lakes and mountains, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the right of occupation was admitted long before those of other faiths entered Boston harbor or the river James; Catholics were conspicuous in the Revolutionary struggle; they fought for their country in 1812 while Puritan New England was ringing bells for English victories; they led the nation's troops in the War of Secession and died by thousands as privates in the ranks, from Bull Run to Appomattox; they fought against Catholic Mexico, and later on against Catholic Spain; they have covered the country with monuments of charity in their asylums and hospitals, and have given thus splendid hostages of loyalty

to their native land; hundreds of thousands of their chosen ones have relinquished all the delights of home to succor the poor and afflicted; as a class they are remarkable for their absence from the ranks of those enemies of all government, the Socialists and Anarchists; they are honored in every walk of life for their ability, integrity, and success, and yet, in spite of all this, are objects to many of suspicion and distrust. In fact, have we not been called upon in the press by one who is apparently a public man and who admits the great benefits accruing to this country from Catholicity, notably, "because it trains the young in a way to secure good morals and respect property rights and the rights of others," to demand that the Head of the Church should declare that he harbors no designs against this nation? In other words, we are saving our country and yet are suspected of destroying it. He did not mean it, of course, for his purpose is apparently benevolent, but the implication is offensive. Not we, but you who are refusing religious education to the rising generation and preventing us from giving it to our own, are bringing ruin on the country. We really are true Americans, and not you.

Far from conflicting with the patriotic spirit, Catholicity fosters and protects it. Is an Irishman less Irish because he is a Catholic, a Spaniard less Spanish, a Frenchman less French because he is a Catholic? On the contrary, a man's nationality is intensified by his faith, for Catholicity inculcates patriotism not as a sentiment but as a sacred duty; and if an American is a Catholic, or rather because he is one, he not only does not yield to any man in love of his native land, but impelled by the teaching of his Church will be more loyal and more self-sacrificing in time of peace or stress of war than others who are not of the faith.

In this connection it may be well to quote the opinion

of Senator Hoar, the venerable statesman, whose long years of noble and unselfish devotion to the country's bests interests entitle him to a hearing. He was indorsing the nomination of the Governor of Massachusetts and in referring to the subject of anarchy said: "I believe if every Protestant were to be stricken down by a lightning stroke, our brethren of the Catholic faith would still carry on the Republic in the spirit of true and liberal freedom. I believe if every man of native birth were to die this day, the men of foreign birth who have come here to seek homes and liberty under the shadow of the Republic would carry on the Republic in God's appointed way."

The Catholic Church has no designs on the public schools. It is satisfied to leave them as they are for those who wish them, but it does not want and will not have for its children, in the period of their defencelessness, an education which it is convinced will ultimately make these children a curse to their country, by robbing them of those principles of morality which are indispensable in forming them into honorable and pure men and women. It has lost too much, even here in America, by contact with irreligion; it has lived too long in the world not to know that religion is necessary to prevent the ruin of a nation, and it has too many horrible examples in the crimes of the apostate governments of to-day to allow it to sit idly by without attempting to prevent similar disasters here. It will not be satisfied with the odious hour after school, which in the child mind makes religion penal, but it wants the atmosphere of its schools to be such that religion will enter as a motive and a guide of what is to be done and avoided. It wants the child to begin to be what he ought to be later on in life, honest, pure, faithful in his duty to his God and his fellow-men, as the light of his religion points out and as its sacramental helps assist him to become. It does not want the child to imagine that religion is an

affair of Sunday and has nothing to do with the rest of the week. It does not comprehend the offer of a well-known President of a Protestant University to teach Catholicity by lectures. Such a pretence displays a deplorable inability to appreciate what religion really is. Faith is not truth alone, but life.

But in the most positive and aggressive tones we are told: "Separate schools are absolutely out of the question. What we want is *homogeneity* of education in order to blend the diverse nationalities of our land into one common Americanism."

It may be noted in passing that this proclamation is often made by men who have had no public school education or who have never been inside American schools at all.

To this challenge we reply that homogeneity of education is absurd; it is undemocratic, it is socialistic, it is un-American, it is often a political scheme, and it is unchristian and irreligious.

You might as well try to have the trees of the forest with the same-sized leaves; you might as well insist upon men belonging to the same political party, or pursuing the same occupation, living in the same kind of house, eating the same food, or wearing the same style of dress, or thinking the same kind of thought, and arriving at the same conclusions by the same methods. You have no more right to make me homogeneous with you than I to make you homogeneous with me. A resemblance sometimes may be very undesirable. The strength and beauty of the universe and of everything in it, whether of the natural or spiritual order, is not a unity of monotony and sameness, but a unity of variety, a unity achieved by an authority and influence that hold the infinitely divergent types together and make them all co-operate to a common end. In that the beauty of the world consists, but our apostles

of homogeneity conceive it as an asphalt road over which the educational roller has passed. It might be good to remember that streets of tar, in spite of the roller, become rivers of fire in a conflagration. Bryce, in his *American Commonwealth,* pointed out that "our greatest social danger lay in the production of dead levels." Besides, who are you, my friend, that you decide offhand that your type of the homogeneous is correct? And lastly, why are you continually proclaiming that the aim of the American school is to develop individuality, while in the same breath you demand homogeneity? The two qualities are contradictory.

Secondly, the scheme is violently undemocratic. If homogeneity of education is really and honestly essential for true Americanism, then abolish forthwith all your great institutions like Yale and Harvard, which are supposed to differentiate their pupils, socially at least, from all other Americans, and which are even differentiated from each other in tone and tradition. The "Yale spirit" is not Harvard's, nor Harvard's Princeton's, nor Princeton's Cornell's.

More than that. Close all your expensive private schools which are established everywhere by Americans, yet which are so many sacred and inviolable preserves for the children of the rich — for no plebeian enters there — and dismiss your private governess or be ready to let the public official knock at your door and inquire if what she teaches corresponds in time and matter with the programme of the State. Does this seem absurd? It is done in Germany now, and such inspection was seriously proposed in a recent school law before the Legislature of the State of New York. If your rich man does not send his children to the public school lest they should sit side by side with the children of his servants or of the mechanic or laborer, why should I not be allowed (not that I avoid the poor, for we are mostly poor) to withdraw mine for greater than

social or sanitary reasons? Or does the scheme propose that only the children of the poor should be thus homogeneously huddled together? If so, and such is its intent, it is class legislation; it is undemocratic and unjust.

Thirdly, homogeneity is a foreign importation. It is French and not American. It is precisely what Waldeck Rousseau is imposing on France with an iron hand at the present moment. He uses the same shibboleth of homogeneity and is perpetrating this great crime of the century by robbery and expatriation. It is the old political scheme of Napoleon Bonaparte, who carried it out so vigorously that his Minister of Education could boast that at any hour of the day he could tell what every child in France was reciting. And the project of a national university in the United States with its centre in Washington, as mooted here, is nothing but a recrudescence of that discredited foreign plan of intellectual and political slavery. We object to all this homogeneity, whether in nation, state, or city, because it is absolutely un-American, because it is state socialism and because, just as Bonaparte brutally declared that the fundamental purpose of his national university was to inculcate loyalty to the Napoleonic dynasty, so in the same way homogeneity in city, state, or nation will tend infallibly to perpetuate the sway of the political party that happens to be in power. In point of fact, the declaration of the National Educational Association, which is furthering this project, bluntly avows that its purpose is "to lead public sentiment into legislation when necessary." This is novel in America and is not American. We object to it most emphatically for educational reasons also; because just as the Napoleonic university has wrecked genuine education throughout France, as official investigations have shown, the same results are sure to follow here if this scheme is carried out. No better proof of it could be given than the very Declaration which is launched by this

National Association of American Education. Its framers style themselves "educational experts," and yet are guilty in several parts of the document of an obscurity of thought, an inconsequence of reasoning, and an incorrectness of language which, to some extent at least, ought to discredit their claim to be "experts" in education.

We object to it likewise for patriotic reasons. And this position of ours ought to have especial force at this terrible moment of our country's history. We find in the New York *Herald* of September 12, 1901, that the fourth article in the anarchist programme is "unreligious schools." Is not that reason enough to multiply our religious schools as a breakwater, and to force all men to co-operate in that federation of churches which is called for by some of the most distinguished men in New York (New York *Sun,* September 12, 1901), "in behalf of the spiritual, physical, educational, and social interests of family life." We have all along seen the perils which are now striking such terror into the heart of the country.

Lastly, it is idle to say that the homogeneity intended is merely one of language or of Americanism. Can these results not be achieved just as well in denominational schools? Diversity of language among the children of the immigrants need not worry us. A walk in Mulberry Street, in the Italian quarter, will convince us that the sidewalk does more than the school in that respect. The children of the second or even of the first generation do not speak the language of their parents. Nor do they want to be Americans with a prefix. They are not German or Irish or Italian Americans, but just as ardent Americans as those whose parents were immigrants a hundred years ago. That is not the result about which any sensible man should concern himself, but there is one which must inevitably follow as a consequence of this unintelligent jumbling together of the children of divergent and conflicting religious be-

liefs, a result which we dare not say was intended or perhaps even foreseen by the majority of our people, but which, nevertheless, as Protestant educators all over the land, as well as Protestant bishops and ministers, are pointing out, is threatening the very existence of the nation; a homogeneity, namely, not of language nor of Americanism, but a homogeneity of irreligion; the elimination and practical negation of all Christian beliefs during five consecutive days of every week of the child's life, with nothing to counteract it on Sunday; for these children, like their parents, are not church-goers. It is the cancelling of Christianity from the life of the nation. This is homogeneity. Is it Americanism? And are we to be looked upon with suspicion because we do not send our million of children to join the throng upon whom this robbery is being committed?

Perhaps you have not intended or foreseen it here; but it looks as if you have, for you are ruthlessly at work with the same axe in the Philippines, where without diversity of sects to excuse you — for they are all Catholics there — without the plea of an ignorant population — for they are better educated than many of our own natives — in spite of promises and treaties and merely to satisfy the demands of this blind idolatry, you flood the country with teachers who cannot fail to sneer at the religion of their pupils in spite of your injunctions to the contrary, and you contemptuously sweep out of their schoolrooms every symbol of Catholic faith with the necessary result of disparaging it in the eyes of the children. This is homogeneity. Is it Americanism? Be quite sure that if you make bad Catholics out of the Filipinos you will not make them good Americans.

Meantime, in those same regions, you not only do not interfere in the slightest with the subjects of the Sultan of Sulu, who are nothing but degraded Mahometans and

who practise their religion, polygamy included; you do not force upon them your homogeneous education, but carefully and by law protect them in all they choose to do, along with their horrible institution of slavery. Is that Americanism? Is it Americanism to treat your fellow-Christians worse than idolaters and Mahometans? It is not even homogeneity.

We blush for the illiberality, bigotry, and injustice of our countrymen both here and abroad, or at least for their inability to see what they are doing, and we wonder what has become of our famous American boast, "Americans love fair play." Or is it all bluster?

That we are permitting ourselves, blindly or not, to be dechristianized is clear from the Report of the National Educational Association held in Chicago, February 27, 1900, where this dreadful utterance was made, apparently assented to by the Association and published subsequently in the *Educational Review* over the signature of Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia College, New York.

"Five men," it declares, "Rousseau, Hegel, Froebel, Pestalozzi, and Herbart, have given to the nineteenth-century education most of its philosophical foundation and not a few of its methods. From them have come the main influences which have shaped education for a hundred years." In amazement and distress we may well apply to the National Educational Association, which formulated this statement or permitted it, the words of Christ on the cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Putting aside Pestalozzi and Froebel, who were personal failures as educators, we find in this list Hegel, who was a frantic pantheist; Herbart, who was a disciple of that other pantheist Fichte and who said of God that "He could not be known and for practical purposes it was not desirable that He should be"; and at the head of the list we find to our horror Jean Jacques Rousseau, who is

properly put as the chief coryphæus in this national dance of death.

Listen to what he says, if you can do so with patience. "The child who is being educated is to acknowledge no authority. If you compel him to take your word, you teach him to be a dupe later on in life; he is to indulge his desires unchecked," — gluttony is given as an example, and he says, "even if the child harms himself, do not reprove him" — which implies that of course he is to be given free rein in the other cravings of nature; self-love is the only natural quality to be recognized in the child and not only indulged but cultivated; he should hear nothing whatever about God; he is to be inspired with contempt for the ministers of religion, who ought to be expelled from the community, as not only useless but pernicious to the State. "If I had to paint a picture of *disgusting stupidity*," he says, "I would paint a pedant teaching catechism to his pupils; and if I wanted to make a child a fool, I would oblige him to explain what he says in reciting his catechism. Getting him to accept mysteries is accustoming him early to lie." He is not to be taught any religion, and if there is to be a common creed it must be made up of the fundamental dogmas of Judaism, Mahometanism, and Christianity, and the one who shall teach anything contrary to it is to be banished from the country. The pupil must be taught that the exercise of authority is tyranny; the possession of property, robbery, and the laws of the nation fetters on his liberty.

These are Rousseau's own words, who, be it remembered, was a man whose life was disgustingly immoral, and who in one of his books was shameless enough to enter into the most lubricous details of what he did. His teaching openly and professedly inculcates immorality, atheism, anarchy, and of course, by an immediate deduction, assassination. And yet we are told by the National Educational

Association that " his is the main influence which has shaped the education of the nineteenth century."

Do you want your children to be educated under such influences? Do you want them to be the future anarchists who will wreck the domestic and political fabric of this country, and be the frenzied assassins who will assert their contempt for all authority by putting bullets in the bodies of your future Presidents, and who will surely, if God does not intervene, bring about the same horrors in this country as the teachings of this very man effected in France a hundred years ago in causing that almost diabolical uprising, the French Revolution?

If you do, we Catholics do not; and for that reason we want religious education. That is our only reason for opposing the system which, in our opinion, if the National Educational Association's programme alone be taken as a test, although there are many others at hand to excite the same fear, is an awful menace to our country. The New York *Herald* of September 22 in a striking cartoon represents a little girl as standing before the door of a public school which is shut against her because of the inability of the State to give her an elementary education, and she is uttering the words, " I see this country's finish." No, poor child! not because you cannot learn a little spelling or arithmetic do you " see this country's finish." It is better for you to remain out on the street, if inside the school the principles are taught and the methods adopted of those enemies of God and humanity who revile authority, despise religion, and blaspheme God. We hope that the statement of the National Educational Association is not universally true, but if that influence prevails then not merely every sensible man but even the child at the door can truly say, " I see this country's finish."

Appalled by the recent disaster that has befallen the nation in the assassination of the President, there is already

talk of a common religion being taught in the public schools, and it is strongly urged by prominent Protestant clergymen and even by a bishop. This is nothing but Rousseau's idea and a furthering of his infamous project. It is the modern substitute for State paganism. When the Cæsars were perplexed by the multitudes of beliefs in the world, they obtained uniformity of worship by commanding an universal worship of the State. That hastened the ruin of the Empire. Cæsarism of any kind, especially in religious matters, is dangerous in a nation, but most of all in a free republic. Moreover, any such mad scheme is absolutely unrealizable. It is a pagan idea and has been revived in modern times by one who hated both religion and the State. Because we love our country we oppose that project. It is un-American and unchristian.

It is especially, we insist, because of this feature that Catholics are antagonistic not, remember, to the public schools as such, but as they are at present conducted. Am I not perfectly within my rights? Am I not wise and prudent and sincerely and truly patriotic? At the very moment that the leading Protestant educationalists throughout the land are clamoring for religion in education as a safeguard for the Republic, I find that under the pretext of homogeneity and fictitious Americanism there is a scheme to rob my child, in the hours that he is away from me, of what I regard as his best possession; to cheat him out of what I have labored to put in his little mind, the religion, namely, for which I have paid so dearly, and on account of which I am still suffering. Meantime, I ask myself, why, if I am endeavoring to bring up my child a Christian, I should be punished for it? And why from the schools which I support should Christianity be ostracized? Are we not being dechristianized rapidly enough without having our public servants at high salaries accelerate the work?

But I am told, "You are not compelled to send your children to the public schools." If I cannot avoid doing so except at a considerable expense, I am. Surely that is compelling me. "Do you expect the State, then, to pay for your schools?" "Certainly." "Never," I am answered promptly and harshly; "not a penny of the public funds for sectarian purposes." "Softly, Mr. Official, if it is public money, I have a right to my share. I am of the people. You are the servant and not the proprietor, and are to distribute the public funds justly and not according to your moods and prejudices." "It is no prejudice," is the reply; "it is against the whole spirit of the country to pay for the support of any religious theory. You might as well ask us to support your churches." (New York *Sun,* September 16, 1901.) "As to its being against the whole spirit of the country we may disagree, but do not worry about the churches. The 'religious theory' is taught there, and nothing else. We are not asking you to help them. But in the schools it is different. I am giving all the secular training that is given in the State schools. Why should not that be paid for? As for teaching the religious theory, I 'll pay for that." "But you must pay the public school tax like everyone else." "Every dollar of it; only I object to paying it twice, which no one else does. But if I teach my children the same things that are taught in the common schools and teach them better, and add, over and above, of my own volition and at my own expense, something which not only elevates their characters as men and women, but is absolutely necessary to the country's salvation; if I make them genuine Americans and base their patriotism on a more solid foundation than you can; if while you are compelled to accept any teacher that may be foisted on you by political or other influences, whether he be a Christian or a scoffer, and about whose manner of life I have only your guarantee, whose opinion

I possibly may not value, while I can select those of whose abilities and exalted character I am almost absolutely sure; if you are guided in your system by incapable men whose whole time is taken up in commercial pursuits or political schemes, while I am enjoying the privilege of the learning and experience of those whose whole life is not only devoted but consecrated to the work; if with all that I am perfectly willing to admit government inspectors, either of the building or of the requirements of hygiene, and even of the studies (barring, of course, religion, with which the State has nothing to do), why, pray, when I am conferring such inestimable advantages on the State, which even those who are not friendly to me acknowledge, should I not get the benefit of the school tax which I pay to the State? This is what puzzles me. That I am a sectarian is none of your business; that I am an American citizen ought to insure me my rights. As to the 'garb' of my teachers, that is as much my privilege as it is the State's to uniform its letter-carriers, or a private corporation its officials. But more than that, I am taught in American history that my country severed its connection with England because it was taxed without representation, that is to say, because it was left without the power of determining how the taxes which were levied on them should be applied; but now I discover that you, who are presumably not an Englishman, not only do not permit me to say how they should be applied, but you give my money to somebody else. Is this a new phase of Americanism? If I were a criminal I could understand how I should be debarred, but I am an honest, hard-working man for whom every dollar counts, who never have been before the courts, who have the interests of my country at heart, who never can get away from it like my rich friends, who have never stopped at any sacrifice to bring up my children honestly; and if I, with my coreligionists, have spent millions of money to give them the education

which the wisest men in the land, Protestants as well as Catholics, admit now to be not merely the best but the only safeguard of my country, because it inculcates religion, why should I not be fairly and squarely dealt with and get the benefit of what is levied on me for education?"

"It cannot be done," you say. "It is impossible to make any such division." "Amazing! You had no difficulty in collecting the funds in spite of the diversity of the sources from which they are derived; and when I take up my paper in the morning I read that the Board of Apportionment regularly and without trouble assigns money to hospitals, asylums, roads, lamp-posts, schools, etc. Is there any insuperable difficulty in proceeding further with the division, or is the famous American instinct for mathematics disappearing? Can you divide by two, but must you no longer be asked to divide by four? Besides, you exempt these schools from taxation because of the benefits they confer on the Commonwealth. That is subsidizing them. That is paying money for their support out of the public purse. You admit the principle. What is to prevent you, then, from doing a little more and making your recognition keep pace with the good you receive? He is not a very generous man who is satisfied that I should enrich him and who takes all I give without thanks. One ought to pay for what he gets."

Moreover, the distribution is very feasible. For the last few years we have been wearied to death by hearing that we are all Anglo-Saxon and that our education especially has that stamp on it.

If that be really so, why can we not do what Anglo-Saxon countries are doing in this respect, namely, England and Germany, which are not only intensely Protestant, but where Protestantism is the State religion, to attack which or even to differ from which was at one time high treason? England has its denominational schools; the various sects

insist on having them; the Protestant bishops in a recent memorial affirmed as a principle that all elementary education should be paid for from the public funds; and the Government not only does not object but assists most liberally. It has no fear of Englishmen lacking the proper kind of homogeneity.

Even in Calvinistic Scotland, which has been notoriously rancorous against Catholicity since the Reformation, a similar and even better condition obtains.

The London *Tablet* of August 3, 1901, reports Mr. Balfour as saying in Parliament: "I come from a country in which education is under popular control. It is almost universally religious; and not only that, but it is dogmatic. It knows nothing of the strange compromises which are the subjects of debate in the English school boards. Frankly under proper control in Scotland are taught the Shorter Catechism in the great majority of schools, the Anglican Catechism in other schools, and Roman Catholic Theology in still others. So that we have dogmatic theology reconciled with that popular control which the right honorable gentleman desires." Could we ask more from bitter old Scotia?

What is most convincing is that in Germany, which is admittedly the greatest Protestant nation of the world and which distinguished itself by a relentless persecution of Catholicity a generation ago, the Government not only permits but fosters separate schools for the various sects of the Empire, Catholicity included.

With them education without religion is inconceivable, and the Government insists upon it even against the will of the parents; so much so that in a recent case where a Socialist protested against religious instruction, the court ruled that the child should be sent to the school of the denomination which the father had left. Laymen are trained especially for the work of teaching catechism, and

in the case of Catholic schools the priest is generally school inspector, and the parish priest has the right to enter during school hours and teach; which he generally does once or twice a week. In the several hundred neutral or mixed schools religion is part of the curriculum. The same holds good for colleges or gymnasia where religious instruction is obligatory.

What is most curious about it all is that during the persecution of the Kulturkampf, while Bismarck was shutting up churches and sending bishops and priests to exile or prison, the schools were not interfered with. Had he done so, Catholicity would have been obliterated from Germany. It was God who prevented him, for in such an event Germany would not now have its staunch Catholic defenders against socialism and anarchy. The great Protestant Empire did not fear to have its ruler appoint a Catholic Chancellor who was the brother of a Roman Cardinal. We broad-minded Americans are a long distance from that attitude of good sense.

What do our fellow countrymen want? Religion is indispensable for the salvation of the nation. It is not taught to the vast majority of the people in the churches. Practically it can be taught only in the schools. The most conspicuous men among us, clergy and laity alike, of all denominations, demand that it must be taught there, or we are lost; and that a religion must be taught which is not a composite hodge-podge of all religions, namely, a natural religion which has been pronounced by the most competent educational authorities to be "fatuous" and, after being tried, a miserable failure. Lastly, it is beyond all question true, that the establishment of separate religious schools is feasible; for the most intensely Protestant nations of the world insist upon them, have no difficulty in adjusting themselves to the diversity of creeds, and have found by experience that instead of dividing the country the method

welds it together by permitting men to have their dogmatic differences, while at the same time inducing them to make their otherwise conflicting sects unite, each in its own way, to swell the great current of morality, which, precisely because it comes from these different and distinct sources, reaches, as nothing else can, every class and condition of society.

Are we to confess ourselves inferior to Germany, England, and Scotland in practical matters? Are we, perhaps, intellectually dull, or have we grown to be unfair; or in spite of the present alarming condition of things are we losing our senses?

We have indeed lost our senses to some extent; but the awful crisis through which we are passing has revealed to us the precipice yawning at our feet. As for ability in practical matters, we have it to a greater degree than other people and can more easily adjust ourselves to circumstances; and lastly, though perhaps misinformed, we are not wilfully unfair. It can be safely admitted that if these truths are placed squarely before the American people they will frankly acknowledge and honestly admit them. But this is to be done, not by underhand methods, not by dickering with politicians who will smile and smile and promise and then leave us on our back as helpless as before, but by reiterating our position and compelling the people to see that our demand for religious education is not prompted by any sinister design against our fellow countrymen or their liberties, but by an ineradicable conscientious conviction, which events are proving to be well founded, that religion is necessary for the preservation of our country, that it must be implanted in the hearts and the lives of the growing generation, and that there is no other way of doing it than by resorting to the rational, feasible, and the now widely admitted method of teaching it in the separate schools of the various denominations.

Golden Jubilee of St. Francis Xavier's Church

New York, December 5, 1901

WHAT mysterious power is it that enables us to call up persons and places and events from the almost measureless depths of the past and make them live again with a brightness and beauty and tenderness which they scarcely possessed when actually forming a portion of our lives? Have the impressions they produced been laid up, as it were, in some vast spiritual treasure house to be taken out and admired at will? Or have the energies of the soul something akin to a creative power, to summon them forth from the nothingness into which they have long since passed, and, by pronouncing a *fiat,* make them be again? Whatever the explanation of it may be, that marvellous faculty of memory, especially on great anniversaries like this, converts our dead past into a living present, obliterates the traces which time has made upon our years, and, helping us to forget that we are old, restores the bloom of the young days when we stood on the threshold of life and looked out to what seemed the far distant period of where we now are.

To us who were here fifty years ago the beloved little church which stood to the east of the present edifice, and which lingered awhile by its side after its sacredness had been transferred to its more splendid successor, will ever keep a sacredness of its own in our hearts, and shine with perhaps a brighter radiance than when we knelt before its altars. The gravity of its undecorated front of freestone which recalled the façade of the great church of the

Gesú in Rome, of which it was an humble and far-away copy, gave a character to the edifice in the lines of its architecture, and an indication of the special religious formation of those who labored within its walls. The three great portals which seemed immensely wide in those days, the huge blocks of stone which divided the steps and the outer railing just as now, only smaller and without the portico above, rise up frequently before us, but to-day are invested with a more than usually vivid reality and far-reaching significance. We are almost treading again the long passage-way that led up to the poor little parlor, where the kindliness and the courtesy of the devoted and holy old porter, Brother Letique, introduced many a sorrow-laden soul to the fathers, who were ever ready, day and night, with words of consolation, warning, or advice.

That passage, with its well-patronized hydrant midway, led past, not the lower church, as such places are now called, but the basement, dark, dingy, and poorly furnished, but very dear to the old people of St. Francis Xavier's in many inexpressible ways. As you entered the door you found yourself in the boys' library, not much to boast of, it must be confessed, in the light of modern luxury and abundance, but valuable and greatly esteemed in those simpler days. Beyond on the other side was the library for the girls, with the primitive and necessarily untidy furnace between; but we paid scant attention to such trifles in the fifties. The rest of that dear old basement or cellar, for it was little else, was the chapel proper, with its three modest altars, the confessionals on either side with their green baize curtains, and the benches of common pine, which we all thought good enough then. There the early and week day Masses were said; there the sodalities met; there the Sunday school was taught, and the famous special lessons of catechism were given on Wednesday nights, when first communion time drew near. How well

I remember the privilege accorded to the best boy of accompanying the Blessed Sacrament after those night instructions up through the dark passage behind the altar when the priest carried the sacred vessels to the upper church; how clearly stands out to-day the very place where I made my first confession, and I almost feel, after this long lapse of years, the kindly touch of the hand of dear old Father Schneider on my arm, as he reached around probably to revive my sinking courage or help my stammering tongue to find utterance; or the boyish pride when sitting as the Secretary of the Boys' Sodality away back in '59 or '60.

Among the figures that arise there are, first of all, those of the holy and devoted Ladies of the Sacred Heart, who, under the guidance of the beloved Mother Moser, left their conventual enclosure for God's glory, to come and labor day after day for three years in a place which must have been a perpetual menace to their health, to lay the foundations of the parochial school of Eighteenth Street, in which through all these years they have trained up generation after generation of noble, pure, self-sacrificing girls, and have for that reason wound themselves around the hearts of their pupils by ties that will only grow more loving and tender with time. They have laid upon us a debt of gratitude by their devoted labor as well as by their marvellous success as teachers which this parish will never forget and never can repay.

But there is one form that seems to linger there more than any other; one dearest of all and most beloved, whose presence seems to permeate and fill that old basement; one who has seized upon so many hearts and made them his own; one to whom we all cling with an undying devotion for all that we owe him; the saintly and self-forgetting man whose face was always wreathed in the happiest and most winning of smiles; whose arms and heart were always

open to all at all hours and for any length of time; who really worked himself into his grave — for he gave but a few hours out of the twenty-four to repose — the beloved and never-to-be-forgotten priest, apostle, and friend, the like of whom we have not seen since those days, Father Theodore Thiry.

How the boys clustered about him, and how happy he was to be with them; how often would he catch them on the streets and fill their mouths with sweets to correct, as he used to say, the bad taste of some word they had uttered, and getting from them then and there confession and contrition! The street as well as the church was his confessional, and I have known him to go out on the platform of a Sixth Avenue car at two o'clock of a winter's morning, to talk to the snow-covered driver, and in a few minutes capture a soul that had not been at confession for years. How we boys in college used to linger about his desk for hours, after a day of enthusiastic teaching of which his pupils caught the fire. Who will forget his month of May processions, with banners and garlands and statues and crowns, which his masterly skill led through a perfect maze of marching and countermarching, and, in spite of the restricted limits of the church, never interfering, but always contributing in perfect order to the splendor which grew with each succeeding year?

Was there ever a man could do what he did with his Literary Society? There is nothing like it in the country — an organization of working boys, founded by him thirty-one years ago, which during all that time has held 1250 weekly meetings, showing a persistency and energy which have in that period done such splendid literary work, and developed a set of young men of whom we may well be proud for the glory they have reflected upon the parish, and the unwavering devotion they have in all circumstances shown to its interests. In them their founder still lives.

And while he labored so amazingly in church and college, his love went out to the wide world beyond; and during the years he was in charge of the Holy Childhood hundreds of thousands of dollars passed through his hands for the abandoned children of distant China. Oh, Father Thiry — for we cannot but think that your spirit is here to-day — may your memory always be an inspiration and a delight in St. Francis Xavier's! You, for us who knew you, are the ideal priest and Jesuit, who in brightness and happiness and almost merriment of soul, made yourself a holocaust for the glory of God and the love of your fellow-man.

In the upper church the good work proceeded of course on wider lines, with the multitudes who frequented it. Every corner of it we knew and loved, and, though not as beautiful as the present edifice, was none the less admired. Though there were splendid frescoes on the lofty ceiling, there were but few paintings on its walls, which were mostly tinted in imitation of marble; nor could there be many, for the low galleries ran around the sides, spoiling the effect architecturally, no doubt, but affording place, if not accommodation, to the throngs that came to every service; and above them at the end was the organ, which we thought the grandest in the city then, and at whose keyboard, from the time it gave forth its first note almost till the church was closed, presided one who was beloved and admired by the fathers and the congregation, with both of whom he had grown up, and with whom he was intimately associated. His heart, I think, was heavy and sore when his hands drove back the stops for the last time — the man who filled so much space in the public eye in those days, the excellent musician and devoted Christian, Dr. William Berge.

There were three paintings in the church which we all recall — under the west gallery, " Our Lady of Purgatory,"

under the east one, where we college boys went out, a representation of Jesus as a boy; and over the main altar, what we deemed a colossal oil painting of St. Francis Xavier borne into heaven by angels. How often did we boys sit there while Brother Vachon, the sacristan, in his stately way lighted the candles! We saw new illuminations in the canvas, and wondered what were the names of the happy angels who bore St. Francis in their arms. To me that sanctuary was inexpressibly dear, for it was the first I ever remember to have seen; there I made my first communion, and received confirmation at the hands of some exiled Mexican bishop, into whose handsome face we boys looked and wondered why such a man should be banished from his country. It was dear to me because later on, as a scholastic, I had for a year or so taught catechism to the famous Class of Perseverance, which the old fathers had so splendidly organized, and which kept up a systematic training during four and even eight years after first communion, and by that means imparted a thorough and intelligent Catholicity to the parish. There, too, I had preached one of the last sermons of the novena that had closed old Sixteenth Street Church forever; and I wondered to find myself in the place of the great men whom I had looked up to years before.

There had labored the wonderful John Larkin, whom an enthusiastic and admiring student, at the time of the utterance himself a literary celebrity, described in almost extravagant language as "a man who filled the place with his majestic presence. Though his face was full, the exquisite outlines of his classical features were not obscured; he had the mouth of a young Greek god; in his eye there was a singular union of mildness and penetration; his voice a marvel of distinctness; to hear him talk was a lesson of elocution; fluent, easy, direct, and natural; every word had its just emphasis and exact pronunciation, every sentence

its sure balance that revealed familiarity with the best usage; refined taste, self-possession, and composure such as is rarely possessed except by persons of high breeding and thorough education." No wonder that the people listened to him with rapture, and that he had to flee away lest he should be made an archbishop. He came back again when the danger was over and died as men like him ought to die, in the midst of his apostolic work. He came from the confessional and dropped dead with the words, "It is all over." Well I remember the consternation at the church door when we were given the intelligence in the few but startling words, "Father Larkin is dead."

Here, too, was Father De Luysnes, the lordly Irishman, whose family was ennobled in France; the schoolmate of Lacordaire; the favorite of De Freysinnous, the Minister of Worship in France, through whom ecclesiastical preferment would have been easy; but young De Luysnes turned his back upon the country and his hopes, and buried himself in what was then the wilderness of Kentucky, where he labored in closest intimacy with the pioneers of the American Church, Flaget and Nerinckx and the elder Spaulding. It was he who gathered by far the largest part of the money for the building of the church when he was obliged to flee to Mexico and South America to escape the bishopric of South Carolina. His strong and commanding personality, his eloquence in the pulpit, his scholarly attainments, his punctilious exactness in the fulfilment of the smallest rules through fifty years of bodily suffering which few were aware of, his somewhat imperious but affectionate and intensely loyal nature, and, above all, his tender piety made Father De Luysnes a great figure here that will never be forgotten. To assist at his Mass was a sermon and an inspiration. He had a marvellous faculty for remembering those whom he had assisted in their dying agony, and one of us whose father had died in his arms can remember, and

he is only one of many, the thrill of delight, when the dear old priest would say while his hand rested lovingly on the lad's head, " My boy, strive to be as good a man as your father."

Nor can we forget the venerable Father Driscoll, whose long white hair and serious but kindly face, on which time had written its history but not in furrows, was a sermon in itself as soon as we saw him in the pulpit and before his lips had uttered a word. He was an orator, with a natural copiousness of language and graceful delivery, whose pathetic appeals were often made with tears streaming down his cheeks, frequently making the congregation weep with him as he spoke.

They seemed to be all old white-haired men in those days. For there was also Father Mignard, whose beautiful countenance would have made the ideal picture of a priest on an artist's canvas. People turned to look at that stately old priest, with the silvery hair and exquisitely carved features, whose every step and action revealed the polished gentleman, as he passed along unheeding. From him came the first impulse of the devotion to the Sacred Heart in this church and through the greater part of this section of the United States.

There was Father Daubresse, the type of the self-restrained, modest, learned, exact, and holy French Jesuit; the much sought adviser of cardinals, bishops, and prelates, because of his vast theological erudition and clear-sighted wisdom; and such an exact observer of his rules that even in his ripe old age he was intrusted with the formation of the novices of the Province. He, too, had waived aside the mitre.

There was the scholarly Father Shea, so beloved of the men who thronged about his confessional that New York seemed empty for them when the sudden intelligence came that he was dead. Like Father Larkin, he left the confes-

sional to die. A little more thought of himself might have averted what, for all of us, was a calamity.

There was Father Dealy, a man with a singular influence on men of the world, the founder of what is now the Catholic Club, though long known as the Xavier Union, who, when his time came to die, and when I, who had once been his scholar, spoke to him as his religious superior of the condition of his health, said laughingly that he would probably die that night; and who, when the priest brought the Blessed Sacrament to the sick-room, drew the clothes about him and springing from the bed knelt on the bare floor that he might receive the body and the blood of Jesus Christ to accompany him through the dark valley of the shadow of death.

These are a few of the prominent figures that stand out clearly against the past. They were all men of pronounced individuality, quite distinct from each other, and working along the lines traced by their own strong characters and in their own fashion for the glory of God.

I mention this to dissipate the delusion that religious life, and especially that of the Society of Jesus, fashions all in the same mould and obliterates personal characteristics. The age has gone mad about individuality as if it had discovered a new Apocalypse, but nowhere can be found such palpable, such marked, and such aggressive individual traits as in religious orders, which of their very nature tend to develop and strengthen while they at the same time curb the idiosyncrasies and prevent them from being hurtful to others and a source of evil as they are elsewhere.

There are many others, of course, whom we cannot mention now — not that we esteem them less, but because time will not permit it. Some are living and some are dead or scattered over the world and working for the glory of God elsewhere. But we must not forget men like Fathers Loyzance and Durthaller and Duranquet and Whyte and Glack-

meyer and Ronayné, and, nearer to the present time, Fathers Merrick and McKinnon and Frisbie and Murphy and, finally, O'Conor.

Here in the early days thundered the great missionaries Smarius and Damen, reconciling thousands to God and winning multitudes to the faith; and no one will fail to remember the long line of converts at the end of one of those missions, kneeling at the altar rail, with a venerable minister and his whole family at their head. Here among the illustrious prelates and orators came the great Bishop of Pittsburgh, who laid aside his mitre for the garb of a Jesuit. It was here he delivered that wonderful discourse of his that still rings in our ears with the majesty of its periods, and still enriches our memory with the wealth of its erudition when he described the work of Canisius in stemming the work of the Reformation. Omitting many others, here came the first Apostolic Nuncio, Bedini, not as now in times of peace and toleration, but when the whole community was convulsed by his presence. He was welcomed at St. Francis Xavier's because of the storm which he had aroused; for we Jesuits had been rocked in the cradle of the Reformation times, and are heedless of the consequences to ourselves if the tempest is for God's glory. It is noteworthy that the little white-haired lad who presented him an address on that occasion in '54 was to be rector of the college at a future day, Father Pardow.

St. Francis Xavier's has been from the beginning the centre, the focus, the starting point from which the initial impulse was given of nearly all that concerned the educational and ecclesiastical life of the country. For the fathers who first gathered here were the immediate successors of the men who erected our first schools, colleges, and churches. It was from New York that the laborers who might have toiled here went to strengthen Georgetown College. The New York Jesuits were among the first to occupy old St.

Peter's; it was they who built what was the first St. Patrick's Cathedral, and it was they who were the possessors of the land adjoining the new Cathedral on Fifth Avenue.

With the distinguished prelates of this diocese, the great Archbishop Hughes, the first American Cardinal and the present beloved occupant of the see, the fathers have not only labored in unison, but in the closest bonds of affection and regard; counsel and advice and comfort being mutually given and received for the work of God; while with the priests, many of whom it is our delight to say are our formation, there has been a solidarity that has never been impaired, and an eagerness to be helpful on both sides, which increases with time; in a word, an uninterrupted and unqualified esteem which renders ridiculous the charge that evil men are making of diversity of interests between secular and religious. As in former times, so now; there can be only one heart and one soul, for we read the lesson all too vividly in the pages of history that the religious and secular priesthood rise and fall together.

It is from this centre of apostolic work that during these fifty years, under the heroic and saintly Duranquet, that silent but sublime apostolate to the abandoned classes went on unnoticed in the hospitals, prisons, and pest houses of this city. It was a work which no one else wanted, and which we gladly accepted, and the deaths by cholera and typhus and smallpox of many of our fathers who begged for the post of danger proclaim that our labor has not been without fruit.

From here have gone forth those devoted and self-sacrificing missionary bands that have revived the faith and strengthened the morality of the Christian people throughout a large portion of this country, and have helped so amazingly to increase that harvest which this province gathers every year of more than a thousand converts to the faith.

Nay more. From here as from a centre has issued, I venture to assert, a large part of the spiritual life of this country. The countless retreats conducted mostly during the heats of summer, and continued uninterruptedly during these fifty years, for the clergy and even the hierarchy, as well as for the religious communities, have engrafted upon the character of all those who aspire to something more than the observance of the commandments in the service of God, a special kind of ascetical formation which is essentially that of the Society of Jesus; a method which appeals chiefly to the intellect, which is distinguished by its guidance of each individual soul according to its own particular bent; which does not keep it in leading strings, but impels it to take the initiative in matters of personal and public spiritual progress. And it is eminently proper that spirituality of such a kind should spring from a church that bears the name of a saint who so dazzles the minds and excites the admiration of modern unbelievers by the brilliancy of his apostolic work in transforming heathenism into splendid Christianity, as well as by unwearied and exhaustless resourcefulness which he displayed in extending the Kingdom of Christ, whether he was standing as a silk-robed ambassador in the splendor of a court, or dying in rags on an island in the ocean, or continuing his work in his successors who preached the gospel disguised as Brahmins or while setting up astronomical instruments in the observatory of Pekin. This readiness to make all things tend to the glory of God, which is expressed in their motto, A. M. D. G., is the peculiarity of the spiritual training which is given in this church of St. Francis Xavier.

Nor can we forget on an occasion like this the old families that came here in those early days — the Dillons, the Davises, the Devlins, the Delmonicos, the Learys, the Bedfords, the Van Burens, the Livingstons, the O'Donohues, the Wadsworths, the Lynches, the Reynals, the Thébauds,

the Giberts, the O'Gormans, the Dalys, the Eugene Kellys, the Beales, the O'Briens, the Pardows, the Hargous, the Fishers, the Neilsons, the Bradleys, the Alexanders, De Berminghams, Du Viviers, Whites, Purroys, Macks, Carrigans, Olwells, Donnellys, Tracys, Kerrigans, Lamontagnes, Montants, Maitlands, O'Reillys, Harviers, and countless others, all of whom are affectionately remembered, but whom time will not permit us to name. They were all old St. Francis Xavier's people, and though some remain and some are scattered, they all seem back again to-day to join the general joy that so much was done here for the glory and service of Almighty God.

The great Constantine built the first church that ever reared its walls above the earth, and it has stood or risen again amid all the storms, physical or political, that have swept over the earth during sixteen centuries. Of that edifice there is a universal commemoration every year throughout the Church, to remind us of the holy men who have sat there, of the great councils that have held their sessions within its walls, and of the great glory it has given to God in its work upon men's souls. So, in the same spirit, though in an infinitely less degree, do we commemorate the work that has been done for the salvation of souls in this sacred edifice. When we think of all the prayers that have been offered here during these fifty years, of the souls that have been reconciled to God, of the millions of confessions that have been heard, of the greater millions of holy communions, of the multitudes that have been received into the Church, of the sermons that have been preached, the glorious music that has voiced God's praises, and the holy sacrifices offered; the throngs of happy children who have come from the holy table; the throngs who have plighted their marriage troth, and held their infants over its baptismal fonts, or have knelt in tears at the side of our dead, who were brought here to the feet of God; and,

above all, how out of this holy tabernacle, where Jesus has been dwelling all these years, infinite blessings have gone forth and countless calamities have been averted, we may well rejoice that God has deigned to abide near us, and we may be assured that the work of the past, glorious as it has been, is only a harbinger of the future; and that through many a century yet to come the little church of Sixteenth Street will be reverted to, not only with love and affection, but with deep and earnest gratitude to Almighty God, who through it has done such great things for His people.

Leo XIII

Celebration of the Twenty-fifth Year of His Pontificate, St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, March 3, 1903

EVENTS in our days hurry by with such kinetoscopic rapidity that we forget even the recent past, no matter how awful it may have been, in the vivid flash of the present.

Twenty-five years are but a brief space, even in the life of an individual; they are only a moment in that of a single people, and as naught in the combined and complicated history of the nations of the world. And hence in the glory, the triumph, and the jubilation of to-day, we easily lose sight of the dishonor, the grief, the dismay and consternation, which ushered in the career whose magnificent culmination and crown we are now gathered to celebrate and extol.

Pius IX was dead. The venerable Camerlengo had knelt at his coffin and called him by name, but he gave no answer; with the silver mallet the official had thrice reverently struck that icy forehead, and there was no response. The darkness of the tomb had cast its coldness and its shadow upon that luminous form, so majestic in the days of his triumph, and so radiant with glory even amid the gloom which shrouded the last moment of his earthly career. The Porta Pia had been battered down; and the Piedmontese robber, trampling upon every law and violating every decency, had entered upon his course of sacrilegious spoliation, not only in the Eternal City, but throughout the Peninsula, rending from the people their morality and their faith as well as their earthly goods, and reducing them to the condition of ragged beggary in which we see them to-day. Even the

grave of the Pontiff, who had once been the idol of the people, was not to be respected, and a frenzied mob followed his sacred remains in the dead of night with curses and imprecations, clamoring to have them thrown in the Tiber. Churches were closed, institutions of charity suppressed, the teaching of religion to the young forbidden; deeper and deeper misfortunes were dug for the nation, until to-day, after multiplied military disgraces that have made that people of warriors the laughing stock of the world, after ruinous and atrocious taxation as well as conscription even of the servants of the sanctuary, millions have been driven into exile, and the mad government that rules the remnant left at home is shrieking to-day for the complete and ultimate destruction of family life, by an infamy that Italy has never known: the imposition of the law of divorce, which we trust in God it will have enough of its ancient Catholic spirit to reject with indignation and contempt.

Twenty-five years ago this awful succession of horrors was being inaugurated. Twenty-five years ago Bismarck, the remorseless and relentless titan of blood and iron, was crushing Catholicity out of Germany by the savage and cruel iniquity of his *Kulturkampf;* sending bishops and priests and religious into exile, the prison, or the barracks; closing the churches, or handing them over to usurpers, and poisoning the minds and the hearts of the rising generations. Russia was improving on her age-long reputation as a persecutor of the Church, and countless Catholics, priests and laymen, were journeying to the frozen deserts of Siberia. Ireland was in one of those perpetually recurring throes of coercion and repression, with soldiers and constabulary swarming over it from sea to sea, and paying the penalty for the faith which, if it would relinquish, would secure for it to-morrow peace and earthly prosperity. England was exulting over the fall of the Papal power, for

which through so many administrations it had so persistently and shamelessly plotted; Spain was red with the blood of the Carlists, who were assumed, rightly or wrongly, to represent the Catholic cause; Belgium, under its Masonic legislature, had torn down the crucifixes from the schools and dismissed the Papal Nuncio; and France, just emerging from the horrors of the Commune, was already inaugurating that diabolical war against the Church which it carries on with such malignity to the present day.

Catholicity was dead, or equivalently so — struck in its heart of hearts; with the very corpse of its Pontiff dishonored, and the holy city in the hands of a mob vowed to extirpate religion to its roots. Who cared now for what the Church might do? Yet, as the beleaguered Roman Senators of old, who sold the very field on which their Carthaginian enemies were encamped, so, on the 18th day of February, 1878, beneath the vault of the Sistine Chapel, above whose altar Michael Angelo's mighty picture of the Last Judgment looked down in warning, sixty-two princely Roman Senators of the Church, immeasurably greater than those of old, entered into solemn conclave for the election of a new Pope. They came to utter their last and final judgment as to who should reconquer the world and repel the enemies of Christ and humanity. The world paid no attention as they passed silently between the double ranks of the Papal Guard — that shadow of a dead army; there was no gorgeous procession, no serried lines of flashing swords and glittering bayonets, no booming of cannons, no pealing of bells, no gathering of ambassadors from imperial or royal courts, to plot and plan and perhaps to influence or prevent the election, no solemn Mass at the tomb of the Apostles, no grave and dignified discourse to the assembled electors. Neither the people nor many of the rulers saw what was going on or cared. Their gaze was fixed on other scenes, watching the bloody battles in the

Balkans, where Turk and Russian were struggling for the mastery of the Bosporus, and where, by a strange coincidence, after twenty-five years the fight is again renewed to-day.

They deliberated. The smoke of the burning ballots announced to the world without, if it cared to look, that there was no election; once more the smoke ascended, but for the last time. The choice had fallen upon one down whose cheeks the tears were streaming as the pen dropped from his helpless hand. An old man long past the meridian of life, scarcely known beyond the limited circle of his immediate associates, was selected for the tremendous responsibility of the high office. Who was he?

He was one born in the long past, when Bonaparte, the fierce jailer of another Pontiff, was trampling upon the nations and deluging them in blood; one whose race was that of the sandalled and togaed people of the Lepini or Volscian Mountains, descendants of the settlers of ancient Latium, who had lived for centuries on the bare and rocky crags which are crowned with the shattered coronets of ruined cities; the Cyclopean remnants of the ancient Roman Republic. He was one whose childhood and youth were spent in the ancestral palace where witch-hazeled Carpineto, seated upon its twin mountains at the end of the dark and deep ravine that leads up to it, and over which towers the grim peak of Semprevisa from whose summit both the Mediterranean and the Adriatic can be seen, looks down upon the wheatfields and purpling vineyards and silvery olive groves of the country below. He was one in whose veins ran the blood of the famous Cola di Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes, the dreamer of a Roman Republic in mediæval times. He was one who later on in Rome, singularly enough, received part of his theological training from an American professor, the illustrious Anthony Kohlmann of the Society of Jesus, who was not only identified

with the legislation of the State of New York in the early part of the last century, by his defence of the secret of confession, and with the country at large, by his magnificent assault on Unitarianism, the theme of one of the greatest of the Papal Encyclicals, *De Christo Redemptore,* but with this diocese itself, of which he was the Administrator before a bishop was appointed. He was the pastor of St. Peter's, the builder of old St. Patrick's, the possessor of the very ground from which this splendid cathedral leaps to the skies, and the founder of a Latin school near where the Lady Chapel is being erected. And thus it would seem, providentially, the ancient and modern Roman, the popular hero and the noble, the democrat and the American, were commingling elements preparing the great Pontiff that was to be. He was one who at his priesthood attracted the attention of the master minds of the Church by the promise of greatness that he so manifestly gave; one who in his early career signalized his vigor as well as his wisdom in tranquillizing disordered Beneventum; and later still, when the whole country of Perugia, which from the old days of Sylla, all through the wild times of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, had been the theatre of strife and warfare, and was still wilder in its anarchy and atheism, this young ecclesiastic came to bring it happiness and peace, to open its prison doors and avert the famine that threatened it with ruin. He had done all this and more, but he was now forgotten; and though a Cardinal, he was virtually exiled from Rome, and for thirty-one years of a holy episcopate had labored obscurely and faithfully for God, and had again freed Perugia from the disorder that reigned there. He had just experienced the horrors of the Garibaldian invasion, in which he had seen his home violated and an aged priest taken out to be shot in the public street; and he was now preparing for death, his career was at an end. Upon this man, unexpectedly and in spite of speculation to the con-

trary, fell the suffrages of the Sacred College, and when, prostrate at his feet, the scarlet-robed Princes of the Church asked Joachim Pecci what name he would take as Pope, he gave in reply one which shall ever be immortal in the history of the Church and the world, Papa Leo Decimus Tertius, Pope Leo XIII.

They vested him in his white robes and put the ring of the Fisherman upon his finger, and as he turned to give his blessing it was not, as usual, *Urbi et Orbi* to the surging and swaying throngs outside on the Piazza of St. Peter — the City and the World were not worthy of it — but to the devout and praying multitudes inside the sacred edifice and gathered around the altar near the tomb of the Apostles. The people, the Catholic people, the sacrament-loving and faith-cherishing people, were nearest to his heart. They should be blessed first; and being blessed they were to bless the world.

What would his first act be? asked the now surprised and expectant nations. Some startling declaration of policy? Some new definition of dogma? Some act or appeal to regain the lost sovereignty of the Papacy? He would do nothing to startle, nothing to disturb or arouse. This *Lumen de Coelo* would come as the light comes, an unfelt and almost undistinguishable glimmer on the horizon; a shaft, a ray, piercing the heavens; an illumining of the mountain peaks; a gradual brightening of the mountain sides, awakening all nature into a realization of life with its happiness, its possibilities, and its joy, pouring its effulgence down into the plains and over the forests and rivers and great cities of men; penetrating into the darkest recesses, and giving finally to mankind the fulness of perfect day.

He would define no dogma, at least explicitly. Pius IX had done that sufficiently with his wonderful Syllabus; by his declaration of the Immaculate Conception and by the

doctrine of Infallibility: the first, smiting all the errors of the day and arousing the world into fierce denunciations; the second, declaring, by the glory with which it invested the Mother of Christ, that man's soul is not a clod nor a mere matter of mechanism which can know no sin, but an immortal spirit, blighted, save in one instance, with a curse; and the third, providentially preparing the world, by the decree of Infallibility, for the reverence and awe with which all the utterances of Leo, his successor, are regarded. There was no need at present for further definitions of dogma. The world would not hear it and was clamoring fatuously for deeds, not creeds; for morality and not religion; for morality without it, if that were possible. And so with apparent or partial acquiescence Leo XIII has been writing across the century, in letters of light that can never fade, the most magnificent and authoritative code of ethics the world has ever known.

In those marvellous and multitudinous Encyclicals, all of which bear the stamp of his own individuality and of no other, exquisite as they are with that attractive literary grace which is revealed in his poetical compositions, themselves so amazing in one burdened with overpowering political as well as ecclesiastical responsibilities, we find almost every subject of national, social, domestic, and individual ethics treated in the most exhaustive and conclusive though simplest and most luminous manner, and so eagerly sought for that they are scarcely dry on the paper before they are read in every language of the earth.

We find there treatises on the constitution of states; the duties as well as the rights of rulers; the rights as well as the duties of the people; the nature of family life; marriage, divorce, education; the land question; civilization, its origin, progress, and perils; social and secret organizations; capital and labor; slavery; socialism, anarchy; the higher life of clerics of every degree; their studies, social action;

along with an infinity of cognate topics which are taken up, discussed, and determined, while the most efficacious remedies are assigned for the evils that accrue.

To the nations drunk with the wine of material greatness and power, he says: "Not in mighty armies, embattled fleets, or vast accumulations of wealth are nations secure, but only when they are built on the eternal laws of justice." The terrible forces of anarchy and socialism are rising in their fury and threatening the destruction of the whole social order. He reveals to them a greater levelling of mankind than the wildest Socialist ever dreamed of in the equality of all men before God, reminds them that material betterment is soonest and most securely gained by peaceful means, and warns them that their mad efforts only make for the destruction of their authors. To the angry and lowering antagonism of capital and labor, he shows the rights as well as the duties of both contestants, and how to reconcile their respective claims; while asserting without fear of challenge his undying and tenderest solicitude for the poor, he stands as the fearless champion of the rights of property; to the wild riot of passion, which in almost every country of the world is shattering the sanctuary of home and severing the marriage tie by the infamous paganism of divorce, he, with the same intrepidity as that which characterized the Popes who withstood the adulterous monarchs of the world for similar outrages upon morality, nay, with greater courage addresses a greater foe, by facing the people of every land and declaring that the ban of the Almighty is against the dissolution of marriage, and that even if it were not so, to admit divorce is to slay the nation. He has pleaded pathetically for the Christian education of the child in order to save the State as well as the child. He has expended vast sums from the treasures given to him for himself in the liberation of slaves, and has inspired armies of his children to give their lives to regenerate

Africa's Dark Continent. In these days, when Religious Orders are reviled even in the Church and persecuted by its enemies, he has written letters of deeper love than perhaps any other Pope has ever penned, declaring to the world that Religious Orders are an integral part of the Church, and emphasizing his pronouncements not only by recounting their glories and their services, both past and present, but with more than usual effusiveness of affection canonizing their numberless saints and intrusting to their members the highest offices in the administration of the Church; and notably, by his recent appointments in the new and untried sphere of our own land, where so many and such unexpectedly clashing interests call for unusually gentle, patient, and skilful diplomatic wisdom. He has indicated the fatal consequences of false philosophy; he has placed his protecting hand on the sacred volumes of revelation; he has opened new avenues of better and higher studies for the clergy; he has reminded the nations that the source and origin of modern civilization is Christ, and has warned them that if He is set aside, our laws, our institutions, our governments, our families, our aspirations, our lives, must all go back again to the paganism from which Christ delivered us; and he has pointed to the tabernacle as especially the source from which true civilization can draw its life. In a thousand different ways, by encyclicals and letters and briefs and allocutions, he has been the teacher of every grade and condition of society. Every word he utters, every act he performs, is the fulfilling of this great characteristic work; nay, his entire life, spent as it is so far away from men, on the sublime heights of his own intellectual and spiritual greatness, fading away it would almost seem, through the years that have been so wonderfully lengthened, into the light of eternity; undertaking and performing the most gigantic labor with sustenance and rest scarcely sufficient to retain the frail life that every moment

threatens to flutter away into the world beyond; self-chained to one place for a quarter of a century, uttering by every act of his Pontificate that memorable word which he had penned in exquisite verse when first the triple crown of thorns was put upon him: "*Non flectar; I will not be bent.*" Against the robbery of the Patrimony of Peter I will forever protest. I will not be swerved. *I will not be bent* by anything that the enemies of God and of the Church may devise. *Non flectar.* The very antithesis in everything of what the world is, yet so completely in touch with every part of it that not only the great men of the earth consult him, but, as if he had no other task, multitudes rush to converse with him, and yet to all so approachable that even if I am the meanest slave I can go to him and hear him speak to me, and feel the pressure of his affectionate hand upon my head, and know that he is my father and I his son. This is his greatest Encyclical; and when history is written he will be pictured to the eyes of posterity, as he is to ours, like the light-crowned Lawgiver of old, radiant in all the glory of his exalted office as well as in the splendor of his intellectual illumination and the dazzling beauty of his holy life, standing high above the races of men, as upon a Mount Sinai: pitying them, praying for them, willing to die for them, and ever pointing to the tablets of the law received by him from God to deliver to the nations, which, to a greater extent than the rebellious Hebrews of those days, reck not of what is going on above them, engrossed as they are in pleasure or carried away in rebellion in the plains beneath.

It is thus he is conquering the material and sensual world by the light of the intellect and the splendor of divine revelation. He is doing what the Popes have always done; for as Christ came without the worldly circumstance of pomp and power and taught men the way of salvation, so have the Popes continued to do. What was their work during the

three centuries of persecution, but to teach those generations of martyrs that their sufferings and deaths were wisdom, and that the ways of the world were folly, warning them of the countless errors of doctrine which one is almost amazed to see springing up in the Church in days when its cup of sorrow was already too full from the persecutions of the enemies without. It was by teaching the wild Arian savages, both princes and people, that the Popes subdued them, changed them into saints and martyrs, and constituted them builders of our present Christian civilization. It was by the splendid teachings of the Council of Trent, which was identified with the Pontiffs who convened it, that the wild revolt of Luther was checked, and Protestantism was prevented from making any other conquest than those which were achieved in the first fury of the onset. In the same way in these our own times, when Councils are impossible, it is by the sublime teaching of these twenty-five years that Leo XIII has not only regained all the ground that the Church had lost, but has advanced immeasurably beyond; it is his instruction to the Catholic masses that has checked the onward march of socialism, which, but for him, would have long since gone to the wildest excesses, but was halted when the Catholic section of the working classes was rent from it; for all of which socialism hates him as well as the Catholicity which he shapes and guides. And while his words have controlled the clamors of the laboring classes, they are simultaneously inspiring the fight in the few Catholic countries that are left for the last rampart of Christian civilization, Christian marriage; and it is also the voice of his marvellously strong personality that has disarmed the hitherto unbridled tyranny of the rulers of certain nations and made mercy and justice prevail. He has done all that without armies, without fleets, without riches, without a kingdom, and without a home.

If we turn back twenty-five years to the gloomy night

when a howling mob surrounded the dishonored corpse of Pius IX while it was being secretly hurried to its last resting place, and then gaze upon his successor, who rises before the eyes of the world greater than any king or emperor or warrior or statesman, though without a single earthly resource to secure him respect; if we reflect that every word he utters, every act of his life, every fear that is felt lest it be extinguished, is chronicled at the ends of the earth; if we consider the enthusiasm with which his name fires the heart of the Church and the reverence, and perhaps fear, and even love with which he is regarded even by those not of the Faith, we may well say that if there is nothing else, that is surely a stupendous transformation effected by Leo XIII.

Look at the changed condition of the world brought about mainly by his influence. Germany, from a bitter persecutor, has become a friend, and hails as the stanchest defenders of its rights, its liberties, and its glories, the splendidly solid Catholic party of the Centre, with its valiant statesmen on whom the mantle of Malinckrodt, Windthorst, and Lieber has fallen. On that band of devoted Catholic patriots the great Protestant Emperor relies in the dangers of the present, as well as those that loom up more menacingly in the dark times that are soon to come.

Ever since the day when the bomb of the Russian nihilist mangled the body of Alexander, the Government of Russia has recognized that its truest friend is the Pontiff, who denounced tyranny as well as anarchy. Its attitude to its Polish subjects has changed, and its Grand Dukes come as ambassadors to the Vatican.

Is not the altered condition of Ireland and England due, in large measure, to the patient statesmanship of Leo during those trying times of misrepresentation and calumny, when the susceptibilities of a high-strung, a wronged and outraged race had to be managed while not offending the

dogged and almost inconceivably impenetrable prejudices of those who ruled?

Belgium, whose fate seemed to be hanging in the balance when Leo began to reign, has given to the world a splendid example during all these years of what a Catholic country can do in justice and social freedom as well as in splendid material advancement.

Spain, whose young ruler is Leo's godson, though it has lost its colonies, has been blessed with internal peace these many years; and, finally, our own country has had its experience of his influence. For it was his gentle forbearance that never uttered, or permitted to be uttered, a word that could wound or offend, which has so skilfully guarded diplomatic relations with a proud and victorious people, that the wild clamors of religious fanaticism have been quelled, the unworthy aims of designing politicians have been thwarted, while he, the great Father of Christendom, with absolute trust in the fearlessness and keen sense of justice of our Chief Executive as well as in the honor of our people, serenely legislates for the religious government of the new possessions, and gives an assurance that the Catholics of the Philippines shall be the most devoted supporters of the American Republic.

The whole continent of Africa, from Algeria to the Cape, has been partitioned among Religious Orders for the conversion and civilization of the countless tribes that inhabit those vast regions yet to be explored.

New hierarchies have been established. In Scotland, which had none since the Reformation, although an excited mob danced around a fire in the public square to burn the Letter of the Pope, the Church there is going on tranquilly with its work. Similarly, the forgotten East has been put upon its former ecclesiastical footing. Vast numbers of Nestorian Schismatics, who have been separated from the Church for fourteen centuries, have come back to their

spiritual home with their Patriarch at their head. In the centre of Christendom a Council of the entire South American hierarchy was convened and new life given to that Church which seemed threatened with decay. In almost every country the Church has made gigantic strides in the number and character of the faithful, and never has the wide field of the missions in savage countries been so laboriously and fruitfully cultivated as during the Pontificate of Leo XIII. Let us hope that France and Italy will soon yield to the sweet influence of his limitless fatherly love.

How can you explain all these stupendous results, this sudden uplifting of the entire Church from the condition of helplessness in which it was twenty-five years ago to the glory and power which it possesses to-day? By the penetrating, unflagging, and apparently ever brightening intellectuality of the Pontiff? By his almost preternatural patience and prudence? By his unusual gift of personal attraction, which wins the intense love of his children and the admiration, not of his enemies, for he has none, but of the bitterest and most unrelenting foes of the Church? None of these things, nor all of them together, will explain the phenomenon. All these personal qualities, intensify them as you will, because they are, after all, only natural gifts or acquirements, and, on the other hand, because of the fierce human passions with which they have to deal, because of the diversity of political and personal interests and animosities which they have to conciliate, because of the fierce conflicts of jealous and mutually repellent nationalities which they have to propitiate, because, finally, of the inability of the merely natural to penetrate the souls of men and make them loyal and devoted without giving any material recompense in return, can never exert an influence such as the one we are rejoicing in to-day.

There is only one explanation. It is, that, along with these great personal endowments which so fit him for his

high office, there is centred in him another power, that, namely, which long ago suddenly lifted the Church of the first three centuries from the sea of blood into which it had first been flung and made it a vital, energizing, directive, and saving influence in the political fortunes of the world. That power enabled it to survive the wreck of the ancient civilization, and carried the nations with it to a new one greater than the old; made it ride the wild storm of the Reformation and emerged from it more glorious than before, as it had done in the thousand whirlwinds of heresies which have attempted from the beginning to destroy it; guided it steadily on its course in spite of the fierce persecutions that have ever assailed it; made it also survive all the fierce tempests of to-day, and will carry it through the others that are to be before it till the end of time.

Great, splendid, inspiring as is the figure of Leo, there is a Form beside him, radiant with heavenly light, that of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, Who is ever in the bark of Peter. That bark is high on the crest to-day. It may be down in the trough of the deep to-morrow. But it will ever sail on to the port; and though battered and broken, and though some of its mariners may be swept from its deck, it will never be wrecked on the rocks and never go down in the surge of the sea.

Our hearts may well thrill with joy to-day, as we hail the glorious Pontiff crowned with his triple crown; the accents of every tongue in every land over the wide world mingle in glad acclaim; from the steeples of every land peal out the glad tidings, "We have a Pope and his name is Leo"; the people are gathered in all the sanctuaries of the earth, around the altar of the Most High, rejoicing to be the children of such a father, and also, can we doubt it? desiring to realize in their lives the lessons he has taught them, and the high ideal of Catholicity he has set before their eyes; the royal-vestured priests and prelates gather

in the sanctuary, and with all the splendor of the Church's ritual offer the sacred mysteries in thanksgiving to God for intrusting His Church to such a man. But with all of it is the living, overpowering fact, which none better than the illustrious Pontiff comprehends in all its awfulness: that, great though he be in all that is truly noble, magnificent, and splendid in humanity, he is greatest because he is the Vicar of Jesus Christ, against Whose Church the gates of hell can never prevail.

"Thou art Peter," resounds through the vast dome of the great Roman basilica to-day. "Thou art Peter," resounds through the vaster dome of the universe, in every accent and every tongue in which mankind voices its one thought. Nay, from the dome of the heavens comes the voice of Jesus Christ as he gazes upon Leo His Vicar. "Thou art Peter," Peter and Leo are one.

"Thou art Peter" is the universal acclaim of God's people, whose hearts overflow with unspeakable joy that their faith is the same divine faith as that which Christ imparted to the Apostles; and which, because it is divine, is not to be scattered like dust by every whirlwind of human passion, or every madness of the human mind, but a rock that can mock the fiercest storm forever, for it is built deep in the foundation of Christ, the Son of the Living God, Who has promised that though heaven and earth shall pass away His word shall not pass away.

"Thou art Peter" is a message to the multitudes that are looking and longing and praying for unity of faith. It warns them that there is no unity except in the Rock of Peter.

"Thou art Peter" is a challenge, a defiance, sent out to the enemies of Christ, bidding them do their worst with their theories and systems and dreams and delusions, and their false claims of science. Theories and systems and dreams and delusions vanish in the air, and genuine science

will only bring out in brighter light the truth and beauty of Christian Revelation.

"Thou art Peter" is a solemn admonition which the world has often had before, that only in that clear light, streaming as it does from heaven and illumining the Rock of Peter, can the nations find their way through the moral and intellectual night which envelops the pathway of human society. It is a declaration that only the *Lumen de Coelo* can lead it to safety and salvation. It is the expression of a hope which we trust may be realized that ere our earthly *Lumen de Coelo* mingles its radiance with the splendors of the eternal court, the world may profit still more, for its peace, its happiness, and its truth, from the glorious life of that High Priest of God, to whom it owes so much, and that even the most remote and alien and rebellious of nations may recognize and acknowledge, as one of the greatest benefactors the world has ever known, the immortal Pontiff, who especially, as the *Lumen de Coelo,* has been the representative of the Saviour of mankind — the marvellous, the splendid, the beloved Leo XIII.

Genesis of Socialism

Before the Federated Catholic Societies, Detroit, Michigan, July 3, 1904

THE spectre of Socialism, which looms over modern civilization with a menace of ruin, may well cause serious alarm. How it was formed, how it grew to its present proportions, what dangers it entails, are questions of the most vital and immediate interest to all manner of men.

In general its rise may be ascribed to the elimination of Christianity from modern legislation, to the influence of false economic principles, and to the new methods which the nations have adopted to achieve greatness and power.

In political matters the disturbing element is undoubtedly the theory which dominates the civilized world today with regard to the origin of civil power, namely, that its source is the people; that the people have conferred it, and can revoke it at pleasure.

It is the doctrine of J. J. Rousseau, who described it as the Social Compact which was entered into by the aboriginal peoples and their rulers; a fiction which has been for more than a century regarded as an unquestioned and sacred fact, but which is without the slightest historical foundation. Needless to say, it is in direct contradiction with Catholic teaching, which proclaims, with St. Paul, that all authority is from God, and though it may, and often does, come through the people, it does not originate there, and in no case confers unlimited right to rebel.

The uninterrupted series of national upheavals, beginning with the French Revolution, which have disturbed the world since the promulgation of Rousseau's theory, the startling and ever-increasing number of assassinations of

rulers, and the impunity with which anyone can plan the overthrow of existing institutions show how strong a hold this doctrine has taken on the public mind. Rousseau's Social Compact is the Socialist's Magna Charta.

The theory is sometimes expressed in the formula that "all government is based on the consent of the governed," which is equally untenable. Consent is certainly not required for a father to govern his children, nor for God to govern His creatures. Nor is it true of civil government. The police force, the prisons, the scaffolds, the electric chairs are so many denials of such a pretence. In one sense it may be true, namely, that when the people recognize that the will of the ruler is not the unwarranted, unauthorized, and baseless claim of an individual who in one way or another has achieved power, but the concrete expression of the will of the Supreme Ruler of the universe, Who decrees that all governments should proceed along the lines of right and justice, then they willingly consent to be governed; but such consent is rather the assurance of peace than the foundation of any right to rule.

While this philosophical delusion was misleading the public policy of nations, an economic transformation was taking place in almost every civilized country. That change is commonly described as the Great Industrial Revolution, inaugurated about one hundred and fifty years ago, through the instrumentality of machinery, and the newly discovered forces in nature, which effected a sudden and stupendous expansion of manufacturing industries with a concomitant extension of trade, and brought about the displacement, the rearrangement, and in some instances, especially in the beginning, the degradation and the enslavement of whole sections of the working populations of the world.

It is an error, however, to imagine that there were no great industrial aggregations prior to the nineteenth century. Taking France as an instance, there were in the

eighteenth century as many as 10,000 cloth-makers in the district of Givonnes alone; the ribbon industry of St. Etienne and St. Chamond employed 26,000 people in 1755; and in 1760 around Rouen 45,000 people were working for twelve employers. This fact will be properly appreciated when we learn that in a great industrial centre like Worcester, Massachusetts, there are only 25,595 employed in the manufactories, and that those establishments run up beyond a thousand in number. The difference between then and now is that in former times the factory system was unknown, and there was not a distinct class described as the workingmen, nor were they distinguished by that other odious appellation, the proletariate. Many of the old operatives were government employees, engaged in the royal monopolies; in other establishments the master was himself a workingman, on the same social level as his men; and the peasants also were engaged at these industries in their homes. But when individual competition began, vast capital was accumulated in the hands of a few, and the managers of these enterprises became controlling factors in the affairs of the nation.

More than that. The political importance which they acquired, both by their ever-growing riches and the vast numbers of people whom they influenced or controlled, profoundly modified that section of society which had been so far regarded as the dominant class, namely, the aristocracy. Wealthy plebeians were prompted almost as a matter of business to purchase a place among the nobles; not a difficult thing, because the stigma which attached to trade had long been removed, even princes not disdaining to profit by commercial speculations. Impecunious noblemen also, whom the centralizing character of most governments had long debarred from the administration of public affairs, welcomed such accessions to their families. The consequence was that to the aristocracy of birth succeeded the

aristocracy of wealth, with the same arrogance and aloofness, but without the same Christianity. Hence a deeper and broader line of demarcation and antagonism between the new lords, anxious to assert their superiority, and the classes which they sprung from and which they endeavored to forget. In view of the coming battle this was a serious calamity, which became more grave as Christianity lost its hold on both parties. Even where affiliation with the upper classes was not effected, the old division of gentle and simple disappeared, and between the favorites of progress and the victims of poverty a wide cleavage was made.

A French observer of English conditions finds that "the practical Englishman, the successful business man, who is proud to be a merchant and nothing else, has risen to great social and political prominence. He usurps the old traditions and privileges of the class above, and exploits in an unexampled manner the lives and energy of all beneath. For him the rationalist philosophers, the utilitarian moralists, the official economists of the mercantile school are in the place of a spiritual hierarchy, a kind of priestly class. Himself the issue of certain facts and certain changes, he has on his side whatever there is of intellectual authority in England."

In America, where nobility of birth is unknown, the ideal man is admittedly the successful business speculator, the daring financier, the captain of industry. "Over our plains," says a recent writer, "the Genius of Industry ranges unchallenged, naked, and unashamed," and President Cleveland lately felt called upon to say that "No one can be so blind as not to see that in our growing and consuming madness in the pursuit of wealth, with its consequent indifference to political duty, there is a danger that our social and industrial equality will be destroyed, and our political independence made the sport of demagogues."

As long ago as 1879 no less a personage than the Czar

of Russia said of us: "Your great industrial development has built up very large fortunes in few hands, and the conditions such fortunes produce must bring on a class conflict that cannot fail to make a test of the stability of your institutions. The men who have those fortunes know only the law of greed; they have no respect for the rights of others, and they will surely make an effort to use the strong arm of government to enslave the people. They will use the public franchises you grant with so liberal and so dangerous a hand to tax the people. They will organize into groups to increase their power, and their aggressions will as surely drive the body of your people to the enactment of laws which may be most hurtful to the general prosperity. I see a great conflict which must soon come in America between the few who have vast fortunes and the many reduced to a kind of industrial slavery." (*Independent,* March 24, 1904.)

That commerce should preponderate in determining the policies of the nation was inevitable. As early as 1776 we hear Seguier remonstrating with Louis XVI, that "Corporations are a chain whose first link is connected with the authority of the throne, and it would be perilous to break it. The mere idea of doing so should fill us with terror; it would mean the reconstruction of the whole political edifice from top to bottom."

This is much truer now. Acquisition of power through commercial success is almost the exclusive aim of the great nations and the great men of our times, and industrialism of every kind has made itself the dominant spirit of the age. It affects the decisions of statesmen; it shapes the policies of governments; it dictates treaties of peace and declarations of war; it compels the establishment of standing armies and the building of monstrous fleets to protect and promote the interests of trade all over the world; it imposes enormous burdens of taxation, which fall heaviest

on the poor; it multiplies, indeed, the wealth of nations, but it increases the opportunities for personal and political corruption; and it is now absolutely without control, for its cardinal tenet is that religious principles have no concern in the business enterprises and world-politics of to-day. No wonder that thinking men are filled with alarm.

Besides establishing this new and powerful class of moneyed magnates, the needs of commerce and industry naturally led to the centralization of manufactures in one place; the facilities for cheaper and quicker production and distribution rendering it imperative.

Two results followed: first, the destruction of the peasant class. Machinery, as well as the discoveries of the new science of chemistry, had the effect of making a large agricultural population superfluous; while at the same time the gigantic scale on which modern farming began to be conducted transformed the former peasant proprietors into employees. We are familiar with this; but the *Revue de Paris* tells us that this change is now taking place even in France, where the small landowner was hitherto considered the principal strength of the nation. The second result was the aggregation of vast multitudes within the walls of factories and at the mouths of pits, in conditions which especially in the beginning were a disgrace to civilization. These displaced millions were valued mainly for their power to increase the wealth of their masters, and, as some one has said, were " a regimented and rightless proletariate as truly as were the ancient toilers of Egypt."

It is true that certain economists find the condition of this class to be much better than it was before trade had brought about these changes. Thus Rae, in his " Contemporary Socialism," informs us that in 1668 the average income of a working family in England was £12 12*s.* and is now £81; that 74 per cent of the population were then breadwinners and earned 26 per cent of the income of

the whole country; whereas, in 1867, 80 per cent were breadwinners and earned 40 per cent of the income of the country. According to Mulhall, seventy-five years ago the workman toiled 90 to 100 hours a week, but now only 56½, while wages have increased 12 and in some cases 40 per cent. Carroll D. Wright says that wages rose from $100 a year in 1850 for 70 hours a week to $250 in 1880 for 60 hours, and he finds factory life much better for light, air, and sanitation than in the old system of domestic manufacture.

Other students of the question, however, take different views, and call attention to the fact that while the laboring man receives absolutely more pay for his work, yet his poverty is much more acute by contrast. His clothes, though cheaper, are generally the result of sweating, which itself is oppression of the workingman; they are quickly destroyed by the atmosphere in which the laborer lives and the work he is engaged in. Devas calculates that English workmen waste millions every year in this fashion. The food he eats, though cheaper and more varied, is frequently adulterated and unwholesome; the dwellings he occupies sometimes consume twenty per cent of his income, and are so indecently crowded as to be notoriously and shamefully prejudicial to health and morality; the air he breathes at his work is often poisonous; the smoke and soot that hang over the great industrial centres deprive him of the light of the sun, and defile everything with grime; the pollution of every running stream, which modern industry universally and stupidly converts into sewers, makes even water hard to procure; even if not crippled at his work, the workman is liable to be laid off when still young, forty being in some instances the time limit; when maimed or killed, there is little or no provision for his helpless family, and such a contingency is not remote, for Mulhall puts the figure of those who are killed in Great Britain at 18,000 a year,

while we in the United States run up to 30,000, the mines being mainly responsible; and in any event, the future has little hope for the discontented toiler who reads that in England and Wales, according to the official accounts, there are nearly 400,000 dependent paupers, not to speak of the multitudes that are living from hand to mouth.

Which of these conflicting testimonies is true matters little. The fact is that the workingman of to-day, whether better off or not, is ploughed with discontent, although factory legislation has remedied many of the original abuses and private philanthropy has been busy in ameliorating his condition. He recognizes that he is a new factor in the world. He knows that he is not the serf that he was one hundred and fifty years ago, when any kind of labor was a badge of slavery and when the police were ordered to exert special vigilance on the working classes as being naturally prone to disorder. Even the Revolution of '89, which he wrongly regards as the first step in his emancipation, used all the power of the State against him. Napoleon in his turn gave the laboring classes no consideration whatever. On the other side of the Channel the condition of Sir Robert Peel's English operatives in 1802 in some respects surpassed the horrors of African slavery. Yet he himself was a master manufacturer, to whom the new system of labor had brought wealth and power and station. The attitude of the government toward the workers may be realized by the fact that Peel was unable to get an act passed in Parliament "for the preservation of the health and morality of apprentices and others employed in cotton factories." During the bourgeois *régime* in France from 1815 to 1849 they counted for naught, and it was only under Napoleon III, who boasted of being a Socialist, that they were allowed the right to assemble, to state their grievances, and ultimately to vote when universal suffrage was accorded.

Since then the laborer has been transformed mentally, morally, socially. He is now one of an organized body, a distinct class in society, and in close union not only with men of his own trade and country, but with those of every other country, and absolutely separated from and antagonistic to those who employ him. The use of machinery has not degraded him. On the contrary, it has made him more intelligent, and his increased technological and professional education is continually quickening his perceptions, which began to be trained in the primary schools and are kept on the alert by evening classes, lectures, reading, etc. He reads and he thinks, both badly at times, it is true, but he does both. Moreover, he has been taught from childhood that he is every man's equal, and demagogues and a part of the press, especially his own, din into his ears that he is defrauded of his patrimony, that he has a right to his share in the wealth which he sees everywhere lavished in all sorts of criminal indulgence, that governments are corrupt and are in the hands of the moneyed classes; that because of the ballot he is the controlling political factor in the world, that a great and mighty change is rapidly coming of which he will reap the first and greatest benefit, and that he has only to organize and wait for the signal to be given.

Unfortunately, while all this was going on, the religious spirit of the world deteriorated. The principle of the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century, which authorized everyone to be his own judge in the matter of religion, developed in the eighteenth century into the teachings of rationalism and materialism; the former doing away with the supernatural, while the latter denied that a man had a soul and a hereafter. Both doctrines descended naturally into the degrading evolution of to-day, which is regarded as especially socialistic and which teaches that the crimes of men and nations are only the phenomena of great

foreordained cosmic changes, over which man has no control, and so does away with the moral law.

These doctrines, accepted as the gospel of what are called the educated classes of to-day, have by means of innumerable essays, romances, public conferences, and editorials filtered down into the minds of the modern workingmen. Finally, for the greater part of them, Christianity is not merely a dead issue, but is treated with scorn and contempt, every effort being made by their instructors to render it ridiculous and offensive. Churchmen are hypocrites and moneygetters; Christ is no better than Buddha or Confucius or Mahomet, and if God exists He is a tyrant and a monster.

Out of these conditions in the ethical, political, religious, domestic, and commercial world Socialism arose.

It presents itself under various aspects and with apparently different objects, but all tending remotely or immediately to one end, namely, the change or overthrow of all existing governments. They may be classified as follows:

1. Social Democracy or Collectivism, which demands the appropriation and administration by the State of all capital and instruments of labor. This is claimed by its adherents as the only genuine form of Socialism.

2. Positive Communism, which enlarges on Collectivism and aims at the transfer of all goods to one administration, permitting the use of some things, however, as private property.

3. Moderate Positive Communism, which, like Collectivism, advocates only the withdrawal of capital and instruments of labor from private hands, to be administered, however, not by the State, but by labor organizations.

4. Negative Communism, which calls for the abolition of all private property.

5. Scientific Anarchy, which does not desire violent measures, at least for the present. It is supposedly aca-

demic as yet and teaches that the management of capital and labor should be put, not in the hands of the State or of the Labor Unions, but in the control of communes, which are to be independent of any central government, as were the ancient Greek republics.

6. Anarchy proper, which calls for the immediate use of fire and sword.

7. Agrarian Socialism, which demands the confiscation of land.

8. Socialism of the Chair, which advocates merely an increase of government paternalism.

The propagation of these various theories began with Saint-Simon (1776–1825), who first projected the idea in the world that labor is the source of all value, but he urged nothing practical. The Scotchman, Adam Smith, in the preceding century, had set down labor as one of the sources of wealth, but not the only one. Fourrier (1772–1837) first urged the organization of labor. Each proprietor was to contribute all his wealth to a common fund, so that everyone might follow that particular occupation for which he felt an attraction; but the forcible abolition of private property was not suggested. Louis Blanc (1811–1882) found the evils of the day originated in private competition, and wanted the State to be the chief producer, so as to make private enterprise impossible. Karl Rodbertus, in Germany (1805–1875), pleaded for the abolition of real estate and capital, as private possessions. Next came Karl Marx, the greatest of all Socialist writers and leaders. In his work entitled *Capital,* he maintained that labor is the only source of exchange value, and that the surplus above that, which now goes to the capitalist, should be contributed to a common fund. Marx is the founder of the International or the union of labor associations of all nations. Associated with him was Lassalle (1825–1864), whose Workingman's Programme, delivered at the Berlin

Workingman's Club, is called The Wittenberg Thesis of Socialism, alluding, of course, to Luther's declaration at the time of the Reformation. He is famous for his theory of the Iron Law of Wages, which even Bishop Ketteler adopted, but which the Trades Unions, by pushing up the scale of wages as they wished, have shown to be false. Bebel and Liebknecht are the most prominent Socialists to-day, the former of whom was originally a bitter opponent of the movement. The Russians, Bakounin and Krapotkin, are the chief apostles of anarchy; the former propagated it in Italy, in spite of Mazzini. There are others distinguished in the movement, like Engles, Babœuf, Ferri, Bernstein; but these will suffice.

What gives significance to it is that the doctrine is preached by representatives of every class of society. Saint-Simon was a noble, Babœuf a plebeian, Bakounin and Krapotkin princes; and, what is very remarkable, according to Gualtieri, whose treatise on Socialism is the most scholarly and comprehensive work yet published, the chief apostles of Socialism in Italy are the middle class, or bourgeoisie, whose existence above all others is threatened. "Socialism," he says, "is not produced spontaneously in the lower strata of society, it is not the natural fruit of the sufferings of the lowly, and of the tyranny and oppression of the rich, but is propagated and fomented among the ignorant masses by members of the middle class, who have never felt these sufferings nor undergone this oppression. Various motives impel them to take part in this agitation. In some it is a real desire to mitigate the hardships of the poor, in others it is envy of those higher placed than themselves, and the desire to secure their own elevation by the overthrow of the existing order. The seed is nearly always laid in the schools by teachers who abuse their office to inculcate their political principles. Numbers of masters and professors, in primary and secondary schools as well as in

the universities, preach Socialism and hold the most subversive doctrines, which they proclaim openly from the chair or platform." (*Tablet,* March 5, 1904.) On the other hand, in France the bourgeoisie, which now includes all property owners, are considered to be the chief enemy of the Socialists, though the bourgeoisie proper were really the cause of the French Revolution. De Mun fancies that the strong religious feeling of this class gives hope for the future, while Bodley considers that their opposition to the collectivist theories of the Socialist is a remnant of their old Individualistic doctrines of 1789. In Germany the greatest men in the movement, Marx and Lassalle, were Jews. Hegel, who formulated the pantheistic religion of Socialism, and is considered, so to say, its high priest, was originally intended for the ministry. In Denmark women are its most ardent propagandists. In Holland the leader is an ex-Lutheran minister, and in Belgium a millionaire.

The movement has made the greatest progress in Germany, because property and comfort are badly distributed there, and because its doctrines have been scientifically studied. Even when Bismarck resorted to repressive measures, after the attempt to assassinate the old Emperor, there were 155 Socialist newspapers in the Empire. The Socialist vote fell off 30 per cent, but now they have 81 representatives in Parliament, and Bebel, the leader, is said to control 3,000,000 votes. However, it is not sure that the wonderful increase in the last election was altogether due to sympathy with the party. Bebel maintains that the army is honeycombed with Socialism, which, considering the harsh treatment meted out to the rank and file, is not to be wondered at. Over-education is responsible also to some extent. Thirty-one per cent of the physicians of Berlin, it is said, earn only $750 a year, and all the professions are overcrowded. It is evident that there is room there for discontent.

In France, for the last six years, the government has been controlled by the Socialists, and Jaurès, their leader, boasts that it cannot exist without them. Their representatives in the Ministry are men like Millerand and Pelletan, and in the Chambres their cause is advocated by most eloquent speakers, like Viviani and others. The great cities are the chief centres of the movement, the peasantry having no liking for a party which proclaims the destruction of peasant proprietorship; but that preservative element is now being eliminated.

It is not strong with the Magyars, who are generally in comfortable circumstances, though it is said to control 1,000,000 votes in Austria. On the other hand, the Poles, although poor, are not enthusiastic about the movement. If they declare for it, hatred of Germany and Russia prompts them. The Czechs of Bohemia are not ardent for it, but the Italians are. Bakounin, the Russian anarchist, introduced it there, but the anarchist feature has faded somewhat; and politics are resorted to for its advancement, as well as the infamous journals like the *Avanti* and the *Asino,* which are scattered broadcast to discredit religion and corrupt the people.

The universal and rapidly growing distress in the three classes of Italian society facilitates the work of propagating it; but Laveleye very curiously says it can never make much headway there, because there is no metropolis which can be made a centre of agitation. "The malaria which makes Rome uninhabitable for the greater part of the year will long preserve her from the horrors of a Commune." It is physical against moral disease.

As far back as 1873 there were already 300,000 Socialists in Spain; but the party is rent with divisions. Singularly enough, the peasants are more socialistic and communistic than the workingmen, the reason being that they dislike a general government and cling to their old forms

of communal administration. In fact, the workingmen were, at least some time ago, strongly against the movement.

In Portugal Socialism does not prosper. Switzerland is swarming with foreign Socialists, but the Swiss themselves do not favor the movement, possibly because most of their Cantons have long adopted many of the Collectivist ideas in their methods of government. England is the hope and despair of the Continental Socialists. Everything is ready for a revolution, but the people will not rise, and Marx said that any proletariate movement in which England is not a factor is like a storm in a glass of water. Belgium, on account of its manufactures, seems well adapted to the work, but it has not thriven there. Laveleye attributes the ill-success to free discussion. It is rather due to the sturdy Catholicity of the country. But the most remarkable of all is there is no Socialism in Ireland, although it seems a miracle for a country seething for centuries with economic and political discontent to escape such a visitation.

The most serious feature of Socialism is that it has or is a religion. Like all aggregations of men, it cannot get along without it. Witness Freemasonry, with its rites and symbols, its ceremonies, its dogmas, its altars, its priesthood. Socialism has its religious tenets, and is not merely a philanthropic movement or a political platform. If that was understood, many who support it now would abjure it absolutely. As a matter of fact, you can scarcely take up a Socialist book that attempts to treat the matter scientifically without finding some reference, directly or indirectly, to the teachings of the German pantheist Hegel, who formulated its dogmas and is considered its prophet and high priest. Like all false religions, it develops a fanaticism which it cannot control.

Hegel taught that religion, like all else, follows the law of evolution. It began with the beliefs of the Orient; they gave way in turn to the religions of Greece and Rome,

which subsequently succumbed to Christianity. It is time now for Christianity to be supplanted by the worship of Humanity, which is the true divinity. We are all parts of that divinity, and our individual relations to it constitute the code of ethics of the modern world.

Reducing this theory to a practical working programme, Marx, in his *Secret Societies in Switzerland,* writes: "We wage war against all prevailing ideas about religion. The idea of God is the keystone of a perverted civilization, and it is needful to sweep it from the face of the earth."

"God and humanity," says Prudhon, in his *Confessions d'un révolutionaire,* "are two irreconcilable enemies, and the first duty of an enlightened man is to drive away mercilessly the idea of God from the mind and the conscience. Atheism ought to be the law of morals and of the intelligence; the atheism of Spinoza and of Hegel; atheism, in brief, which is idealism raised to its highest power." In the French Chambres, Viviani, the most pronounced Socialist orator, proclaimed that the fight against the Congregations was not against clericalism nor Catholicity nor Christianity, but against all religion. And Buisson, one of the chief officials in the Ministry of Education, thus expresses himself: "In all the story about God and the world which Catholic dogma presents, there is not one single word which does not provoke, I will not say, indignation, for in order to be indignant one would have to believe, but a mute and melancholy denial. The only possible result of all rational education must be the evolution of the religion of the past into the irreligion of the future." Not to quote further, "the triumph of the Galilean," says Senator Delpech, "has lasted long enough. It is now His time to die."

From all this, several very disastrous consequences ensue. First, as regards the individual.

If it be true that man is part of the divinity, then he is absolutely his own master; he is a law unto himself (an

error, let it be noted, that is admitted by multitudes outside the Socialist ranks); he is not only not to be condemned but commended for satisfying all his natural wants and desires; and on the same ground, if he is one of the disinherited of fortune, he admits, as an axiom, the Socialist doctrine that all property is theft. In brief, this pantheistic doctrine befogs the mind with a pernicious delusion, which is itself a calamity, perverts the will, and makes the baser passions of men dominate, while it authorizes and applauds robbery and murder.

Secondly, it aims at the destruction of the family.

The fundamental doctrine of this new movement is that there can be no human or divine legislation with regard to the institution of marriage; that human passion is the only guide as to its duration; that promiscuity of intercourse is the ideal condition; that children belong to the State; that mothers should, according to Bebel, bring them forth in State institutions, and then be free to contract whatever other alliance may suit their fancy. For the furtherance of this end, Free Love Communities should be established where it is possible, and, where it is not, divorce laws should be enacted of such a nature as to bring about the same result.

Thirdly, it not only inculcates individual and domestic anarchy, but it professedly aims at the ruin of all existing governments. Thus Marx, in his *Secret Societies in Switzerland,* says: "We content ourselves at present with laying the foundations of revolutions, and shall have deserved well when we shall have excited hatred and contempt for all existing institutions. We wage war against all prevailing ideas about religion, state, country, patriotism."

Liebknecht, his lieutenant, candidly explains the different methods to be adopted: "A general ought to change his tactics according to the movements of the enemy. Were we living in Russia we should adopt the tactics of the

Nihilist. We should employ all the means which the modern State affords to turn people against it."

The Socialist party, which met in Cincinnati as far back as 1885, besides declaring for government ownership of railroads, canals, ferries, gas, telephone, telegraphs, etc., insisting on recalling of all land grants, the furnishing of meals, clothing, etc., to children, and the granting of divorce on mutual consent, calls for the abolition of the Senate and Vice-Presidency of the United States. All these demands might be justified if the source of authority is the people, and if they have a right to revoke it at pleasure.

To expedite this work of destruction of existing governments, Marx founded his International Society, which unites the Socialists of every country in one body, irrespective of nationality, and thus secures their coöperation in all the vast network of schemes for the control of education, for enforcing laws of divorce, for the enslavement or extirpation of Christianity, the removal of national frontiers, the dissolution of the national armies, in a word, for a complete and universal social and political revolution.

In France, where Socialism is most successful, there is no concealment of the purpose to do away absolutely with love of country, beginning with destroying it in the hearts of the children. While we are reverencing our flag and floating it from every school house, school teachers there can denounce the national banner as an old rag or an old petticoat; the *Review of Primary Instruction* can tell its readers that if the Government ever attempts to recover Alsace and Lorraine the people ought to establish the Commune to prevent that result; school books applaud or excuse the assassination of President Carnot, and when these acts are brought before the Chambres one of the Ministers of Education is found to defend the criminals and no word of condemnation is uttered even by the Prime Minister, Combes. Thus the work goes on. Mazzini, in Italy, was

once considered a patriot; now he is a belated idealist; and the society which the National Socialists of Germany organized as a check on the International has completely collapsed.

Nor do they propose to leave the accomplishment of their work to a remote future. For although there is a revolutionary and an evolutionary Socialism, and although a professor of the Union Theological Seminary of New York assures the readers of the *North American Review* (June, 1904) that a resolution of the evolutionary section was recently carried which declared that "in the modern democratic State the conquest of the public powers by the proletariate cannot be the result of a *coup de main,* but the gradual conquest of municipalities and legislative assemblies," yet apart from the fact that this applies only to democratic and not to other countries, and that "the resolution has caused heated discussion ever since, and that the very author of the resolution himself believes in a final revolution," the recent Socialist Congress in Italy, held about the time that Loubet was hobnobbing with Victor Emmanuel, could scarcely control the partisans of immediate and violent action.

Finally, it is absolutely destructive of all human liberty. We need no better proof of that than to glance at what is going on in France, whose government the Socialists boast of controlling. What is the position of every Frenchman living there to-day? He has no liberty to write, he has no liberty to speak, he has no liberty to pray, he has no liberty to devote himself to good works, he has no liberty to enter a church or to allow anyone belonging to him to do so; he has no liberty to teach virtue to his children, or even to educate them in secular matters; he has no liberty to think differently from his rulers, and if he is suspected of doing so he has no liberty to own an inch of property or to draw breath in his native land; and if he goes

elsewhere it is only to be a victim of the International, who interpellate their respective governments about the expulsion of those who were not allowed to live in their own country only because they are virtuous, and for being so are regarded as rebels and enemies. "Absolute subservience in body and soul in those who teach," according to Jaurès, the leading Socialist, "is the basis on which the present government of France is built."

Thus liberty, family, governments, country, all are menaced by this new power that has arisen in almost every country in the world.

What is to be the issue of all this? One of three things: universal anarchy, the advent of some military leviathan, or the intervention of a third power to avert both calamities.

Even if anarchy were not proclaimed as the purpose of these movements, anyone may see that such must be the result.

Collectivism and all its subsidiary and derivative schemes make for that end. They begin by trampling on property rights, which all men, even Socialists, will fight for. That is in fact what they are fighting for now. Secondly, the movement in all its phases increases the powers of governments by giving them control over every element of human life. That means the increase of human slavery. The old royal monopolies which could put men at whatever trade might suit the government taught that lesson, as did Italy in modern times when it turned its employees into soldiers to shoot down the strikers. Thirdly, Socialism multiplies opportunities for political corruption, which, as everyone knows, is far enough advanced at present. It is idle to plead the economy and more general comfort which Collectivism would effect. Like "the twa dogs," it is better to have a shaggy coat than a sleek one with a chain-mark on it. Moreover, Collectivist municipalities have not proved a success.

Nor will Communism in any form be possible. Religious men may unite in small bodies and give up their will and possessions, but not anti-religious mobs or multitudes. Nor will they agree with each other, whether they are subjected to a central authority or ruled by Labor Unions, or are independent republics or without rule at all. The greater States have not done so; neither will they. Nor will arbitration avail. It has not succeeded now, while some vestiges of Christian ethics linger in International Law. Will it, when International Law is based on the power to seize what is wanted?

But apart from the futility or fallaciousness of all these theories, the fact that they propose to destroy all civil and domestic institutions must necessarily array against them every man who loves his home, his family, and his country, or in whom there remains any sense of duty to God. The ruin that is meditated and avowed dispenses with reasoning on the truth or falsehood of the doctrine.

Nor out of the resulting chaos can it be hoped that those who have shown ability only to destroy will be able to construct any of their ideal states of the future. Unless the history of mankind is going suddenly to reverse itself, the issue, in the event not merely of universal anarchy — people will not wait for that — but even of widespread disorder, must inevitably be, that the remorseless tyranny of some military ruler will restore tranquillity, if not peace, through oppression and bloodshed.

How can we avert such a calamity? The answer is, that there must be a prudent, sincere, unbiassed, upright, and courageous intervention on the part of the State. For its own preservation it must repress all riot and disorder, and for the same reason compel the dissolution of those associations which are plotting anarchy, just as it must encourage those which make for the spiritual and temporal betterment of the working classes. It must legislate especially

for the protection of the poor, who are more helpless than the rich; it must prohibit anything like starvation wages and protracted hours of labor; it must insist on compensation not merely for what is perhaps compulsorily and usuriously agreed to, but for what is necessary for proper support; it must compel the erection and maintenance of decent habitations; it must guard helpless women and children from labor that is excessive, or dangerous to health and morals; it must provide proper rest and recreation for the laborer; it must exact an equal distribution of taxes and not permit and, above all, not be in collusion with certain individuals or classes or combinations to reap enormous and ever-growing profits without bearing a proportionate share in the public burdens.

These and other regulations for the guidance of governments are laid down at length in that most memorable and valuable document which the United States Commissioner of Statistics, Carroll D. Wright, proudly boasts of carrying about him as a *vade mecum,* namely, the Encyclical on the Condition of Labor, by the illustrious Pontiff, Leo XIII. It has already attracted the attention of the entire world.

But how are you going to influence the great money powers which at the present time often control the machinery of governments, using it most selfishly and most cruelly for their own advantage? And how are you going to put a check on the angry multitudes who are, or think they are, the victims of those powers? There is only one influence that is left, and that is religion, which, no matter how bad a man is, still lingers in his heart and exerts its power. But what kind of religion, one naturally asks, as he looks around at the chaos that meets his gaze?

The only opponent of Socialism, according to the English anarchist, Hyndman, is the Catholic Church, and Vandevelde, the spokesman of Belgian Socialism, writes in the *Independent,* February 25, 1904, as follows:

" On the one hand are all those who hold that authority should descend from above, and who find in the Roman Catholic Church the most perfect expression of their ideal. On the other, those who insist that authority shall come from the people, and who by the logic of circumstances can find their hopes in nothing but Social Democracy. One may welcome or deplore the fact of this coming concentration about the Roman Catholic Church on the one side and the Social Democracy on the other, but no one can deny that this concentration is inevitable; and the future struggle will have to be fought out between these two armies. To those, therefore, who are interested in the social movement of Europe we say: ' Observe above all else, if you wish to consider only the essential factors, the political activities of the Roman Catholic Church and those of International Socialism.' "

The mistake in these two declarations is that the Catholic Church is held to be an enemy. She is not. She will conquer, but conquer as a friend. Under these wild demands she detects many a glimmer of truth and many a just cause for complaint, while she also sees unfortunately bound up and mingled with them many outrageous and destructive errors which can only bring disaster on their adherents.

To eliminate the evil and secure the good is her only purpose. She is not unprepared for the fight; she expects it. She may be beaten at first, but she will ultimately triumph. She has had the experience before.

To the doctrine of the divinity of human nature she replies: Human nature is divine, not, however, in being part of the God-head, but in the resemblance with God by the fulfilment of the moral law, which is a reflex on man's mind of the eternal laws of justice that are written in the mind of God. The higher assimilations to the Divinity by adoption and filiation only a Catholic can understand, but

they are nobler and more sublime than any pantheistic Socialist ever dreamed of.

To the clamor for International Brotherhood she makes answer: " I alone can give it to you. My very name Catholic implies that, but it will be an Internationalism which will not destroy the nations, but fortify them; not obliterate patriotism, but make it more acute and self-sacrificing; not degrade human nature, but lift it up and glorify it. The Black International, as you call me, will not do as the Red International, which typifies and preaches blood and carnage. The Black International is apparelled indeed in the garments of sorrow, but it is sorrow for the sins of mankind; it is symbolical of its own sufferings and afflictions which must be undergone, but through which alone happiness and peace are to be won for mankind."

The destruction of the marriage tie she will never permit. She will fight for its indissolubility though the world should seem to go to pieces about her, knowing by the divine light within her as well as by her two thousand years of worldly trial that upon the stability of the family and the dignity of woman depends the safety of the nations.

She will not countenance your right of revolution, if only for the reason that she has too often seen that these popular upheavals are planned mostly for the political ambition of individuals, and that the people are invariably the sufferers.

She makes light of the accusation that she has been always the ally of kings and princes. She has been when they reigned with justice; but most of her sorrows have come to her for withstanding them when they wrought iniquity. She alone dares to reprove and threaten and condemn the rich and powerful.

She pays no heed to the calumny that she favors the rich. Her distinctive trait, as well as her glory, is that she is the Church of the poor. She has covered the world with her institutions of benevolence, and she has never ceased her

care for the orphan, the sick, the abandoned, the fallen, the ignorant, the outcast, and the criminal wherever they could be found, in the hospitals, in the orphanages, in the slums, in the prisons, and even on the scaffold, and her claim was never so much in evidence as to-day when the Socialist government of France drives out from their country 160,000 admittedly blameless men and women whose only purpose in life was to devote themselves to the suffering members of humanity. The Church would have won too much esteem and power had such love been allowed to be lavished on the people. That the poor were to suffer in consequence was not considered for an instant. With her, poverty is no disgrace; it is an honor, and the rich and poor meet on the same level at her altars.

Finally, she alone is the apostle of liberty. From the time that St. Paul pleaded for the fugitive slave she has been striking off the shackles of the serf, and she alone to-day can save the workingman from a worse servitude than the one from which he is striving to emancipate himself. She alone preaches a true equality for all men, and the humblest can occupy and have occupied the most splendid posts in her hierarchy. Nor could it be otherwise, for she was established by the Son of God, who sounded the depths of human suffering and poverty, who was born in a stable and had not a grave of His own to be buried in.

On what lines does the Church propose to proceed? On the old lines:

1. By teaching, by inculcating, and almost by compelling, through the instrumentality of her pulpits, her schools, and her confessionals, reverence for God, obedience to divine and human law, and love for humanity. The world around us is just now beginning to understand the power of these three bulwarks against destructive and revolutionary Socialism.

2. By consecrating, in all the glow and ardor of their

youth, her countless armies of heroic sons and daughters who go down gladly into the depths of human misery, where they touch with their hand and feel with their heart all the physical and moral woes from which mankind is suffering, and by their voluntary poverty, their self-immolating benevolence, and also by the dazzling beauty of their lives hold in check the angry and rebellious multitudes that are in danger of being led away.

3. By inspiring Catholic governments to initiate, not under pressure but of their own volition, economic reforms which recognize and forestall the reasonable demands of the people, and to do so not for motives of expediency or fear but for reasons of right and justice. Such was the case when Europe was Catholic, when there were but few labor troubles, although the gigantic Workingmen's Guilds, better organized than are the Labor Unions of to-day, extended their influence everywhere in protecting and uplifting the workman, but at the same time rendering anarchy impossible because of the religious idea in which those organizations were conceived and by which they were strengthened and perpetuated. The attempt to resuscitate them by the present Protestant Emperor of Germany is a tribute to the wisdom of the past; the failure to do so is an admission of the weakness of the religious spirit in the workingman of to-day.

Unfortunately we have but one example at the present time of a government acting under such inspiration, but it is sufficient as an illustration, namely, Catholic Belgium, whose great manufacturing interests and condensed population seemed to afford a most promising field for a Socialist propaganda, but in which Socialism has not been able to secure a foothold because of the Christian solicitude of the government in providing for the needs of the people and in supporting the undertakings of private philanthropy. Socialism, in spite of its gigantic efforts, has found itself

anticipated there, while the safeguard of religion among the people prevents the excesses into which great economic changes without such a restraint inevitably fall, and the country has been for over twenty years in the enjoyment of a prosperity unparalleled in its history.

A better example of this influence is found in the effect which Catholicity has had, not merely on a country but on an entire race. Centuries of misrule would naturally have hurled the entire Irish people into the hands of the Socialists, but the Irish reverence for parental, civil, and ecclesiastical authority, ingrained in them by the Catholic training and tradition of long centuries, has, to the amazement of the revolutionists, kept them as a body solid as a wall of brass on the side of order. There is no more faithful father of a family and no more self-sacrificing patriot in his native or his adopted country than an Irishman. There are some, unfortunately, on the wrong side, but an Irish anarchist or out-and-out Socialist is a recreant to his race and religion.

When it cannot mould an entire nation or race, it avails itself of the popular elements at its disposal and fashions them into solid and enduring defences of their country. Thus, because and only because of this influence, have we the splendid spectacle of the German Catholics of to-day, whom Bismarck thirty years ago tried his best to exterminate, forgetting all that now and standing as the admitted defenders of that Protestant Empire against the inroads of Socialism. Take away the conservative force of Catholicity from the body of the people at large, and from their representatives in the Reichstag, and build up the three million Socialist vote by the other millions that would be added, were not Catholicity there to prevent it, and the great Empire would probably totter to its foundations. This condition of things in a country where Socialism had so much to hope for is sufficient to explain the bitter hatred entertained for Catholicity.

This bitterness is not reciprocated, though opposition to the economic and religious delusions of their opponents is none the less profound and unyielding. Catholics have been content to quietly build up their strength, and year after year for half a century, even in the midst of galling persecution, they have come before the world to reiterate in assemblies ever increasing in number and importance their adherence to the principles of right and justice, until in our own day, under the walls of the Cathedral of Cologne, one of the most splendid monuments that the workingmen of the world have ever constructed, the Catholic Congress, grown now to 12,000 delegates, representing every social element from the parliamentarian and the professor to the peasant and the mechanic, some of whom voiced the will of organizations like the Volksverein of 300,000 or 400,000 members, came to report the vast work that had been accomplished in establishing workingmen and women's clubs, industrial schools, rural banks, industrial and agricultural federations, courses in sociology and political economy, and countless other beneficent organizations besides.

It was the sonorous utterance of an overwhelming spirit of religion and patriotism making that magnificent and solemn declaration of fealty to God, religion, and country, which gave the assurance, not only to the rulers of Germany but to the world at large, that where a people is influenced by genuine Christianity the country is safe from the enemies without and the still more dangerous foes who lurk within. Catholics of other countries would do well to follow their example.

On the same lines are the Catholics of France and Italy making their uphill fight. To those who have been able to study them closely the number of enterprises which they have inaugurated and carried to a successful issue for the betterment of the working classes is simply amazing,

achieved as they are in spite of governments which do everything possible to thwart these efforts.

What are we to do? The same thing. Socialism with us is not yet a formidable political power, but there is all the more reason, before it becomes an aggressive and organized force, to build up an army of federated associations actuated by principles which are antagonistic to or corrective of those dangerous doctrines we have been considering; a great conservative body of men, who can always be relied on as the champions of law and order, who, far from being a source of apprehension for their fellow countrymen will be recognized as stanch defenders of justice and right; men who believe in the rights of property, the sanctity of marriage, the love of country, the right of liberty, and the rational pursuit of happiness, and who base all these claims, not on convenience or expediency, but because the light of reason and the light of religion reveal them as springing from the eternal laws which reason and revelation keep constantly before our eyes. Men who are penetrated with such principles will be the pillars of their country in time of peace and its stanchest defenders in time of war. The solution of the problem rests largely if not exclusively with us.

Golden Jubilee of St. John's Church

Bangor, Maine, November 5, 1906

ON an occasion like this, when the Church, with all the solemn and sublime pageantry of its sacred ritual, summons the throngs of its priests and prelates and people to commemorate in this splendid basilica another triumph of the extension of the Kingdom of Christ, it is proper to cast a glance backward so as to better understand the way in which this glory has been achieved.

Unlike to-day, it was a dream, a delusion, a myth that attracted men here three or four hundred years ago. On the present site of Bangor there was thought to be a wonderfully beautiful though barbaric city called Norumbega. Even Milton sang of it. Many a traveller ascended the Penobscot in search of it, and one enthusiastic writer, whose account Hakluyt published, told of its houses of crystal with silver colonnades, and its inhabitants all decked out in pearls and gold. It was sought for with an eagerness like that which urged Ponce de León and his followers in their quest for the Fountain of Youth, and, as late as 1583, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, reading Hakluyt's story and dreaming only of loading his vessels with silver, carried with him the poet Parmenius to sing its praises. But when Champlain came to Bangor and found only the squalid wigwams of the savages, the myth evaporated, though traces of it still lingered for fifty or sixty years, and the Dutch, and even the famous Captain John Smith, who came to Maine, continued to dream of Norumbega.

There was, of course, a real Norumbega, but it was a territory, not a city. Sir Humphrey Gilbert's charter described it as extending from the thirtieth to the sixtieth

degree north latitude, so that it took in not only Massachusetts, which seems to pre-empt the title by its Norumbega Park in Boston, but even New York. Indeed, it included almost the whole coast from Florida to Labrador. But popular fancy seems to have restricted it to Maine by placing its chief city on the great and beautiful river, the Penobscot, whose name, says one writer, might well describe the entire State. But its limitations and locality do not concern us now. What interests us is: When did Christianity come to Norumbega?

Apart from the shadowy traditions that missionaries from the Island of Saints came out to the Isles of the West, to Hy Brasil, the Wooded Land of which the Irish bards loved to sing, it is beyond doubt that Catholicity (for no other form of Christianity existed) was preached in this part of the world, and perhaps on this very spot, nearly one thousand years ago.

In the Fenway of Boston stands a bronze figure of Leif, the son of Eric, who was sent out here from Greenland to found a Christian colony, though the authorities, in accepting the statue, protested they did not mean to imply by the situation of the monument that it was there he landed. That he came is admitted, but where he went or what he did to convert the natives we cannot say. The colony endured, however, in some way or other, and fifty years after the coming of Leif, Bishop John, of Skalholt, in Iceland, who is said to have been an Irishman, ended his life here in suffering and torture, though that, like so many other things, is questioned; but one fact is beyond doubt, namely, that a century later the Bishop of Gardar in Greenland, " full of missionary zeal, accompanied the ships of his seafaring flock and reached the land known in the Sagas of the North by the name of Vinland," which was part, at least, of the Norumbega of later times. Here the bishop died, but how far to the north or to the south either he or his predecessor car-

ried the cross we are unable to determine, though we know that the venturesome Norsemen were in Labrador, Newfoundland, and New England, and perhaps the vestiges of Catholic symbols found among the savages of St. Croix in Maine five centuries later might be traced to that source.

But besides this remote preaching of the Gospel, Maine has had other points of contact with Catholicity in more recent years. The Cabots, who were sent out by the Catholic King of England, Henry VII, and who very probably sailed over the Gulf of Maine, were Catholics, of course.

The Catholic Verazzano came here in 1524 and mapped out the coast; and in what is now New Brunswick in the next expedition with Rut, in 1527, a priest lost his life among the savages. It is this voyage which is of particular importance to us, for historians tell us that the "Mary of Guilford returned by the coasts of Newfoundland, Cape Breton, and Norumbega, entering the ports of those regions, landing and examining the condition of the country." They thus furnished us with the account of the first actual landing of the white man in this part of the world, at least in modern times; and what is of still more absorbing interest to us, told us that with them was a "canon of St. Paul's in London, a learned man and a mathematician," who had placed his scientific attainments as well as his priestly office at the service of the expedition. Hence we have the very solid assurance that in 1527 a priest ministered in these parts, offered the Holy Sacrifice, and preached the Gospel in the English tongue, though he was an Italian named Albert de Prato.

Again, the Portuguese-Spaniard, Esteban Gomez, was here and called the Penobscot the Rio Grande and the Rio Hermoso — the Great and the Beautiful River — and the land around it the land of Gomez. Roberval's daring sailor, Allefonsce, likewise came to Maine, and the Franciscan friar, Thevet, whom some writers seek to discredit, ex-

plored and described the country, and told how the French were already settled there; a statement which naturally angers the partisans of England's claims. He, too, must have preached the Gospel to his countrymen. Others might be cited, but this is enough to show that Catholicity is not an alien religion in Maine.

There were Catholics, of course, in the ill-fated ships of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, which in 1583 were engulfed in the waves of the Atlantic off Cape Race; for it was a Catholic expedition for the colonization of Norumbega. It was planned by two Catholic noblemen, Gerard and Peckham, who proposed to send out one thousand Catholics to the continent of Europe and from thence transport them to America to escape the persecutions then raging in England. "All the papists," a spy reported, "were praying for its success." But Gilbert's disaster and death checked, though it did not completely crush, the ardor of those who were promoting the enterprise. Twenty years later, the project was revived by Lord Arundell of Wardour, but failed because of the opposition of the famous Jesuit, Father Parsons, who believed its purpose impossible of accomplishment.

Of course, all of these historical findings are to a certain extent vague and unsatisfactory, but in the summer of 1612, over on the beach of the Grand Manan, at what is now known as Whitehead Island, there might have been seen a pale face in the garb of a savage, kneeling at the feet of a priest and making his confession. He was a Frenchman who had fled from the settlement of Acadia and was living among the Indians. The Jesuit missionary, Biard, had gone in pursuit of him, and when the unhappy man was reconciled to God, an altar was built on the shore, and, amid a group of bedizened soldiers and painted savages, Mass was celebrated, at which the restored fugitive made his Easter Communion.

This is the first explicit record we have of the celebration of the Divine mysteries on the borders of the present State of Maine.

A few days afterward the same great missionary stood at an altar in front of a little stockade on the St. John's River. It was early morning, and the occupants of the fort as well as the men from the ship knelt together on the strand to assist at Holy Mass. In spite of this solemn beginning the day almost ended in Bloodshed. From there the travellers sailed along the coast and entered the Kennebec, where Father Biard went ashore and celebrated the Holy Mysteries, but came near being murdered at the altar by the Indians. The site of this interesting event it has been impossible to determine.

This voyage of the priest seems like a prelude to what happened in the following year, when Fathers Biard, Massé, and Quentin abandoned the colony of Acadia and established the Mission of Saint Sauveur at Bar Harbor. "In that place," says the Protestant Bancroft, "the Indians regarded Father Biard as a messenger of heaven. They gathered around the cross, which was erected in the centre of the village, and under the summer sun when Mass was offered and the Office sung, the Roman religion appropriated the soil of Maine."

But, alas! the settlement was not long-lived. The pirate Argall of Virginia entered the harbor with a man-of-war, laid the village in ashes, and carried away two of the priests to hang them in Virginia. Providence intervened, however, and they were not hanged, but were driven by the tempests across the wide Atlantic, and after many sufferings and incidentally twice saving their enemies from the gallows, reached their native land — one of them returning, however, to labor and to die in the wilds of America; and it is worthy of note that on the banks of the St. Lawrence, near Quebec, there stands a monument to the memory of Ene-

mond Massé, one of the priests who first came ashore at Bar Harbor in 1613.

It was at this time that the disputes about the limits of Acadia began. Its extent was so vast and so vague, stretching as it did even below what is now New York and going west from Nova Scotia to the Kennebec, that ceaseless wars ensued between the claimants. The territory between the Penobscot and the Kennebec, especially, became the dark and bloody ground where French and English fought for more than a century; the English winning at last, when Wolfe and Montcalm met in death on the Plains of Abraham, only to lose the territory of Maine twenty years later in the American Revolution.

During the period which immediately followed the destruction of the Jesuit mission at Bar Harbor, devoted Capuchin monks exposed their lives for the salvation of the redmen's souls; but the work was desultory, hampered by quarrels among the French, and was not crowned with any measure of success until its first organizers returned in 1688.

But before that, in 1646, at the same time that Isaac Jogues was sent by his superiors to meet a bloody death among the Iroquois of the Mohawk, Gabriel Druillettes came to the Abenakis in Maine. Not from the Indians, however, but from the near-by English was danger to be apprehended. Father Druillettes went down as a messenger of peace to the Puritans of Massachusetts, who had put a price upon the head of every priest, and especially every Jesuit, who should enter their borders. But the diplomatic character with which he was invested served to protect him, while his eloquence, learning, and virtue quite captivated those bitter enemies of the faith. The principal men among them, notably John Eliot, even manifested an affection for him, entertained him in their houses, and treated him with the greatest respect. With the ministers he discussed religion, the council listened to his proposals, and, though his

political mission failed, he returned in safety to his Indians, and we hear of him later, far out on the Great Lakes, where, a thousand and more miles away, he spent his last days in leading those savage tribes in the ways of salvation, thus giving to Maine another link with the Catholicity of the country at large. He was an apostle from the East preaching the Gospel in the then farthest West.

But the most impressive and the most majestic figure that appears in those days is that of the hero who may be one day the patron saint of Maine, Father Sebastian Rasle, for he, by his thirty-five years of apostolate among the Indians, ending by a bloody death at the foot of his mission cross, did more than anyone else to sow the seeds of faith in this most northern State of the Union.

In spite of himself and merely because he was a priest he was the storm centre of the struggle between the French and the English. He was calumniated and maligned, tracked like a wild beast, a price was put upon his head, and he was finally slain for no other reason than that he kept his Indians in that faith which was dearer to him and to them than life, and which they, true to his memory, in spite of persecutions and poverty, have never relinquished.

A distinguished professor in his own land, where honor awaited him in the domain of letters, he came as a missionary to this country in 1689. The day of his arrival was October 13, almost coinciding with what was intended to be the date of this celebration. Eager to learn their language as rapidly as possible and at any cost, he buried himself in the squalid wigwams of the Canadian Indians, and the next year found him out where Druillettes had been before him, in the wilds of Illinois, and after four years of toil and sacrifice and danger coming back to complete his immolation of twenty-seven years of heroic labor in Maine by a martyr's death.

Two thousand miles of wilderness, where every step

meant the peril of death by starvation, exposure to wild beasts and wilder men, seemed the merest trifles for those men of gigantic spiritual stature who were our first apostles. Equal to it, perhaps, in another way in its apostolic self-sacrifice was the task which he assumed of remaining a lifetime hidden away in the repulsiveness and degradation of Indian encampments, where for a man of his sensitive nature every instant brought its loathsome and disgusting trial.

Norridgewalk, or Norridgewok, was his settlement. It was the cradle of Maine's Catholicity. Around him he gathered a Christian people, and, aided by his friends in distant France, and by his own exceptional skill at all kinds of handicraft, he adorned his little chapel, which he used to boast was as beautiful as any church in the Old World, with its rich vestments, his throng of Indian altar boys in the sanctuary in cassock and surplice, his congregation chanting the Mass and flocking to the church every day in the week at the sound of the bell that swung in his rustic tower. There, on the roads that led from the village were chapels to Our Lady and the Archangel St. Michael, where the Indian braves knelt to pray when they went out to war or to hunt. He had made his people devout and practical Catholics. Whittier describes the place in *Mog Megone* as follows:

"On the brow of a hill which slopes to meet
The flowing river, and bathe its feet,
'Mid the bare-washed and drooping grass
And the creeping vine as the waters pass—
A rude, unshapely chapel stands,
Built in that wild by unskilful hands;
Yet the traveller knows it is a place of prayer,
For the holy sign of the cross is there;
And should he chance at that place to be,
Of a Sabbath morn, or some hallowed day,
When prayers are made and masses said,
Some for the living and some for the dead,
Well might that traveller start to see
The tall, dark forms that take their way
From the birch canoe on the river-shore
And the forest path to the chapel door,

And marvel to mark the naked knees
And the dusky foreheads bending there;
And stretching his long, thin arms over these
In blessing and in prayer,
Like a shrouded spectre, pale and tall,
In his coarse white vesture — Father Rasle."

The picture is incorrect to some extent, but it illustrates how the great missionary has left his impress on the literature of New England.

He restrained his Indians from war and instructed them in all the arts of peace, taught them to build their houses and to cultivate their fields, and made not a few of the children familiar with the rudiments of learning. So thoroughly did he imbue them with love of their faith that through all the years of persecution, and in spite of many worldly inducements to apostatize, these wonderful Indians remained, with few exceptions, unalterably attached to their religion. It was here that in the moments he could snatch from the incessant labors of his mission he composed the great Abenaki dictionary, which is one of the precious literary treasures of Harvard University to-day.

Naturally and necessarily his desire to preserve the faith of his neophytes prompted him to keep them away from the Protestant English and attached to the Catholic French. As he himself was French, any other course would have been treachery to his fellow countrymen. But race feeling was only secondary, and he could have eliminated it if the faith of those confided to him were secured. But deeper than their hatred of the French was the loathing of those early English colonists for Catholicity and Catholic priests. It was sufficient for a priest, and especially a Jesuit, to be on their territory to be doomed to death. They made no secret of it. He must be removed at any cost, and they effected their purpose in a way that unhappily stamped them with everlasting infamy.

Expedition after expedition was sent out to capture him, and finally, in 1724, two hundred men moved against

Norridgewok. To bar the way against the invaders and protect his helpless people, for the warriors were away, the aged priest advanced toward the enemy and, as he stood beneath the village cross, was riddled with bullets, his body frightfully mangled and outraged, his skull crushed, and his white scalp torn from his head was carried in triumph to Boston.

That hideous trophy of the reeking scalp of a venerable priest nearly seventy years of age must surely have caused a shudder when it was exhibited as a proof that Father Rasle was dead and no longer to be feared. The Sacred Host was desecrated, the holy vessels defiled, the altar and chapel reduced to ashes, and the whole village left a heap of ruins. The precious manuscript which had cost so many years of labor and all his writings had already been stolen.

With a sad heart the Indians, after the departure of the English, buried the mangled body of the priest beneath the spot where he used to stand at the altar.

From that out the Catholicity of Maine depended upon the poor hunted Abenakis, and we should recall to their eternal honor that, although English trading houses now supplanted the French missions, yet more than fifty years after the murder of Father Rasle, when Washington sent an envoy to the tribe to induce them to fight against their former English foes, they consented under one condition, namely, that a Catholic priest should be sent to them to enable them to practise their religion.

It is equally gratifying to be able to record that the request was complied with, and, what is most amazing, the Court of Massachusetts declared its satisfaction with the religious instincts of the Indians and promised to provide a priest. What a change from the persecution of a few years before! French chaplains from the fleet of Rochambeau put themselves immediately in communication with

these abandoned but faithful Indians, but unhappily could not remain permanently among them.

Another fifty years rolled by, during which Bishop Carroll and his successors did what they could for these wandering children of the forests, but many lapsed into their original savagery for want of priests, and some even of Father Rasle's Norridgewoks yielded to the ministers who were sent among them, while the faith was making only a fitful progress among the white population. Slowly, very slowly, the decay continued, and at the end of those fifty years Catholicity in Maine was helpless, suspected, and despised. Nevertheless, even then a bishop was sent to complete the work begun so long before; but that evoked another storm. For coincidently with this nomination of a bishop in Maine and of others elsewhere, the long pent up bigotry of Know-Nothingism leaped into a conflagration over a large part of the country. In Maine children were driven from the schools and threatened with imprisonment for not equivalently denying their faith. The squalid little chapels, erected at the cost of untold sacrifices, were plundered or blown up or burned. Dastardly acts, which in our days would be inconceivable, were perpetrated, but humanity forgot itself in the outrage committed against a man whose name is everywhere held in benediction, the saintly, the beloved Father Bapst.

I knew him well, both in the full vigor of his beautiful manhood and afterward, when age and suffering and possibly the consequences of the barbarous treatment of which he had been the victim in his early days had shaken the faculties of his mind, without, however, weakening in the least the affection of his tender and loving heart; and I have never known anyone better fitted to win souls to God than that singularly handsome, attractive, and holy man, whose countenance, lighted up with its perpetual sunshine, beamed a welcome on all who approached him. The wonder of it

is why, if hatred of his sacred character inflamed the fury of his barbarous persecutors to frenzy, admiration for his winning and charming personality did not restrain their fury.

The night of October 14, 1854, is a dark one in the annals of Maine, when a mad but legalized mob of miscreants in a town we shall not name, for it has long since atoned for the deed by years of shame and reproach — Bangor particularly condemning it — dragged the man of God from his concealment, and, amid howls of execration, coupled with indecencies of word and deed, stripped him naked, drenched him with tar from head to foot, carried him on a rail to the woods outside the town, and it is even said bound him to a tree, and, heaping brushwood around him, prepared to burn him alive, or, as others say, to hang him — a crime which was mercifully averted, and, we trust, never intended — and then making him run the gantlet just as the savages did with their victims, and leaving him crippled and mangled and almost dead, bade him depart or lose his life as a penalty of refusal.

On that night of horror, however, dawned a glorious morning, when, to the amazement of friend and foe, Father Bapst, vested in his priestly robes, but with the marks of the outrage still visible upon him, was seen at the altar of his humble church, dragging himself in agony through the rites of the Holy Sacrifice, not to defy his enemies, but to let his flock fulfil their obligation of public worship and to restrain them from any untoward act of vengeance. He succeeded, though the little sanctuary where he stood that Sunday morning was soon after a heap of ashes.

It is this man who particularly belongs to you; a hero whose spirit was the same as that which throbbed in the heart of his martyred brother in religion, Father Sebastian Rasle, who, one hundred and thirty years before, fell at the foot of his mission cross. Well may you rejoice in your association with him; and fittingly the shreds of the garments

that were torn from his body on that wild night of October, fifty-two years ago, when he faced unflinchingly a horrible death by fire, were placed, still smeared with tar, in the cornerstone of this sacred edifice, which is his monument and his glory.

Since then the Church has prospered. Ten years afterward, in spite of the conflagration that swept over the city of Portland, Maine could count its twenty-nine priests, its forty-five churches, and its four Indian missions; and to-day, irrespective of the extensive territory of New Hampshire, which ecclesiastically once belonged to it, and where Catholicity is energetic and progressive, there are one hundred and twenty priests, more than that number of churches, and a growing Catholic population already over one hundred thousand.

Such is the history of the Church of Maine, laid down in the blood of martyrs and destined, if it be true to its traditions, to do great things for humanity and God.

That this destiny is being accomplished we have only to lift our eyes to see. The land is covered with multiplied and splendid assurances of the growth of Catholicity, and conspicuous among them is the magnificent temple which is erected on the very spot where once the mythical city dazzled the imagination of the world with the riches it was supposed to contain; or, better still, it is in the spiritual centre of the land whence for many years there poured out upon the wandering tribes greater riches than the fabulous Norumbega could ever afford. It towers above the world to-day, the first object to meet the eye of the traveller who ascends the beautiful river, a monument to the heroism of those who planted the faith in Maine, a tribute to the present generation's love of God and truth, and a command to those who come after to make the future worthy of the present and past.

Well may you rejoice in what you have accomplished.

To have contributed ever so little to such a work is a reason for congratulation, but to have set yourselves deliberately to a task which implied so many years of privation and suffering and sacrifice, to have continued undaunted when financial ruin strewed the ground with wrecks, and not to have been unduly elated when prosperity teemed with its abundance, to have persevered in your labors out of love for God and your religion until you saw it in all its complete and perfect beauty, entitles you to all the joy that your hearts can feel, but whose fulness you will not adequately attain until you stand in that other temple of which this is but the portal.

There is, of course, one above all others who deserves the happiness which to-day bestows — the one who for two and thirty years has been the soul of your work; who has borne most of its burden; who had to face every difficulty, avoid every disaster, and prevent every defeat; who every moment of the night and day during all these years felt the crushing weight of financial worries, while at the same time meeting the awful spiritual responsibilities of his office in guarding the flock which the Divine Shepherd had intrusted to his care, and for whose salvation he has to answer. How well he has done that none know better than you. That you should be better and happier is what he sought, and, besides the glory given to the Almighty God, that is the chief factor in his joy to-day. He rejoices because he has continued the work of his glorious predecessors.

For throughout those thirty-two years as well as through these three centuries of heroic endeavor runs one purpose. Enunciated when the first settlers called their colony at Bar Harbor Saint Sauveur, it penetrated the forests; it was re-echoed in the mountains and valleys and along the mighty rivers and lakes; it was repeated in the squalid wigwams and at the council fires; it was uttered when Father Rasle fell in his blood at the foot of the Saviour's cross; it was the message of Father Bapst when he awaited death, bound to

the trees in the forest; it was reiterated in every act and utterance of every missionary who appealed either to savagery or civilization during all that period of distress and trial; and its replication is heard from every stone of this sacred edifice which we are consecrating to-day. Here it culminates, and from the cross that glitters on its summit to the lamp that glimmers before its altar, from the holy images and emblems on its walls and windows to the tribunals where the penitent kneels for pardon, and the altar rail where divine life is imparted, one fact is ever before us — that it is Jesus Christ who alone is the Saviour, for He alone is the Light, the Way, and the Life. He alone can teach us who we are; He alone can reveal to us our glorious destiny; He alone can flash upon our souls splendid and inspiring visions of the land beyond; He alone can trace the law for us to follow and exact its fulfilment; He alone can give us the sacramental grace that is needed to achieve the victory against the foes who assail us; He alone can save the individual, the family, and the State, for He alone has made them.

This teaching of Christ is especially needed here. *Dirigo* — I direct, I guide — is the motto of Maine. It is the expression of an ideal that is noble and inspiring, but at the same time almost proud and presumptuous in its intent, for it implies an absolute knowledge of what is right and a fearless determination to defend it. Upon Maine, therefore, it is especially incumbent to make the true and genuine principles of Christianity penetrate the lives of its people, sanctify its households, and inspire the framing and enforcement of its laws.

This is especially necessary in these days when once fervent Christian churches are being disrupted, when churches are empty, when the Holy Book is reviled or tossed aside, even by those who profess to be ministers of the Gospel, when Christian morality is not only trampled upon but

almost unknown, and when mighty armies have to be employed to keep even the semblance of peace.

To help to achieve that end is the work especially of Catholics, not merely in building edifices, whether magnificent like this one or humble like so many others, wherein God is worshipped and divine truth taught, but above all by the spiritual upbuilding of upright and holy lives, which will be more beautiful even than this glorious temple; for it, after all, is only an instrument to that end. This will make you true and ardent co-operators with Christ in establishing and increasing the peace and happiness and greatness of your country, while accomplishing at the same time your own salvation. You will thus create on the banks of the Penobscot a spiritual city, which will make the gold and silver of the ancient myth seem only faint symbols of the spiritual riches which many a traveller will come from afar to seek, and from which he will not turn away in disappointment, but will find in abundance beyond even his heart's desire all that the practice of true Catholic Christianity is expected to produce.

Dedication of St. Mary's Church

Ansonia, Connecticut, June 24, 1907

IN almost every quarter of the globe at the present day one is startled to find a large and constantly increasing number of conspicuous men who are reputed to be profound philosophers, who are admired as brilliant luminaries of science, and accepted as leaders in literature, who even occupy prominent positions in the larger politics of the world, and stranger still who are popular in what are still called Christian pulpits, yet who have flung to the winds not only everything supernatural but everything spiritual, and whose exclusive purpose seems to be to destroy Christianity. In fact, they consider it as already dead and are celebrating its obsequies.

They are regarded as the prophets of modern times, their sayings and doings are chronicled in the press and clamored for in books and magazines, and their assaults on the ancient creed are hailed as the indisputable conclusions of sincere and fearless thinkers, who have discovered that " the old faiths and forms of religion are worn threadbare," and that a new era has been inaugurated. The worship of God gives way to the worship of the material universe and humanity.

To make matters worse, another set of men equally prominent in their various spheres of public and intellectual life, who at first resented and condemned these teachings and devoted themselves with amazing energy and zeal, by means of societies of psychical research and the like, to discover something spiritual in what in their peculiar phraseology they described as the subliminal world, have turned out to be as grossly material in their conceptions as those

they attempted to refute. They both really mean the same thing and together constitute a formidable body to be counted with.

Such is the situation to-day. It is a battle in which the Church is engaged no longer as hitherto with the doctrines of the different sects which have separated from her, but with the destructive and degrading affirmations of materialism which insist that there is nothing in this world except what affects our bodily senses; that we are absolutely and thoroughly of earth and of nothing else.

Were I therefore to ask any one of these dogmatists what their views might be about existence, the nature, and the powers of the human soul, they would probably smile at my simplicity and hasten to tell me there is no such thing as a soul.

They would condescendingly assure me that what I fancy to be such is only a part of the mechanism of my body, one of its energies or powers, and that both together are a part of the great cosmic or world machine that was set in motion unnumbered ages ago. That machine, they will insist, though of course they can know nothing about it, will continue working out its perfection for unnumbered ages to come, ending no one knows when or how. I being a part of it will share its fate.

If I object that I cannot be a machine because I think, I reason, I reflect, I meditate, I conclude, which a machine can never do, I shall be told that all that is merely the result of outside impressions, over which I have no control. I am like the wax cylinder of a phonograph that receives and records and repeats its impressions; the process in man being merely more delicate and complex because of his higher grade in the scale of the visible world.

But if I am a machine, I have no freedom to act. None whatever, is the answer; you merely follow the general impulse given at the beginning when the great universe began.

But there is really no such thing as freedom of will, though the expression may still remain.

Where, then, is the moral law? There is none. Modern thought has done away with the sanctions of Christianity.

Why, then, do you punish crime? There is no such thing as crime in the old sense. It is a disease that should be treated like any other physical ailment. If those affected by it are segregated or destroyed, it is only for reasons of utility and for the general good; as we would stamp out a pestilence or extinguish a fire.

Then there is no such thing as immortality? None whatever. The human machine grinds itself out, serves its purpose, is thrown away to make place for something else, in the great universe which also wears itself out and disappears in the abyss.

There is consequently no heaven, no hell? They are only delusions, good enough when the world was young. No serious man considers them now.

Then there is no God? The universe is God, and we are parts or fragments of it. The former conception of the divinity has been dismissed as absurd.

Such are the doctrines which are not only disseminated but gloried in as a new evangel at the present time; not only discussed in books and periodicals, but repeated by the press and handed down to the churchless millions of our country who have long since flung away the Bible and who welcome with enthusiasm any authorization for letting loose their unbridled passions. Man only a machine, without a soul, without a mind, without a law, without freedom to avoid evil or do good, but impelled by forces outside of himself over which he has no control, with no real appreciation of what is honest or criminal, with the assurance that there is no essential difference between the stainless virgin and the degraded strumpet, neither of whom could

help being such, is a condition of intellectual and moral anarchy worse than that believed in by the leader of a mob or the thrower of a bomb. It is such teachings that are responsible for the trouble everywhere disturbing the social order, and you need no other explanation of why churches are empty, why crimes of every description stalk shamelessly through the country, why millions of our households are disrupted by divorce, why our country is making the most hideous record for homicide of any in the world, why corruption reeks in business and in politics, why wholesale and public violations of the law are committed which make us seem as if we were going back to barbarism. How could it be otherwise? Doctrines like that, indorsed and propagated and preached by such imposing men, almost with the zeal of apostles, are like dynamite under a house. They must work out their consequences, and disrupt, demolish and destroy, not only what man holds to be most sacred, but everything decent, honorable, upright, reasonable, and sane.

Against such immoral pronouncements this church is a protest; a constant, persistent, and indignant condemnation. It declares man's soul is not a clod, not a scrap of earth, not a chemical action, not a physical energy, not a machine or the part of one, nor anything else material and gross; but a spiritual being substantially united with the body, using it and its organs indeed as its instruments in the present order of things, but in other conditions capable of existing alone and doing without them. It confers a dignity on the body which unbelievers themselves unconsciously recognize by the care and solicitude they expend upon the material frame; and which the angels will exult in calling from the dust of the grave to share with the soul in the glory and life of the resurrection.

From the soul comes the life which pulses in the blood, quivers in the nerves, and imparts to the remotest cells of

our bodily organization an activity which astounds the investigator, and defies the scalpel or the microscope to discover its source. It causes the eye to exult in the contemplation of beauty, the ear to grow rapturous with the charms of music, the touch to find pleasure with what is soothing or soft and to shrink from what is painful and hard; in a word, it guides all the senses to their appointed end and prompts them to avoid what conflicts with the purpose for which they were made. Rising higher than the material universe, it thinks, it considers, it reflects, it meditates. It glows in the counsels of wisdom, flashes in the intuitions of genius, and penetrating beneath the surface of things discerns their essence, detects the laws which govern them, and discovers their origin and end. It inspires the conceptions of the poet, opens wide the boundless vistas which philosophy contemplates, and unfolds the human and divine for the legislator and the statesman to guide the course of the nations. It prays and adores; it rises into the presence of the Creator and bows down before Him with admiration, gratitude, and love. On it, in letters of light, is inscribed the moral law reflected from the mind of God. Endowed with freedom, it turns from what is evil and embraces with enthusiasm what is good. Immortal, it looks forward with confidence to a life which will never end. More than this, under a peculiar action of God it is elevated beyond its natural powers by the light and strength that He out of His love endows it with, and it contemplates truths and achieves victories which unaided it could never conceive or attempt. It rejoices in the honor of the sonship of God, and exults in the assurance of a heavenly kingdom which after the battle of life it succeeds in attaining.

Such is the Catholic teaching about the human soul. Would you understand better its beauty? Study it where it has been actualized and realized in those who have exerted the powers which God has given them and have won

the victory which he has made them capable of achieving. Contemplate it in the ever-varying splendor of the countless multitudes of saintly men and women whom the Church has produced under every human condition and in every age of the world. Lift your eyes to the white-robed armies of virgins who follow the Lamb; to the martyrs with their palms, the Apostles, the confessors, the prophets in the bewildering splendors of their various hierarchies. Above all, consider it in her who is the Queen of saints and angels, the glorious one whom this church has taken as its patron, the great Mother of Christ, whose beauty and splendor of soul were elaborated from Nazareth to Calvary, from the crib to the cross, and whom the Church proclaims to have been borne from the tomb to her throne in heaven where the stars are her diadem and the moon is beneath her feet. There is a human soul. Or go higher still and kneel down and adore it in the Person of Jesus Christ, whose human soul is the superabounding and perennial source of all the virtues that have adorned the resplendent myriads of the glorious saints who have illumined the Church of God, a fountain whose fulness can never know exhaustion or decrease. In Christ we have the realized ideal of the beauty with which the human soul has been endowed.

Would you know the price of it? Go with the Saviour to the summit of the mountain and hear the tempter say as he pointed to all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof, "All this I will give you if kneeling down you will adore me." "Begone, Satan!" was the reply. So, too, the humblest Christian in time of temptation must answer if the whole world were laid at his feet, "Begone!" What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? The whole world is valueless compared with it.

Or again, ask the youthful missionary who turns his face

from all the honors and enjoyments of life, even those that are worthy and honorable and good, while he hurries away to die perhaps amid torments among the savages of some forgotten tribe, why he does what to the world is folly. It is to gain souls. Ask the same of the beloved daughter of some holy Christian home, why she closes her eyes and her heart to all the happiness in store for her and buries herself in a convent or devotes herself to the ignorant, the helpless, the abandoned, and the depraved. It is to save souls. Better than all, ask it of the bleeding and mangled Christ Himself, who hangs dying on the cross, and His answer is, "I die for human souls. Not only for all, but if there were only one soul to save, all this and infinitely more would I do to gain for it eternal life." Such is the price of a soul: the blood of Jesus Christ.

To win and sanctify and save souls is the only purpose of this church. Hence its beauty, hence its splendor. Everything in it has that purpose and that alone; every sign and symbol and ceremony and sacrifice; every word that is uttered in it, every prayer that is breathed in it, nay, every stone from its foundation in the earth to its cross in the sky has no other object and can have no other object in view.

Here the soul's beauty is explained and expounded. Here to save it and adorn it are heard pleas and entreaties and menaces and condemnations and rebukes. Here are reiterated the promises of heaven and the threats of hell. Here we are warned again and again in the pulpit and the confessional against aught that would injure the soul. Here we are shown Christ on the Mountain of the Temptation and Christ on the Mountain of Calvary and bidden to love Him. Here alone with the sacramental life are we made strong enough to practise such virtues, to rise to such sacrifices, and achieve such victories.

In a word, this church is the city of the soul. Here the

unending battle is going on against those whose assaults upon the soul's life bring disaster and ruin on the world.

Fittingly is it built on the summit of a hill overlooking the vast aggregation of mills and furnaces and factories whose roar may sometimes invade the silence of the sanctuary, and whose soot and smoke may stain its walls and settle upon its towers and buttresses high up in the cloudless sky. But it is better that it should be so than to place it in some sequestered and sacred solitude remote from the haunts of men, where weary humanity may drag itself away from the throng to kneel in prayer, the world forgetting and by the world forgot; — better, for here the workman grimy with his toil can look up and learn the ennobling and comforting lesson which each stone inculcates, appealing to him all the more forcibly because it is he who out of his hard earnings after many years has reared this noble pile as a monument to the faith that is in him. It is the cry of his soul.

Not only better, but necessary, for no one can consider without a shudder the disturbed conditions in which society finds itself to-day; no one can feel without terror the trembling of the earth beneath his feet, or hear the ominous rumble, like coming thunder, that portends disaster more terrible and far-reaching than those physical upheavals so constantly recurring in our days, which in an instant strew the ground with the crumbling ruins of the proudest cities, and whose last vestiges are obliterated by the tornado of fire which often sweeps over the wreck.

Nor can anyone who loves his fellow-men contemplate without concern which sometimes amounts to consternation, no matter how his sympathies are engaged, those vast international organizations, the marshalled and disciplined armies of labor, arrayed in what appears to be a death struggle against the forces of capital which it has been taught to regard as its relentless foe, and which it is de-

termined to destroy. No one who loves humanity can note without alarm how at the lifting of a finger by one, of whom the outer world knows nothing, factories are closed, fires extinguished, machinery halted, industry and commerce paralyzed, fleets that covered the seas with richest freightage left empty at their docks, or as in France at the present moment the civil government itself rendered helpless, the officials flinging off their insignia and joining the half a million people who are building barricades in the streets and firing the government buildings, only to be shot down by government troops, while elsewhere other hundreds of thousands, unchecked, carry the blood-red flag through the city streets, denouncing all rule, proclaiming anarchy, and reviling God. Even in patient and patriotic Japan, the last accession to modern civilization, the news comes of wild labor outbreaks, where arson and dynamite and riot spread ruin far and wide, and where the wonderful devotion to their country that the world so recently admired is thrown to the winds, and government shipyards and warships are threatened with destruction. Our own country is far from tranquil, and perhaps it is here that the storm will break in all its fury.

How will the disaster be averted? Not by mighty armies, not by lining our coasts with impregnable fortresses; not by numberless fleets that cost millions of the people's money to build and maintain, and which seem like embattled cities ploughing the deep, but which burst like bubbles under some new device of destruction and disappear in the waves; not by the submarines which travel the abysses of the ocean with instruments of death; not by meeting force by force and mowing down the angry populace; not by legislation which at present is so suspected; not by compromise after compromise, each one of which is a new surrender; not by peace conferences in the palace of The Hague; not by humanitarian schemes to better the living conditions of the

poor, though that may help. By none of these methods will the disaster be prevented. They may cause a temporary lull, but will not stay the whirlwind that has been let loose.

What then? There is only one solution, only one means of salvation, and it is vividly exemplified and almost proclaimed in a single page or passage taken from the history of those fierce times when it was the custom to marshal thousands of men in the Roman amphitheatre, and bid them butcher each other to make a holiday for the savage multitude that goaded them on. Horrified by the ghastly spectacle again and again repeated, and in despair of arresting what he had so often denounced, a lonely, unprotected priest, with uplifted cross, rushed in between the combatants to stay them in their bloody work. He fell in his gore, but after that there were no such scenes in the Roman arena.

So in the same way, only the Catholic Church, which has borne the brunt of a thousand battles and is crowned with a thousand victories, can prevent or check this work of social ruin that is now going on. It alone is bold enough to face the combatants. It alone dares to remonstrate; it alone dares to rebuke; it alone dares to threaten, and it fulfils its duty careless of consequences to itself. It alone can say to the workingman: "Stop! There is a God in heaven who claims vengeance as His alone. There is a law of God which forbids crime, no matter how you may be wronged. There is the proclamation of Christ that His blessedness may be found in suffering and persecution, for justice' sake. You have an immortal soul which God has dowered with reason, and faith, which no matter how downtrodden you may be enables you to recognize how infinitely better it is to be the victim of a crime than the perpetrator. I will help you to bear your burden. I will give you the holy sacraments for strength in the struggle. I will be

your friend and your solace in your sorrow. I will kneel at your bedside in sickness and death, and give you light on the dark pathway from the grave to heaven. Child of God, you who know your divine origin and your divine destiny, look up to Jesus Christ, Who embraced poverty and death for you. Poverty is not dishonor, suffering is not disgrace, but they may be, if rightly used, assurances of eternal victory."

It is by these teachings so incomprehensible to one who has not the light of faith, that the Catholic Church can keep her hold on her children, and prevent them if they are faithful to her commands, no matter how they are tried, from ever entering the ranks of anarchy and disorder. If she were to lose her power, the consequences to the world would be fearful to contemplate. Thank God she has not lost it and never can. Her voice is recognized as the voice of Christ. The Church of God is the Church of the poor, and the poor know it, and for that they love her.

Nor does she fear to address the other side. "Remember," she cries, "wealth is not given you for the gratification of pleasure, the ostentation of pride, or the luxury of idle, useless, and wicked lives. The poor man is your brother. You are his keeper. It is only the murderer Cain who denies it. Remember that defrauding laborers of their wages is a sin crying to heaven for vengeance. Remember that the meek and gentle Christ puts before our eyes the appalling picture of the rich man clothed in purple and fine linen who scorned Lazarus at his door, but who died and was buried in hell, while Lazarus was borne to Abraham's bosom. Remember that the responsibilities of the rich increase with their accumulation of wealth; that God will hold you accountable for its use in bettering the physical and moral conditions of those who depend on you, and remember also that doing so not only averts the crime, but insures the possession of property which otherwise will

be torn from your grasp. Not only divine but human prudence dictates that course."

Thank God they too hear the voice of the Church; for is it not true that the teachings of Christianity have swayed and influenced the hearts of thousands of employers who are kindly, honest, God-fearing men, who are actuated by the noblest motives, who are devoted to their workmen, and who sympathize with them in their sorrows, who have succeeded in many wonderful ways in ameliorating the hard conditions of their employees and have won their affection and loyal support? If some are heartless and grasping, let not all be condemned. If there are wrongs, they will be sooner righted by patience than by violence, and a few words will often prevent sufferings that come from ignorance or misunderstanding. This sympathetic and mutually helpful union of employers and employed is what the Church desires, and what, if not interfered with, she achieves. She is by her nature the ambassador of the Prince of Peace.

In old Catholic times, when she controlled the consciences of the great and the humble, the rich and the poor alike, such conditions as confront us to-day were inconceivable. There were great labor unions then which were not only permitted and sanctioned, but blessed by the Church, and labor, grateful for that sanction and blessing, did not break out into wild disorder as now, but lived in peace and amity with employers, and recorded their gratitude in those monuments of religion and charity which they built, and which are still the admiration of the world.

It was under the guidance and compulsion of the Church also that kings and princes and nobles and the well-to-do poured out their riches in abundance for the promotion of religion and the benefit of their fellow-men. The troubles that beset the social world now began only with the decline of that true spirit of Christianity. Bring back Christianity

then to the rich and poor alike, and you will solve the social problem, and in no other way. That is what the Church stands for. That is what it means. Better than armies and navies and peace conferences and legislation and everything else that human ingenuity can devise is the influence of the Church of Christ. Build her temples on every hillside, plant them in every village, multiply them in the great centres of industry and commerce, and they will be so many battlements to defend the nation from the war of destruction and anarchy that has been inaugurated. Our civilization is a Christian civilization for it was founded by Christ and fostered by the Church. Eliminate Christianity from it and you destroy the foundations. Rescue Christianity which is now neglected and in many places despised, reviled, and persecuted, and you will preserve the blessings which that civilization was intended to impart.

Laying the Cornerstone of the Church of Our Holy Redeemer

Bar Harbor, Maine, August 11, 1907

HIGH above the rocky fortress of Quebec towers the colossal statue of one of the greatest heroes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Samuel de Champlain. He was a daring navigator, whose caravels in the closing days of the sixteenth century had ploughed the unknown Southern seas, and who even then urged the piercing of the Isthmus of Panama. He was a dauntless explorer, who had taken up the work of the great Cartier, whom he resembled in many ways, especially in his holy ambition to extend the Kingdom of God by his discoveries. He led the way through the pathless forests of North America, leaving his name and his glory upon the lakes and rivers and territories. He was a valiant warrior who had faced death on many a field of the Old World and the New, and had fought both savage and civilized foes; a singularly sagacious ruler who had guided with consummate prudence the helpless and deserted colony which he had planted on the St. Lawrence, and he is regarded by the Empire which grew out of the foundations of Quebec with the same veneration that was accorded him by his devoted followers, who starved with him amid the ice and snows of the early days, who stood by him when he was driven out of his defenceless fortress, and returned with him to continue the work he had so heroically inaugurated.

Properly is his memory glorified in the city which nature has made a citadel, and to which his moral sublimity has given incomparably stronger defences in the memory of his

virtues. For over and above all his claims to admiration and respect, this soldier, sailor, and ruler was at all times and in all circumstances, amid the uproar, confusion, and temptations which his honors, obligations, and occupations forced upon him, not only an unusual but an extraordinarily devout and fervent Catholic, the ideal of many another heroic and holy cavalier whom France sent out to the New World in those days. He was a modern Crusader, with all the fervor of those of olden times. His life in the world resembled that of a cenobite in his cloister, and his influence and example were so powerful that he dared to draw up rules of conduct for his rough sailors on the high seas which read like the regulations of a monastery. His motto was that the salvation of a single soul was better than the building of an empire, and when dying he bequeathed all his earthly possessions for the honor of the Mother of the Holy Redeemer. His figure dominates the mighty river St. Lawrence, which bears out to the ocean of the world his record of heroism and holiness, and his gaze is directed to the vast territory over which Canada has extended its sway.

But what has he to do with Bar Harbor? He has much to do with it. He was its discoverer. He had come out as the lieutenant of his Huguenot friend, Du Gast, to found the colony of Acadia, whose Catholic and Calvinistic composition he had condemned as impossible, not because he was a bigot, but because he was a statesman, and whose geographical position he pointed out would infallibly make it an easy prey to its English enemies. He had foreseen the disaster of the settlement of St. Croix, which realized its name in becoming the necropolis of the unhappy sailors; he had chafed under the dangerous and ruinous delays of his irresolute and inexperienced commander whom he was unable to influence, but meantime he had explored all the islands and capes and bays and rivers of Maine and has left invaluable records of the results of his observations. He

had gone as far as Cape Cod or Malebarre, as he called it; he had ascended the rivers and explored the forests and mountains; and after all that was accomplished, he began, alone and unaided, his titanic struggle of a quarter of a century for the establishment of his colony on the St. Lawrence.

We do not know if he actually landed at Bar Harbor, but as he gazed at the island from the sea and saw its bare peaks, rising desolate and drear from the solitude that reigned beneath, he gave it the name, which it still retains, of *l'Isle aux Monts Déserts;* and that fact is commemorated by the monument erected on the shore by a number of distinguished men who, though aliens to his race and religion, did not permit their prejudices to obscure their admiration for his greatness; and hence they have fixed for all time on the rock-ribbed coast of Maine, and at the very place in which we are assembled, the name of this illustrious Catholic hero.

There is another reason why the spirit of Samuel Champlain presides here to-day.

Possibly inspired by the thought of Columbus, who called the land on which he first set foot in the Western World, San Salvador, Champlain dreamed of erecting somewhere on the eastern coast of America a splendid basilica in honor of the Holy Saviour. He never realized that ambition, but it must have delighted his heart when his friends called the new settlement which they established at the foot of Mount Desert, Saint Sauveur; and doubtless he grieved with them over its early destruction. But had he been able to penetrate the future he would have been consoled to know that the name Saint Sauveur would be forever identified with the place, and that in the course of time there would arise in the fairest part of the island a basilica under the title of Holy Redeemer.

It was to revive these memories of the past that this holy

name was chosen, and as there is thus a genesis from that rude chapel on the beach to the magnificent church that stands on the noblest highway of Bar Harbor, it may not be out of place to avail ourselves of the present occasion to recite the history of that initial effort to establish the faith in this part of the country. It is a thrilling chapter in the Catholicity of Maine.

The colony of Acadia on the other side of the bay had been foredoomed to failure. It was more than half Huguenot in its inception, and even the Catholic colonists had a Calvinistic bias in their mentality and way of life. At last, after many a weary struggle and defeat in bettering the condition of both the red men and the white, it was determined to find a more propitious place where the faith might be professed and practised without molestation. For that reason Maine was chosen; and in 1613 the Jesuits Biard, Massé, and Quentin, with a shipload of colonists, landed at Bar Harbor.

Unhappily the moment was unpropitious. All that summer of 1613 the famous freebooter, Samuel Argall of Virginia, had been roaming those seas and seeking for plunder to satisfy the ragged and ravenous crew of sixty adventurers who lolled over their cannon and scanned the horizon for prey. The merest accident in the lifting of the fog revealed to them the existence of the new colony. They saw the unsuspecting farmers laying out their fields and constructing their cabins. It was a rich prize that had dropped unexpectedly into their hands, and, although peace reigned between France and England, it mattered little to these buccaneers, and with flags flying and cannons booming and trumpets demanding surrender, they swooped down on the terror-stricken settlers. The contest was one-sided and short. The French flag was hauled down; the inhabitants were made prisoners; some were set adrift in open boats; others taken aboard the English vessel; and, laden with

booty, Argall set sail in triumph for Virginia. It was the end of the French and Catholic occupation of Bar Harbor, effected by as shameless a bit of piracy as even those riotous times could furnish. The mission disappeared, but not, however, its memories, for the character of the men who made that first attempt at placing the cross of Christ in this place cannot be forgotten by the Catholics of Maine.

Among the missionaries of Saint Sauveur who are identified with this place is the humble lay brother Du Thet. His was the first Christian blood to be shed in these parts. Slain in the brief battle in the harbor, his body reposes somewhere on the shore.

Another was the glorious Enemond Massé, one of the most illustrious of America's early apostles. He was flung into an open boat with the Commandant La Saussaye to drift without chart or compass or provisions on the stormy Atlantic, and with the almost absolute certainty of death by drowning or starvation. Happily they were picked up by some fishermen off the shore and carried in safety to distant France. La Saussaye never returned to regain his lost glory, but twelve years after the great disaster, Massé stood on the deck of a frail vessel by the side of the future martyr Brébeuf and came with him to labor among the savages. Driven out a second time, he re-entered Quebec with Champlain in 1633, and until the age of seventy-two labored unceasingly amid hardship and danger and suffering to advance the cause of Christianity and civilization. He was no ordinary saint. Though employed in the luxurious court of Henry IV, his only bed was a board; he never ascended the altar to celebrate Mass unless a hair shirt tortured his flesh; he scourged himself daily with cruel disciplines, fasted like an anchorite, and while among his Indians lived with them in their filthy wigwams, suffering all their privations and not infrequently warding off starvation by the roots he could dig up in the forest. He died worn out by his

labors and sufferings and was buried on the shores of the St. Lawrence near Quebec, where a grateful and admiring people erected a monument in his honor which tells the traveller that beneath it rest the sacred remains of one of that first illustrious cohort which faced martyrdom in every hideous shape to bring the savage tribes of this part of the country to the faith of Jesus Christ. Massé did not shed his blood, though he would have heard with joy the summons to do so. He is Maine's gift to Canada's Christianity.

The adventures of the two other Jesuits form one of the romances of American history. They were carried off to be hanged in Virginia. "We hourly expected," wrote Biard when he found himself down on the James River, "to walk ignominiously up the ladder to be let down disgracefully by the rope." The governor, in fact, insisted upon it, but other counsels prevailed, and Biard and his companion were sent back to witness the complete demolition of all the French colonies south of the St. Lawrence. Though they were threatened with death for refusing to act as guides, they were compelled to look on at the woful spectacle. Recognized by their compatriots, they were set down as traitors who had led their enemies thither for that savage work of hatred. Explanations were impossible, and they sailed away as the fire of the blazing dwellings of Bar Harbor and Port Royal illumined the sky, cursed by their fellow countrymen and at the same time certain of death at the hands of their piratical captors. Even to-day they are held by some historians as guilty of the baseness of destroying out of revenge the place where they had not been permitted to live.

Of Argall's three vessels only one ever reached Virginia. The second was shattered on the rocks off the coast, and the third, which held the two Jesuits, was driven by tempests across the Atlantic. Time and time again there was question of dropping them into the ocean, and at last their fate seemed irrevocably fixed when the storm-tossed bark was

compelled to enter a port of the Azores. It was a Portuguese possession, and the presence of two priests in chains would mean death for their captors. But they remained hidden in the hold while the bark was being searched, and when the sails were hoisted again and the ship steered for the coast of England, the pirates regarded with veneration their two captives whose self-sacrifice had saved both ship and crew. With joy the sailors entered the harbor of Pembroke in Wales, but there a new danger awaited them. They were in a French vessel — the one they had seized at Bar Harbor — they had no papers — they were evidently freebooters, and the gallows would certainly be their fate at the hands of their own countrymen. In despair they appealed to the Jesuits, who came ashore and explained the situation. In the eyes of the English the sailors were no longer pirates, but patriots, and the Jesuits were publicly thanked for protecting them. They were feasted by the municipality, they discussed religion with the principal ministers and were sent back in safety to France. But there another storm burst upon them. The story of the disaster had preceded them and had poisoned the public mind. They were traitors to their country and merited death. Only the influence and explanations of Champlain saved them from public execration and perhaps execution. Nine years afterward, Biard died. Had he lived only a little longer he, too, would have stood with Massé at the side of Brébeuf and Champlain, and would have labored again among his degraded and beloved Indians, but his work was done.

Thus Saint Sauveur passed from history, and only the memory of it remained. What happened in the long interval of three hundred years till Catholicity came back to its own, we do not know, except that the French Baron de Castine was there, and Cadillac, the founder of Detroit, was its Seigneur; but beyond that, nothing. The Capuchins

were in the neighborhood for a while, and at last the little chapel of Saint Sylvia, following no doubt the suggestion of its name, sheltered itself in the woods and almost seemed to fear to face the world. But times and men have changed, and there is now no reason why the successors of the heroes who founded Saint Sauveur should choose an out-of-the-way place to worship God. Hence it was that the splendid church of the Holy Redeemer, whose title revives in an English form the ancient and venerable name of Saint Sauveur, was projected to stand in the most beautiful part of what is now no longer an humble settlement, but the gathering place of the wealth and fashion of the world.

Properly has such a site been chosen. For no claim goes further back than Saint Sauveur's, and none has around it the halo of such sacred memories. First in point of time and holiness, it should be first in point of honor.

Its message to the world is a special and a glorious one. For although every Catholic church must ever exalt the name of Jesus Christ and inculcate the lesson He has taught, the duty falls with greater force on those that have the Holy Name written on their portals. It is especially urgent now because the voice of the Sovereign Pontiff is heard ringing through the world, commanding and compelling the ministers of God to make the claims of Christ the constant theme of their instructions and exhortations, and also because simultaneously with this movement in the Church, the united energies of the most determined and bitter enemies of Christianity are bent on obliterating all knowledge, nay, if possible, all remembrance, of the life and doctrines of the Redeemer of mankind from the minds and hearts of the present generation.

It is easy to explain this antagonism, for there is nothing that appeals to the heart of man with such power as the personality of Jesus Christ. He comes as a luminous vision out of the darkness of the past. It is only a faint glimmer-

ing at first, but all along the pathway of the ages the great prophets of God, towering aloft in their exalted sanctity, are stationed to call out to the slumbering nations to lift up their eyes and see the glory with which the earth is being illumined. Clearer and more distinct the beauty and power and majesty of His countenance are revealed, as time continues on its course; and when at last He blesses the earth by His presence with all the light of the now-verified prophecies upon Him, He appears as the fairest of the children of men, crowned with every gracious and lovely gift that can adorn humanity. He is tender and sweet and compassionate; He is radiant with holiness, and points the way from the depths of sin to the most transcendent sanctity. The multitudes forget the necessities of life, and follow Him into the desert to listen to the music of His words, and to feed on the sweetness of His lips that distil honey and the honeycomb.

All nature does His bidding; the sea grows solid beneath His feet, and the storm is stilled; strength returns to the palsied limbs, and sight to the darkened eye, and even the sepulchres give up their dead. The angelic hosts sing their canticles of joy above His crib at Bethlehem; a heavenly splendor illumines Him on Mount Thabor; in majesty and power He rises from the tomb, and amid the radiant armies of heaven He ascends from earth to take possession of the kingdom He has won for mankind. But best of all, the deepest darkness of Calvary in which He dies becomes His greatest glory, and His cross of ignominy is the instrument with which He conquers the world.

But that is not all. He is not only Man, but God; He is the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity; He is the everlasting, omnipotent One, the Lord and Master and Ruler of the Universe; the Creator by Whom and in Whom all things were made, and before Whom all creatures in heaven and earth must bow. He is the Alpha and the Omega, the be-

ginning and the end, from Whom all things derive and to Whom they all return; Jesus Christ, the Lord God, yesterday, to-day, and forever. Well may we echo the indignant and almost angry cry of St. Paul: "Let him who loveth not Jesus Christ be anathema."

On one of the loftiest peaks of the Andes, on the frontiers of Chile and Argentina, stands a colossal statue of the Divine Redeemer. It was erected as a perpetual guarantee of friendship between the two nations, a barrier against war and bloodshed; a divine appeal, that if ever they are aroused to rage and fury against each other, the waves of passion may break at the feet of the Prince of Peace.

Happy would we be if here at this gateway of the ocean, upon the lofty hill that towers above us, there were some such splendid memorial of Christ dominating the tumultuous ocean that breaks on the shore, as well as the restless billows of social and political discontent that menace ruin in the land beyond. For we must not forget that it is only His law that can insure peace and permanency to a nation. The apostasy from Christianity cannot be anything but an appalling menace to civilization.

Such a monument will in all probability never be erected there, but more eloquent lessons will be taught by the church which is to be here at the base of the mountain. Every stone of it will preach its sermon to the world. Every sign and symbol and ceremony will appeal to those who are outside its walls.

Its pulpit will plead, its fervent prayers will impetrate, its sacraments will illumine; and, above all, its unceasing sacrifice will propitiate the anger of God. Nay, its people will be other Christs. By the divine life which they will receive at the altar they will co-operate with Him to whom this church is consecrated. Their moral principles, which are His, will impart stability to the constitutions of their country, and the possession of sanctifying grace will shed a

divine character on their earthly lives which will be but a preparation for the eternal blessedness they shall possess, when they shall see face to face the Divine Person Whom behind the veil of faith they adored and served on earth as the Holy Redeemer.

The Reconsecration of the Father Rasle Monument

Norridgewok, Maine, August 23, 1907

IT is two hundred years ago since Catholicity first came to Norridgewok, or Narantsouac, as it was then called. In 1646 two Jesuit priests left the protecting walls of Quebec to go out into the wilderness to preach the Gospel to the Indians. One was Isaac Jogues, who with the ever-memorable words upon his lips, *Ibo sed non redibo,* "I go but I shall not return," calmly and joyfully went forward to his bloody death on the Mohawk. The other was the glorious Gabriel Druillettes, who carried his canoe around the seething cataract of the Chaudière, where that river leaps over the scarred rocks into the St. Lawrence, paddled up to its source, and, crossing to the Kennebec, descended the stream until it brought him to the sea; the first white man to make the perilous journey.

He was the first missionary at Norridgewok. We have told his wonderful story before, and it is sufficient to recall how, after laboring here, he was compelled to withdraw. Later on, we see him struggling to reach the Indians far up at the North Sea, then journeying to the west with the saintly Garreau, who was cruelly murdered on the Island of Montreal; and finally in his old age, lifting up the cross on the far-away shores of Lake Superior. The Kennebec may be proud of its first apostle.

The two Fathers Bigot came next, the elder of whom, exhausted by his many years of labor on the Kennebec, was carried by his devoted brother to the blessed sanctuary on the St. Lawrence, where the darkness of death was bright-

ened by the presence of his Indians, who remembered his dying instructions and continued his apostolic work by repeating them to their people. It was he who built "the rude unshapely chapel" that Whittier has immortalized.

Above them all, however, rises the luminous figure of Sebastian Rasle, who, more than all the rest, is the apostle of Narantsouac. His Unitarian biographer and admirer, Converse Francis, says of him: "I am deeply moved by the life of this pious, devoted, and extraordinary man. Nurtured amidst European learning, and accustomed to the refinements of one of the most intellectual nations of the Old World, he banished himself from the pleasures of home and from the attractions of his native land, and passed thirty-five years of his life in the forests of an unbroken wilderness, amidst the squalid rudeness of savage life, and with no companions during those long years but the wild men of the woods. With them he lived as a benefactor and a brother, sharing their coarse fare, their disgusting modes of life, their wants, their perils, their exposures, under the stern inclemency of a hard climate, always holding his life cheap in the toil of duty, and at last yielding himself a victim to dangers he disdained to escape. And all this that he might gather these rude men into the fold of the Church and bring them to what he sincerely held to be the truth of God and the light of heaven."

Of marvellous austerity of life, he never let wine cross his lips; his only food was hominy, and at times nothing but nuts and acorns which he dug up in the forest; and in his latter years he not unfrequently suffered the agonies of starvation.

Heroic in his views of obedience, he readily abandoned his most cherished purpose and traversed the continent, then in its wildest condition, in pursuit of souls. Constantly united with God, in the midst of his overwhelming labors, he never omitted his yearly spiritual retreat in distant Que-

bec, and never changed the time, lest his desire of it might be less fervent.

Devoted to his flock, he followed them on their expeditions for twenty years after an accident had crippled his limbs; of angelic purity of life, he was untouched by the moral horrors with which he was surrounded, and of superb courage he could reply to his superiors who saw the dark storm gathering and wanted to save him, "I will not withdraw; it is proper that I should die with my flock"; and finally, when the moment came, he faced the blazing muskets of the foe to protect his people, and like the Sebastian of old, fell in his blood, riddled by the musket balls of the foe.

It was when the seventeenth century was drawing to a close that he came to Narantsouac. That was in 1697 or 1698, and until the 23d of August, 1724, the day of his tragic death, there never was a moment that was not stamped with the sublimest heroism.

Unfortunately he came when the ownership of the land between the Penobscot and the Kennebec was disputed. It was a question as to whether Acadia extended to the Penobscot or to the Kennebec, but the controversy should never have been settled by the murder of a minister of God. That he kept the Indians loyal to the French was no more of a reproach than for the English of Boston to have kept their Indians loyal to them. He would have been a traitor to his country to have done otherwise. That he fomented Indian uprisings was a calumny which he himself has refuted, and the testimony of such a man is sufficient, or, if corroboration were needed, we have the word of that glorious old Revolutionary hero, John Stark, in whose greatness Maine rejoices, that his own native place, though exposed to the brunt of Indian warfare, was always preserved from savage violence by the interposition of Father Rasle. That his death is a blot upon our honor, we should admit with those brave soldiers of the Revolution who, on their way up the

Kennebec in 1775 to capture Quebec, lingered lovingly in the sacred place. "At a short distance below Norridgewok Falls," says their annalist, who was none other than Benedict Arnold, their commander, not yet dishonored by his treason, "was a wide and beautiful plain, once the site of an Indian village, belonging to a tribe from whom the falls took their name, and memorable in the annals of former days as the theatre of a tragical event, in which many of the tribe were slain in a sudden attack, and among them Father Rasle, the venerable and learned missionary who had dwelt there twenty-six years. The foundations of a church and of an altar in ruins are still visible, the only remaining memorials of a people whose name was once feared, and of a man who exiled himself from all the enjoyments of civilization to plant the cross in a savage wilderness, and who lost his life in its defence. Let history tell the story as it may, and let it assign such motives as it may for the conduct of the assailants, the heart of him is little to be envied who can behold the melancholy vestiges of a race extinct, or pass by the grave of Rasle, without a tear of sympathy and a sigh of regret."

The unhappy and unchristian lust for land, which was then and is still inflicting such dishonor upon the world, almost inevitably ending in the destruction of all the native races, was at the back of this tragedy. But now that the bitterness of religious feeling has subsided, it may be safely said without offence, that there was also an element of hatred for the religion which the Indians practised, and of which their missionary was such an illustrious example, that prompted this deed which has left such a blot upon our history; but for which Maine is not responsible, for the aggressors came from beyond its borders.

As early as 1705 an attempt was made to murder the missionary. When the snow was deep on the ground and the country was like a frozen lake, two hundred and seventy

men on snow shoes invested the village. They found it deserted; the inhabitants had fled, and the record of the raid merely says in its rude way: "The large chapel with the vestry at the end of it, and the house, the troops burned to the ground." They thought no more than that of the dreadful desolation they had caused. Leaving helpless women and children in the snows of the Maine woods, desecrating the temple of God, and hunting its minister like a wolf, aroused no horror in their hearts.

Sixteen years afterward, the General Court of Massachusetts sent three hundred men to repeat the outrage. Rasle had barely time to escape with his life, for his crippled limbs made flight difficult, and at one time he lay crouching in the snow within a few feet of his pursuers. He returned to find himself in the midst of the ruin of his beloved mission.

The last act of the tragedy occurred on August 23, 1724. Three hundred, some say one thousand, men surrounded the village and without warning opened fire on the helpless inhabitants. A mad rush was made for the river; some sprang into the canoes, but had no paddles; others attempted to swim the stream; not more than fifty gained the opposite bank, and of these some fell, pierced by bullets before they could gain the shelter of the woods. Where was Father Rasle? Standing under the village cross, confronting the foe to save his people. There he fell; his skull was crushed in; his white scalp (he was then near seventy) was torn off and sold in Boston. The buildings were given to the flames, and when the troops withdrew some of the poor Indians stole back, gathered up the mangled remains of their beloved father, and buried them under the smouldering remains of the altar where that morning he had offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Around him were buried the seven noble Abenakis who had died to defend him. And so Narantsouac passed away forever.

And yet it has not passed away. The memory of Narant-

souac can never be obliterated from the history of Maine. It will never cease to be a sanctuary to which men will come to meditate and pray. For all time it is consecrated ground, invested with a holiness that no other place possesses. For though our heart thrills with emotion when we find ourselves standing upon some ensanguined battlefield where thousands have died in defence of their country's honor or life, and though we understand, as Lincoln so splendidly expressed it on the field of Gettysburg, that the blood of a nation's soldiers imparts a consecration to the place where it is shed, we know also that over and above even this necessary, noble, and holy love of country, the instinct of religion exerts a stronger and more ineradicable power over the human soul. It is the soul's acknowledgment of God's supreme right over His creation, and hence it is that men of all creeds and men with none will in spite of themselves confess to a feeling of awe when they enter the precincts of this holy place, where sacrifice was once offered to Almighty God, and where a noble priest poured out his blood upon the steps of the altar. The existence and character of Narantsouac are fixed forever. Nor will the name of Father Rasle be ever forgotten. Statesmen and soldiers and scholars have come and gone in the upbuilding of the nation. Their deeds are chronicled in our histories and their statues adorn our public places. They have gained the fame which they sought, but, alas! the records of their achievements soon grow dim in the nation's memory. But here is one who fled from recognition, who, self-exiled from his country, buried himself in the impenetrable forests, yet who, more than fifty years before the American Revolution, stood forth a conspicuous figure in our national life. The long struggle for his hold on the Indians and the dark tragedy of his taking off form one of the vivid pages of our country's annals. Fifty years after his death our Revolutionary heroes come to his grave and venerate his memory.

A hundred years go by; a great prelate raises a monolith above his ashes, and our universities and museums glory in the possession of his relics. Harvard treasures his writings, and Portland his cross and the case in which he kept his chalice. Historians who are aliens to his faith proclaim the greatness of his deeds, and poets weave in immortal verse the story of his noble life. Under the guidance of the devoted bishop who is inspired by the memory of the martyred priest, vast throngs are now gathered on the anniversary of his death, and are no doubt beginning that long series of other pilgrimages to his tomb, where thousands will pay their tribute of piety and love; and perhaps in the course of time the Church, recognizing the heroism of its minister, may place a halo upon his brow and salute him as a saint and martyr. Is there any greater man in the history of Maine?

Nor is Rasle merely a memory. For in spite of all the triumphs of modern civilization, in spite of the limitless power of the mighty nations it has founded, the splendid cities it has built, its stupendous wealth, its material progress, its startling scientific discoveries, its mastery of sea and of earth and sky, it is, nevertheless, displaying to an alarming extent and in most unexpected ways tendencies which almost forebode and perhaps announce a reversal to primitive savage conditions. Look at the millions of men torn from all the arts and occupations of peace, whom Clemenceau, the savage depredator of France, described as "a soldiery of slaves," armed with terrible instruments of death, and ready to butcher each other at any moment, and whom the envoys of peace at The Hague do not dare to disband or disarm. Are they very far removed from the old Iroquois on the war-path? Are those millions of organized anarchists who announce their intention of destroying all existing governments, and whose history is already written in outrages of the most inhuman description, very

unlike the savages of old in their wild outbreaks of rapine and murder? Are the now common violations of international justice in the oppression and robbery of weaker nations by the stronger anything but conditions which were supposed to be long since extinguished by modern civilization? Is the abolition of domestic decency, the constantly repeated rupture of the marriage bond followed by new associations till a condition is arrived at almost of shameless promiscuity, anything else but a return to savage modes of life? Is the abandonment of Christianity, the openly avowed abolition of the moral law which has hitherto obtained in our economic and social relations, anything but savage? Is the scientific teaching of pantheism which is now in vogue anything but a renewal of paganism and the worship of nature? Is the present state of things more assuring to the governments of the world than was that of the colonies when the Hurons and Mohawks and Abenakis were setting fire to villages and attacking stockades? There are not a few wise men who regard it as a critical period in the life of our present civilization, and who see no way of averting the disaster.

Rasle shows the way. Behold him, all alone in these dark forests, standing with his uplifted cross, in the midst of his savages, checking their atrocities in war, preventing their hideous murders, restraining their unbridled lusts, putting an end to their indescribable orgies of drunkenness and debauchery, explaining, exhorting, entreating, imploring, where his life was continually in danger, on their bloody battlefields, in their forests, in their filthy cabins, in the midst of disease and defilement, speaking to them of God, of their souls, of heaven, of hell, of morality, and finally, in spite of the efforts of white men to stop him by depriving him of life, leading them by superhuman efforts, after years of indescribable hardship and suffering, to some knowledge of human dignity and human obligations, transforming

them into Christian men and women, and developing in them Christian virtues as brilliant as those that illustrated the early Church.

Thus from the woods of the Kennebec Rasle arises as an apostle of modern times. For the words that come from the lips of this man, long since dead, are simply this: "Bring back the world to Christianity. Teach the doctrines of Christ; enforce His laws." Without those doctrines and without those laws the Abenakis would have rotted in their corruption; without them the civilized nations of to-day will inevitably descend into a similar degradation. Such is the lesson which he taught on the first day that he crept into an Indian wigwam, and he is teaching the same lesson now.

His lips indeed are mute, but for seventy-five years in these lonely woods has this silent shaft been repeating his exhortations. Through storm and sunshine, through darkness and light, while the lightning was quivering above its head, and the snows and heats have been eating into its heart and undermining the foundations beneath its feet, it has been holding aloft the sacred symbol of salvation, the cross, which is the summary and substance of Christianity; not indeed as the old Roman legions saw it glittering in the skies with the words above it, "In this sign shalt thou conquer"; but, on the contrary, in the way it is most commonly regarded to-day, namely, as a sign of reproach, an emblem of ignorance, a proof of intellectual servitude, and a badge of superstition; yet, nevertheless, for those who have eyes to see, as radiant as the sun, and with the same words flashing above it as saluted the old Roman legionaries, "In this sign shalt thou conquer." For just as in the divine scheme of salvation it was necessary that Christ should abide in humiliation in order that He might rise in glory, so it is ordained that while belief in Him is almost invariably associated with reproach and contempt, it gives at the same time a divine assurance of rising with Christ in the glory of eter-

nal life. In brief, it is in the faith of Jesus Christ alone; it is in the cross which is its concrete expression, that there is to be found salvation, not only for individual souls, but for the nations of the world. The monument that has been all these years lifting up the cross of Father Rasle to heaven has been doing nothing else than preaching that hard but salutary truth.

So, too, has every sod of this sacred soil been eloquent in the same manner. From the blood which has crimsoned and consecrated the earth with which his ashes have commingled, comes the loud, the jubilant, the triumphant cry that, better than all the world can give, better than the best blood of a man's heart, is his faith in Jesus Christ. Lo! here lies a man, and let us say it with all submission to the Church's future decision, here lies a martyr who not only sacrificed all his earthly possessions that he might attest his own faith, but who made his life one of inconceivable suffering, and poured out every drop of his blood that the most abandoned creatures he could find might participate in this infinite blessing. In a word, the blood of Father Rasle will ever proclaim the truth which Christ uttered on the Mount of the Beatitudes, namely, "Happy are we if we suffer persecution for justice," which means nothing else than that aggregate of virtue which can alone be achieved through faith in Jesus Christ. Happy are we if we suffer either to retain or to obtain this faith. It is a small price to pay for our eternal salvation.

But of what avail is this voice in the wilderness? Of what avail? Why, there was another voice crying out in the wilderness and all Judea and Galilee came out to hear it; the heavens repeated its refrain, and the whole world has been hearkening to it ever since: "Behold the Lamb of God." So, too, this precursor of Christ cried out in the wilderness of the Kennebec, and the whole world has heard him.

Go back to the scenes which the old Quaker bard describes when

> "Well might the traveller start to see
> The dusky forms that wend their way
> From the birch canoe on the river shore,
> And the forest path to the chapel door;
> And mark the foreheads bended there;
> While above in benediction and in prayer,
> Like a shrouded spectre, pale and tall,
> In coarse white vesture — Father Rasle."

Nor let us ever erase from our memory that historic scene when our Revolutionary heroes stood with moistened eye and throbbing heart to contemplate the blackened ruins of God's sanctuary, crimsoned by the blood of God's priest. In sadness and sorrow they turned away, and no doubt fought all the better for their country for having been privileged to stand at the grave of one who had died for God.

Remember also how seventy-five years ago a great multitude assembled here, of every creed and every station, red men and white, who stood around this cross, at a time when prejudice was harsh and bitter and ignorance engendered suspicion, but who nevertheless rejoiced to share in the homage paid to a great and a noble man. Nor should we forget those solitary pilgrims who journeyed hither to meditate upon the tragic story, to kneel perhaps in prayer above his remains, or press their lips upon the stone that stands as a sentinel on his grave. Rasle spoke to them.

And may we not cherish the hope, when we behold the throngs that are here to-day to commemorate his glorious deeds and inspire their own hearts with the story of his heroism, that for all time to come other multitudes will bend their steps to this woodland sanctuary for meditation and prayer, where every blade of grass, every sod, every grain of sand, every leaf, and every wild flower that wafts its tribute of fragrance around his grave, and every wavelet of the river that flashes in the sunshine or grows dark in the gloom of the forest, not only proclaim the glory and great-

ness of him who died for his fellow-man, but teach the essential and necessary truth that in Jesus Christ alone we can find the light which leads through the otherwise impenetrable mysteries of life, that through Him alone we can grow in the heroism which is called for in the battles we must sustain, and that toward Him alone we must tend if the heart is ever to find peace and rest.

But why should we speak only of the living? Lo! the long processions of the dead are seen wending their way hither, and we may regard it as little less than an inspiration that prompted your apostolic bishop, Louis Sebastian Walsh, to consecrate forever as God's Acre this holy spot, where his illustrious namesake, Sebastian Rasle, laid down his life for Christ. It was a thought from heaven which provided that the beloved dead of this vast diocese might be laid side by side with Maine's great confessor and protomartyr. Could there be a better or a holier resting place for those who lived for Christ than this beautiful consecrated place; and can the Catholic heart fail to feel anything but the profoundest gratitude for the noble and spiritual and Catholic solicitude that has irrevocably dedicated this venerable sanctuary to God, so that never through the lapse of time will any profane thing enter within its precincts? And is it an illusion to fancy that at no distant day a majestic and magnificent mausoleum may enshrine the sacred remains that slumber here, so that not only those who come with hearts burdened with sorrow for their dead, but other thousands, may assemble here to listen to the teachings of the faith of Jesus Christ?

Maine has no holier place than Narantsouac; no greater son than Sebastian Rasle, who won that title by shedding his blood to give the Faith to the first possessors of this land, and who offered his life a thousand times that whatever might be the future civilization of this territory, which is now a splendid commonwealth, it might have as its foun-

dation those divine truths on which depend the happiness of its people, the sanctity of its households, the stability of its laws, and the permanency of its institutions. The name of Sebastian Rasle should be written in letters of light in the history of Maine.

Dedication of the Ryan Memorial

St. Andrew's Novitiate, Poughkeepsie, New York, November 19, 1907

LEAVING the great metropolis and ascending the pathway of the Hudson, we journey between long lines of mountains which keep the river in its course, careless whether their summits are crowned with sunshine or winter wraps them in its shroud. Seventy miles up the stream there towers above our head the iron scaffolding which modern commerce has thrown from shore to shore, and which looks as if a gust of wind from the hills would some day fling it a forgotten thing into the hills beyond. Finally we reach the region on which nature has lavished its beauty, where the river winds into lakes and the receding hills reveal the luminous peaks of the Catskills far away to the north. There, at the gateway of this mid-section of the Hudson, stands an imposing structure far out upon the bank as if to challenge the attention of the passer-by.

What is it? we are often asked. If the inquirer is not of the Faith, we are sometimes at a loss how to shape an answer. For there is such a weird superstition connected with the name Jesuit, suggesting as it does suspicions of dark conspiracies and mysterious machinations, that we fear misunderstanding if we call it at first by its proper name of the Jesuit Novitiate. It may seem strange that a supposedly secret organization should thus thrust its house of training out into the blaze of day on one of the great highways of the nation.

I recall having once been asked about the Society, and when I had described it to the best of my ability, I was waived aside with disdain as knowing nothing about the sub-

ject. Perhaps I might have been accepted as an authority had I been able to state that I was just then on my way to a secret meeting of the Order in the mountain fastnesses of Spain; that when I alighted at nightfall from the narrow-gauge railroad which stopped at the little town of Zumaraga, and looked around in the gloom and the pouring rain for a guide, a brother of the Order, wrapped in his Spanish cloak, hustled me into a diligence, and we dashed up the mountain road into the clouds and mist that enveloped the lofty peaks, and then, descending the slope on the other side, I saw far down in the valley below the glimmer of lights in the old castle of Loyola, where the delegates from all parts of the world had been summoned. When the coach rumbled up to the door, I entered, and, presenting my credentials to the dark-browed Superior, found myself in the midst of the assembly. All that would have been romantic enough to make me an accredited witness, but I doubt if I should have been believed if I added that during the four months we were in that solitude, laboring unceasingly day and night, there were no mysteries, no dark plots, no conspiracies, no intrigues; nothing but deliberations, consultations, and discussions, and frequent prayer, followed by legislation regarding what was judged conducive to the sanctification of all the members of the Society.

Hence, by way of prelude to a further explanation, we might tell our unprepared inquirer that this is a House of Ecclesiastical Studies. Theology? Yes. The contemplation of God's beauty and power and providence, and especially His absolute and inalienable dominion over His creatures. Philosophy also; the profoundest and safest psychology: the study of the existence of the human soul; its origin, its powers, its destiny, its union with the body, the emotions that stir it, the storms that sweep over it, the temptations that sway it. Nor is it merely a theoretical study, but the concrete and personal experience of how the

passions are controlled, the senses mortified, earthly goods relinquished, the perfection of purity attained, self-will abandoned, even judgment set aside; in a word, it is one uninterrupted effort, daring as it may seem, to develop a character which shall flash forth resemblances, as far as divine grace will permit, to that of Christ Himself; not sporadically or at intervals, but as the result of habits which are made deep and enduring; and finally, when the term is reached, and the aspirant sees before him still loftier heights of virtue, of which all that he has done is only a preparation, sacred vows are pronounced which determine irrevocably the pathway to be followed for life.

To that everything in this house tends. It is inculcated in every book that is read, in every instruction that is given, in every exercise that is performed, in every mortification that is practised, in every prayer that is said. It is imaged forth in those glorious realizations of the ideals of domestic saints, beginning with the novice Stanislaus, who with boyish delight flung aside his earthly honors to prepare for the vows which he pronounced only in heaven. Continuing through the long line of confessors and martyrs whom the Society has given to the Church, brothers, scholastics, and priests, it receives a final indorsement and example in the Adorable Sacrament, which is the ultimate expression of Christ's self-effacement and the means that makes possible what would otherwise be beyond the competency of human nature to achieve.

It is the supreme importance of this last and main source of the spiritual life which is expressly proclaimed and emphasized to-day. A munificence prompted and actuated by a profound, far-reaching, and ardent love for the Blessed Sacrament has with royal prodigality built, completed, adorned, and encompassed with magnificence, and finally caused to be consecrated, this Eucharistic Throne of the King of Kings. From this sanctuary there are to issue, in

infinite abundance and efficacy, the streams of divine life upon her who has founded it, upon this community, upon the Church, and upon the world at large. Here for all time the adorers who kneel before the tabernacle will not only endeavor to repay some little tithe of the sacred obligations of prayer and intercession for the bounteous giver and those who are dear to her, but, because of the splendid example of love for Jesus Christ, will have their own souls quickened into a more acute attention to the voice behind the sacramental veils, and will go forth with a spirit of more heroic self-sacrifice and with greater strength to teach the world the lessons they have learned in this holy place.

All this may seem like mysticism, mediævalism, monasticism, extravagant poetry, and the like, but of what use is it? How will it affect the man in the street? How will it influence the grimy engineer who leans out of his cab and wonders what those people are doing on the hill? Of what import is it to the thousands that hurry by in steamers or trains, bent on business or politics or pleasure; or to those hustling throngs in the thoroughfares of the great metropolis, or to the men of the stock exchange, or to the workers in the sweatshops and factories or along shore; or to the swarming myriads in the slums, or the merchant, or the man of science, or the clubs, or the unions of workingmen, or the churchless millions around you?

How will it affect them? Why, there could not be a better instrument devised to check the disintegrating elements at work on society and to save it from absolute ruin.

Even the most optimistic among us will admit that we are living in times that are characterized by a widespread disrespect for authority and contempt of law, even in the youngest. The wrecks of the holiest institutions in civil, domestic, religious, and national life strew the shores of the world. In every country great political forces are gathering, whose avowed purpose is to sweep away the old order

of things, careless of what may come after. Strife between the different classes of society is kept under by armed force, governments dare not interfere with the red flag which systematized anarchy flaunts in the public thoroughfares with the motto, "No God and no master," and under whose threats two great nations are reeling. Nay, in some countries the very representatives of law bid the soldiers trample on the flag and shoot the officers who summon them to battle; kings and emperors and even presidents dare not stir abroad except between lines of bayonets, and assassination is fast growing to be the way in which rulers end their lives, not because they are personally obnoxious, but because they represent constitutional stability and the nation's existence.

Is it not therefore opportune that against these ever-increasing armies of disorder there should be formed another army of young, enthusiastic, and devoted men, who not only observe every law both human and divine, but who have of their own accord assumed greater and harder obligations, and who regard even the minutest regulations of their way of life as sacred; who have the profoundest veneration for authority no matter by whom it is represented; who have flung away every earthly incumbrance so as to be freer in the fight, and who have bound themselves by a more sacred oath than a soldier ever made to a flag, to persevere in the combat, no matter what may come, until death shall have brought the victory?

The oldest of us remember how the first great Archbishop of New York in the disorders incident to the Civil War dared to bid the mob disperse, and it obeyed; how in some parts of the city priests strode into the midst of the infuriated multitudes who were armed with rifles and knives and clubs, and implored them to desist; and how one venerable minister of the altar was stretched in his gore upon the pavement. But we remember too how in Paris in more

recent years a long line of illustrious victims, the Archbishop himself and priests and religious and conspicuous representatives of civil and judicial life, were ranged along the dead wall of a garden in the outskirts of the city and riddled with bullets, and in derision were then cast into a cesspool. Now there is a traceable genesis in all these disorders, and we know that such things may occur again in a more aggravated form. If so, who are to stand before these multitudes? Why, the whole world answers, the Catholic priests; and in the foremost ranks will be those who have especially bound themselves to obedience, and by them death in such a cause will be hailed with delight, as by soldiers who fall fighting for a flag. And even if this bloody affirmation of the love of order may not be demanded, there is one thing that is on all occasions to be proclaimed, and especially at the present time, whether its preacher enforces it with the mob, or expounds it in the pulpit, or explains it in the classroom; whether speaking to the old or the young, to the rich or the poor, to the learned or the ignorant, there is one lesson which the world must learn again, for it has absolutely forgotten the lesson, that there can be no peace, no law, no order, except by obedience to all who are above us in Church and State, in the home, in business, in the school, simply because Jesus Christ conquered the world by His obedience, even though it brought Him to the death of the cross. To train men for that work is for what this house is intended.

Apart from this anarchical condition, luxury, idleness, extravagance, and a mad pursuit of pleasure have left their marks or their scars upon the face of the century. The unprecedented accumulation of wealth, the marvellous achievements of commerce, the almost preternatural ingenuity of mechanical devices, have almost transformed the condition of the world, so that even the poorest are in possession of material advantages which only the very rich

formerly enjoyed. In fact, when we look around in this house and contrast its conveniences and comforts with the rough and hard surroundings in which the older generations of novices lived in Canada, West Park, or Frederick in the early days, we cannot help asking if the material advantages which have admittedly weakened the physical, intellectual, and moral fibre of the world outside, will have a corresponding effect in religious houses? Will the Society adjust itself to modern requirements? Can we conceive it? The greatest men it has had, many of them from the palaces of princes, have always sought in their personal surroundings and in the employment in which they were engaged what was hardest and humblest and poorest and most abhorrent to nature. Aiming always at brilliancy of success in every pursuit, scientific, literary, philosophical, or theological, not out of personal ambition, but because of their motto, *Ad majorem Dei gloriam,* they were, nevertheless, invariably to be found, whenever possible, among the poor, the ignorant, the abandoned, the debased; in hovels and prisons and hospitals, or hastening with delight to the aid of the infected, and happy when they paid for their temerity with their life. Beginning with Ignatius himself, whose predilections always tended in that direction, taken up by Laynez and Salmeron, who were found in the hospital between the sessions of the Council of Trent, which they illumined with the splendor of their learning, the tradition, continued through the centuries, was maintained everywhere, and in no other place better than in our own New York, where for years there was a holy emulation for that kind of work, and where in the days when medicine had not adopted the modern precautions, many of the best we had succumbed to the hardship of the work or to the diseases they contracted in the pest houses of the Island. That spirit cannot lapse at the present time. To lose it would be to fail in one of the essentials of the spiritual life; and recur-

ring to what has been said about the chaotic state of society, no man can hope to lift up the submerged classes or control them when they are roused to fury, except he is one of themselves in affection at least, and has lived a life of personal poverty and self-denial.

But, over and above all this, there is another condition, which is perhaps the root and source of all the rest and is the greatest peril of the present time. With it this house is especially intended to cope.

Dazzled by its own magnificence, the world has lost its head. The discoveries of science have invested it with a splendor of which past centuries had no conception, and bestowed upon it powers of whose possibilities there seems to be no limit. We not only traverse the wide ocean in palaces, but speed through its depths with absolute safety and precision; we are borne through the bases of mountains on the wings of the lightning, and are soon to make a conquest of the air; we no longer need wires to flash our thoughts to the ends of the earth, but the atmospheric current above our heads repeats our words; through boundless space a touch of our finger makes great cities glow with light, and throb with power that drives the wheels of the mighty industries that commerce has inaugurated; the harmonies of countless instruments come to our ears from thousands of miles away; and we hear the voices of those that are long since dead. Science bids us contemplate the material constructions of the inhabitants of Mars, and we are promised communication with the people of other planets; the tiniest atoms are revealing powers that sweep aside what were thought to be the laws of nature, and the miracles of the Gospels are said to have astonished only because of the ignorance that prevailed; the origin of life is said to have been reached, and the human soul discovered and weighed; and prophecies are heard of other greater miracles yet to be revealed. The world is delirious with delight, and the cry has gone forth

from the toiler in the sweatshop to the professor in his laboratory that there is no longer any spirit, that there is no longer any God; that the great material universe, of which we are a part, alone merits our adoration, and the supernatural must be relegated to the realms of ignorance and superstition.

Not only has this revolution been wrought in the world of science, but the religious bodies outside of the Church are every day denying the most fundamental doctrines of Christianity; the Bible is a closed book, two thirds of our people rarely enter a church and have no religious affiliation, and to the few that gather around the pulpit often only the doctrines of materialism and naturalism are taught.

But why speak only of those outside the Catholic Church? Was not the last utterance of the Sovereign Pontiff like a wail of agony, deploring the teachings of those who still claim to be Catholic priests and professors of sacred subjects, whose persistent clamor alone makes them conspicuous, and who in almost every nation of Christendom deny all belief in the supernatural; who sweep away the Sacrament, the divine institution of the Church, the inspiration of the Holy Scripture, and even the divinity of Jesus Christ Himself; and who have chosen for their treachery the very moment when in what was once a great Catholic country the temples of God are violated, Christianity trodden underfoot, and those who had devoted themselves to the higher spiritual life are driven out as criminals on the highways of the world.

Was there ever a time when the supernatural needed more to be emphasized in its highest, noblest, and sublimest expression? Surely not, and for that has this great establishment been erected. The laboring man who laid its foundations was aware that such was its purpose; the two devoted Catholics, the architect and the builder, both of whom died before the work was completed, would turn in

their graves if this house failed to fulfil the aim for which it was projected and in which they were only too happy to co-operate. The more than generous benefactress, who with such lavish hand has built and adorned this abiding place of the Spirit will require from this house, and justly so, a mighty concurrence in the work to which her life is devoted in spreading the religion of Jesus Christ. The illustrious prelate who is bound to the Society by personal and family affection, and who could not dream of not sharing the happiness of to-day, has an inalienable right to look to this centre of the supernatural for assistance in developing the spiritual life of the vast diocese which God has intrusted to his care. The whole hierarchy of the country, whose churches to such a large extent have been made possible by the labors and the blood of the early Jesuit saints and martyrs, must draw their conclusions from the past and demand it. The Society would denounce as recreancy to all its great history any failure to reach that ideal; and the Church itself, which has glorified the Society of Jesus with so many privileges and intrusted to it so many gigantic works, would visit with its condemnation the poisoning at its very source of the current which is intended to pour such a superabounding torrent of life on the nation and the world. Besides all this, there is a special reason why the supernatural life should be developed here to an unusual degree. Out there in the river, on the deck of a little bark, knelt the ragged and gaunt and haggard Isaac Jogues, lifting his fingerless hands to heaven in prayer. Possibly his eyes rested upon this very place, and it may be that he saw in vision what was to be, and his thoughts went back to the days when he, a boy as young as any here, knocked at the door of the novitiate and asked for the missions of Africa and martyrdom, and heard the prophecy: Not in Africa, but in America you will die. Down that river also passed a greater sufferer even than Jogues, though not a martyr, the glorious

Bressani, who went again and again into the midst of the enemies in quest of a martyr's death. Le Moyne was also there, the light-hearted hero who descended five times among the Iroquois, each time, as a Protestant eulogist says, taking his life in his hands. All three were companions of Brébeuf and Lallemant and Garnier and Daniel and Chabanel in distant Huronia, and had shared the dangers of the fire and the tomahawk, and pestilence and starvation, and two of them had kissed the charred and mangled remains of the martyrs when recovered from the bloody hands of the savage. Others passed here also, and not far from where the Mohawk pours its waters in the Hudson the early missionaries toiled in the filth and squalor of the Indian wigwams; made their bed in the snow drift, or left the tracks of their mangled feet on the ice-bound river; felt the pangs of starvation, and saw the tomahawk frequently above their heads. Their mission was called The Mission of the Martyrs. Is there any reason why this novitiate should not be called The Cradle of the Martyrs, that from it a constant line of missionaries and saints and even martyrs should not only go forth to labor at the posts near at hand, but in every part of the habitable world? Is there any reason why it should not reproduce the glories of St. Omer's and Valladolid and Rouen and of those countless other houses which have done so much for the advancement of the faith and the glory of God? If not, then tear it down, and fling it into the river, and make it an asylum or a barracks or a hospital, or give it to the institution alongside.

But, no! It will be true to its trust. Everything in it and around it proclaims its mission. The first rays of the morning sun illumine the chapel where around the altar the community is kneeling for instruction and strength for these very deeds; the mighty arms of the edifice stretch to the north and south in benediction, and as it faces the mountains on the west it is contemplating the eternal hills towards

which all are tending. Here are to be fashioned men who, like St. Paul, can cry out: "Who will separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or famine, or nakedness, or persecution, or the sword? I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus Our Lord." Men, in a word, who realize that sublime picture that is placed in the Book of the Institute; men crucified to the world, and to whom the world is crucified; new men who have put off their own will to put on Christ, who are dead to themselves that they may live to justice, who, as the divine Paul has said, in labors, in fastings, in vigils, in chastity, in science, in longanimity, in sweetness, in the Holy Ghost, in charity unfeigned, in the word of truth, show themselves to be ministers of God, and by the arms of justice on the right hand and the left, through glory and dishonor, through good report and evil report, through prosperity and adversity, go forward with great strides to the heavenly country, and compel others by whatever means they may to tend thither with them, with their eyes ever set on the greatest glory of God.

Dedication of the Church of Our Lady of Mercy

Brooklyn, New York, February 12, 1908

TO–DAY the nation recalls the memory of a man who by a single act struck the fetters from the limbs of three million slaves. It matters not whether he was prompted by pity for the sufferers, or was furthering a great political movement, or resorting to a desperate war measure in a crisis that came so near being the tragedy of the Republic; nor whether the policy was prudent at the time, as the execution might have precipitated other States of the Union into rebellion; nor whether the consequences have been such as were anticipated. All that is lost sight of to-day, and Lincoln stands before the world as the Liberator of a race; statues are erected in his honor, and the entire nation puts all other thoughts aside and extols with an exuberance of joy the greatness of its hero.

What is the reason of this enthusiasm? Because human nature loves liberty. Liberty is its prerogative and its birthright. Its possession is a distinction and a glory; and its loss a calamity and a degradation. Whoever gives it, whoever protects it, whoever augments it, no matter for what motive or in what measure, will always be loved and glorified by his fellow-men.

Properly is the elimination of slavery from this nation a cause of exultation, but the splendor of the achievement pales into insignificance before the event which this church commemorates. For it must be borne in mind that the title of Our Lady of Mercy which it bears is more properly Our Lady of Ransom, or, if you will, Our Lady of Mercy for

the Redemption of Captives; and it recalls an emancipation proclamation which not only antedates the liberation of our American slaves, but precedes the discovery of the American continent. It brings us back to the times when the fanatical hordes of Arabs and Moors and Turks were hurling themselves against the embattled forces of Christianity to lay waste the nations of Europe and subject them to the same slavery which they had already fastened on a large part of Asia and Africa. They had captured Constantinople and were battering at the gates of Hungary and Transylvania; they had conquered nearly all of Spain and had attempted to pass the defiles of the mountains into France, and, worst of all, their swift galleys were scouring the unprotected coasts of Italy and France and the regions of the East, swooping down upon unprotected towns and villages and carrying off thousands of helpless men and women and children from the castle as well as from the cabin into a slavery which meant not only the scourge or the dungeon, but something inexpressibly worse in the degradation to which the women were subjected and the apostasy in which Christian boys were brought up to be Janizaries to destroy the people whose blood was in their veins. The most formidable power in the hands of the Moslems were these fanatical soldiers who had been trained in the bitterest hatred of Christianity.

In this terrible conjuncture it was heroic Spain that came to the rescue. Spain, that had been standing for centuries like a wall of iron in its mountain passes in its fight for the liberty of Europe and of the world, not only continued to supply warriors who willingly died on the battlefield, but conceived something more heroic still.

Under the shadow of the great cluster of the peaks of Montserrat, which leap into the clear sky and look out upon the blue Mediterranean, which was covered by Moorish corsairs, stood three glorious men whose greatness should

never be forgotten: St. Peter Nolasco, whom the Church represents on her altars carrying in his hands the broken shackles of the slave; the other the great Dominican, St. Raymond of Pennafort, equally splendid in the holiness with which he was invested; and the third one, in royal robes, King James of Aragon, who had fought on many a bloody field against the enemies of the faith. Above them shone the radiant figure of the Blessed Mother of the Redeemer, bidding them go forth and summon an army that would dare to descend into the very midst of the enemy, not with dripping swords, but with hands filled with gold to ransom the unhappy captives who were chained in dungeons or toiling in the galleys, or perhaps buried in the depths of Mohammedan vice. They were to purchase them at any price, or if that were not possible take their place in slavery, put on their chains, and accept, if need be, torture and death; nay, bind themselves by solemn vow to the act, so that to shrink from the awful sacrifice would not only be sin but sacrilege.

Can you find a parallel in human history with this sublime immolation? The soldier who dies for his country goes gayly to death amid the blare of trumpets, the waving of banners, and the loud huzzahs of his frenzied comrades. He is almost unconscious of what he is doing, and is lifted out of himself by the fury of the combat; but to advance calmly to a hideous death when no one is contemplating the deed, to silently enter a dungeon where years of torture may be a prelude to death, to do battle all alone and to die and perhaps be forgotten even by those he ransomed, that is heroism which only the Spirit of God can help a man to achieve.

The Order of Our Lady of Ransom was founded; multitudes joined its ranks from every nation of Europe, and with the cross of Christ blazing on their mantles, they presented themselves before the Moorish citadels and pur-

chased by their money or their blood the thousands who were languishing in chains, or were doomed to a miserable death, or to be lost forever by the sacrifice of their souls.

This awful contest continued for long years between the contending armies. Step by step the invaders were driven back until the glorious day arrived when the victorious fleet of Pope Pius V met the squadron of the Turks at Lepanto, shattered it to pieces, and saved the world from slavery. But can we doubt that the calm and determined heroism of the Knights of Our Lady of Ransom inspired with greater heroism the men who fought behind the battlements or on the decks of the fleets and enabled them to hasten the day of victory; or, better yet, that this great love for humanity pleaded efficaciously with the God of Mercy to stay the work of destruction? Nay; looking at it in a purely human point of view, it was the Redemptioners who in reality routed the foe. For the power of the Moslems waned when they no longer had their apostate Janizaries to send into the field, and the supply of Janizaries failed when there were no more Christian slaves.

But what has all that to do with us? There is no slavery now. Not indeed the slavery that Lincoln eliminated from the country or that the saints of olden times gave their lives to destroy, but another just as real. For anyone who has eyes to see must notice a deliberate and organized descent into degraded material, moral, and intellectual conditions which keeps pace with and prompts a bitter animosity and antagonism to Christ, and is full of menace to the whole structure of Christian civilization. "There can be no question whatever," says the great Pontiff Leo XIII, "that some remedy must be found, and found quickly, for the misery and wretchedness which press so heavily at this moment on the large majority of the very poor. They have been given over isolated and defenceless to the callousness of employers, the greed of competition and rapacious usury, to the

extent that a number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the masses a yoke little better than slavery itself."

Millions of human creatures, says Cardinal Vaughan, are housed worse than the cattle and horses of many a lord and squire. In the annual death rate throughout England, one death in every fourteen is that of a pauper in the workhouse, and the conditions are infinitely worse in the great centres of industry. Just as the old Moslems swept the lands and the seas to increase the number of their slaves and kept them in degradation near their splendid cities only by the ever-uplifted sword, so does our modern Mohammedanism of business gather in the grimy and fetid slums of the great centres of commerce, where wealth most abounds, helpless and hopeless and often godless multitudes who are seething with rebellion and anarchy which can only be repressed by the bullet or the sabre, unless Christianity is there to stay the work of destruction.

It may be true that the evil is not as alarming in our country as elsewhere, but is there not enough before our eyes to arouse the old crusading spirit of Our Lady of Ransom? Poverty we can never abolish, nor need we try. It is the mark and glory of Christianity, and Christ has declared it to be a beatitude. But pauperism as it now presents itself in the world is not poverty. It was never known in Catholic times, and there is no reason why we Catholics should leave a single one of our own in that degraded and dangerous destitution which the great Cardinal and greater Pontiff so feelingly deplored.

What are our Sodalities for? Their work is not merely to recite prayers. What is our League of the Sacred Heart for? Not merely for the morning offering. What are our St. Vincent of Paul Societies for? Their ranks are not to be made up merely of old men, admirable and splendid though their work may be, but every young man and every young woman in every Catholic parish should find it a par-

ticular joy to enter with enthusiasm upon the work of redeeming the captives of poverty and preventing among ourselves the disasters of which the Supreme Pontiff warns the world. We are not rich, but God is; and as of old, if we set to work, our hands will teem with treasures, and, like the three saints of old under the guidance of the Queen of Heaven, who is especially our patron, we can redeem millions of captives and lead them back to the liberty of the children of God and the light of our faith.

Again, one of the characteristics of that old Mohammedan slavery was immorality and the corruption of innocent youth. Is there not a horrible repetition of that same corruption going on around us, and does not the question force itself upon us: what means are we going to resort to, socially, financially, and even politically, to check the canker that is eating out the heart especially of the rising generations? Is there not work there for a crusade?

So in the intellectual world. In former times the name unbeliever was given in contumely and as a reproach only to the Moslem and the Turk. Now that is all changed, and it is the Moslem and the Turk, namely the unbeliever, who rules the intellectual world to-day. Only the unbeliever is credited with being scientific and learned and intellectual, while the man who believes is scoffed at as ignorant, blind, and superstitious. Not only is there a wholesale apostasy from Christianity, but its doctrines are reviled in private conversations, in public discourses, in the press, in the learned reviews, in great universities, nay, even in the pulpit itself. Its teachings are declared to be forever exploded, and so intense and bitter and powerful is the hatred that prevails against it that even in the most conservative nations it is impossible to give a Christian education to-day to the most abandoned children of the slums, although they may be and are growing up in immorality and becoming a menace to the very existence of the State. Indeed, in two notable

instances, in countries which once gloried in being the centre of Christianity, every Christian emblem is swept out of the school room with scorn and contempt; the very name of God is obliterated from the school books, and the precepts of Mohammed and Buddha are substituted for those of Christ. It is a Jew who rules in Rome. What are you going to do about it, soldiers of Our Lady of Ransom, now that such things are occurring in our own country?

Added to all this, the history of Mohammedanism, as everyone knows, is one long series of deeds of blood. When we take up our daily papers with their unending catalogues of murders which are continually multiplying around us, both in frequency and atrocity, and when we find ourselves feeling only a passing horror and expecting as a matter of course repetition of such butcheries as that which occurred in Lisbon the other day, is it not time for us to remember that the world looks to Catholicity as the only barrier that can stay the wild torrent of anarchy which is wrecking society? We, above all other men, should be conspicuous for our reverence and support and championship of law and order and authority, in the family and in the State; we, above all others, should be pronounced in our absolute alienation from, and condemnation of, every association that may be a menace to public order; and the peace-loving and law-abiding character of our lives should be such that, like the cloak and the cross of the Knights of Ransom, it will let men know what is the main object of our mission in life. As St. Paul warns us, we may be the victims, but must never be the perpetrators, of iniquity. Finally, the wreckage of family life by the hideous multiplication of divorce, which is stripping the last ray of decency from womanhood shows us how far the precepts and practices of Mohammedanism prevail. So base have we become that the Minister of Justice in once Catholic France has not hesitated to propose a union of man and woman which is more degrading than

that of a Turkish harem. Marriages and households are becoming Mohammedan. What should ours be?

In a word, the Turk has not only crossed the Mediterranean, but the Atlantic. The unbeliever, the enemy of Christ, rules in the literature, education, morals, politics, and even the religion of what once was the Christian world.

What are we to do then? Go forth with your cross on your breast for the ransom of captives. Let your Catholicity be in evidence everywhere and always positive and pronounced. Never was there such an opportunity of making it prevail, now that all difference of sects has disappeared and the issue is plainly between Christianity and paganism.

"But we will not listen to you; we do not want your doctrines," cry the people around us. "Give us deeds, not creeds." Well, give them deeds, while treasuring above all earthly possessions the only one of all the creeds that gives assurance of salvation. Show them, first of all, this deed, this magnificent church which out of your poverty and your piety you have erected and dedicated to Almighty God. Every stone of it is eloquent of countless noble and even heroic deeds, the deeds not of yourselves alone, but of all the dead of these last fifty years whose spirits are here to-day, the men and women who, in less fortunate times than our own, worshipped before these altars and in poverty, contempt, and often persecution, made possible what we have achieved to-day. It is the work of those who, driven out of the beloved old church by the remorseless grind of material progress, saw themselves compelled to begin again the task accomplished at the cost of so many a hard and bitter sacrifice. It is the work of the beloved pastor, Father Foley, who, while disease was gnawing at his vitals, nerved himself for this mighty task, no doubt conscious that he would never live to see its completion. It is the work of those devoted priests who have labored here in the past

and are especially happy to-day to find themselves kneeling at the same beloved altar where so often they were privileged to offer the Holy Sacrifice. It is the work of your new pastor, who would never dare to assume this fearful responsibility did he not know that the love and affection bestowed on his predecessor will be accorded to him. It is the work of every man and woman who have deprived themselves over and over again of what perhaps they sorely needed that God might be glorified in His holy temple. And may we not say, though it is often forgotten on these occasions, it is the work of those two men who merit your gratitude and whose names it would be an injustice to omit at this moment of your triumph — the architect who with an evident joy in working for God planned this noble edifice, whose perfect symmetry and tranquil beauty need no glare or glitter, and whose magnificence even before it has received its full adornment gives us, along with admiration for its splendor, the sense of security and strength which are so befitting in a temple of the Most High. With him is his devoted associate, the builder, whose exquisite care and finish of every detail evinces the spirit of Catholic faith with which he toiled so scrupulously and so well and with a solicitude which he would not bestow on a mere secular edifice. The names of both of these distinguished men — for to have built so well is an eminent distinction — must be forever associated with this monument to God's glory.

Nay, is it not the work of the humble laborers who helped to rear this structure? For there is not a man of them who carried the mortar, or laid the brick, or polished the marble, or did anything whatever who was not made happier by the fact that he was building for God, and who will not rejoice in after years to tell his children that he had a share in its construction. He knows that God gave him a blessing for his work in this sacred place.

It is the work of the past and the present, of laborers and

builder and architect and priests and people, and of the devoted prelate whose impulse prompted and whose word guided the great enterprise and whose apostolic zeal is covering his dioceses with worthy temples of the Most High. It is the work of the living, it is the work of the dead, and it will ever express in enduring stone an unimaginable accumulation of splendid deeds continued through half a century of suffering and self-denial to express the piety, the love of humanity, the love of country, and the love of God that has actuated this congregation which, after doing so much, deliberately faces other sacrifices in the future. No other religious body, said one of our great statesmen, and we may add no other secular body, gives such a guarantee of its loyalty and devotion to the institutions and laws of this country and of trust in its future as do Catholics, who cover the land with hospitals, asylums, schools, and churches. To-day we contribute one more proof of our love of our fellow-man, of our country, and of God. You want deeds. Show us anything you have ever done to compare with this deed of fifty years' continuance; but remember, it needed a creed to do it.

But this material structure is only an instrumentality. Every sign or symbol or ceremony or sacrifice or sacrament in any way associated with or performed in it is only a help towards the building up of every possible virtue in human nature and its diffusion on the world outside. Honesty, temperance, chastity, love of our fellow-man, especially the humblest and poorest, love of justice, love of truth, love of religion, love of God, in a word, virtue of every kind, from its feeblest beginnings to its sublimest manifestations, is to be developed by your co-operation so that you may stand forth like your glorious church. Its marble front reflects the splendor of the midday sun and gleams white in gloom of the midnight. The storms beat upon its roof, but can never penetrate its arch of stone; conflagrations may sweep

across it, and we may sit in tranquillity within its sheltering walls. So let us be in sunshine and in darkness; in the calm that may rest upon our lives or the wild storms that may seem to overwhelm us. By serenely and joyfully showing to the world examples of every virtue, you will be truly Christians and truly Catholics. In that way, and only in that way, can we, under the sweet guidance of the Queen of Heaven, gain captives from error and vice and lead them into the liberty of the children of God.

The Eucharist in the Early Missions of North America

Montreal Eucharistic Congress, 1910

THE first chapter of the history of the Blessed Eucharist in our part of the world would be an account of the attempt of the Bishops of Greenland to establish a Christian colony in America one thousand years ago. Unfortunately, however, we cannot fix with any degree of certainty even the location of the famous Vinland, but as we know that not only priests but also bishops crossed the intervening sea to look after their flocks, we are safe in concluding that the Holy Sacrifice was offered on these coasts with all the pomp and solemnity which the ritual requires when prelates officiate at the altar.

We obtain more definite information as we approach nearer to modern times. When England was still Catholic, Rut was sent out, in 1527, to explore the northern parts of the continent; his ship was the *Mary of Guilford,* and the chaplain of the expedition is described as " a canon of St. Paul's in London, a very learned man and mathematician." The ports of Newfoundland, Cape Breton, and Norumbega were visited, and men were sent ashore to examine the country.

It is quite inconceivable that the " learned man and mathematician " should have remained on board the ship on such occasions, and especially that in his capacity of priest he should not have availed himself of the opportunity of celebrating Mass somewhere on the coast, so as to take possession of the land for Christ. The presence of this London canon on the *Mary of Guilford* also brings out the

interesting fact that the Gospel must have been first preached here in the English tongue.

The journal of Jacques Cartier in 1536, if it has not been tampered with, furnishes much valuable information about the subject with which we are concerned. We have, for instance, the following entry: "Before setting out, by command of the captain" — namely himself — "and with the perfect good will of the men, each one of the crew went to confession, and on Pentecost Sunday, May 6, 1535, we all received our Creator in the Cathedral of St. Malo, and were afterwards admitted to the choir, where the Bishop in his robes gave us his benediction."

Such was Cartier's prelude to his discoveries. He is said to have taken with him two Benedictine monks as chaplains, Dom Guillaume le Breton and Dom Antoine, and he is careful to note the various places where he had them go ashore to celebrate Mass. The ugly Eskimos, whom nobody thought of, were the first to be honored; for Ferland tells us that Cartier entered the port of Ilettes, now called Brador, and then the harbor of Brest or Vieuxpont. The journal also notes that "Mass was said there on St. Barnabas' Day [June 11], for all the crew," that is, no one was left on board the ship; but it does not tell us if any of the natives gathered around wondering at the solemn ceremony.

Of course, Mass was offered on shipboard whenever the weather permitted, and it is very probable that when "the vessel was driven for shelter into a beautiful and great bay full of islands, and with easy access and protection from the sea," the two monks did not fail to ascend the altar. It was then August 10, the feast of St. Lawrence; in commemoration of the event Cartier named the Gulf after the saint. According to Ferland, that harbor was probably Sainte Genevieve, nine miles from Eskimo Point.

Cartier ascended the St. Lawrence, and one is tempted

to ask whether, when he climbed the hill which he called Mount Royal, he ordered the celebration of Mass, thus anticipating Maisonneuve by a hundred years. There is no record of his having done so, but the man who would go ashore among the Eskimos, for the first solemn *prise de possession,* might be counted on to do the same, when the Sault barred his further progress up the river, especially as he had decided that it was the best place to establish a city. His devotion to the Holy Eucharist is very touchingly told in his description of the terrible winter which he was compelled to pass at the foot of the Rock of Quebec.

Out of one hundred and ten of his men one hundred were down with the scurvy. "I therefore," he says, "placed an image of the Blessed Virgin on a tree, about a musket shot from the fort, and ordered that on the following Sunday all, both sick and well, who were able to go over the snow and ice, should make a pilgrimage thither, singing the seven psalms of David and the litany, to implore the Blessed Virgin, that she would deign to ask her dear Son to have pity on us. When the Mass was said and sung before the said image, I constituted myself Master Pilgrim to Our Lady who is prayed to at Rocamadour, promising to go thither if God would grant us the grace to return to France."

Unfortunately not a few historians maintain that Cartier had no priests with him on any of his voyages. The names of the Benedictines, the places where Mass was celebrated, etc., are, according to the critics, interpolations, written by an unwise admirer of Cartier, who needed no false glory.

Though Henry Hudson was not of the household of the Faith, it may not be out of place to notice here that, before venturing on his expedition to discover the Northwest Passage, in 1609, he went with his crew, in solemn procession, to the church of St. Ethelburga off Bishopsgate Street, London, where they received Communion and

implored God's help in their perilous undertaking; and ten years later the devout and heroic Danish explorer, Jens Munck, who nearly perished amid the horrors of the Hudson Bay, had, as his chaplain, "a priest" who celebrated all the festivals of the Church and regularly made "the offertory for the crew."

Of course valid orders had not persevered in England when Hudson received Holy Communion, nor were the "offertories" of Munck's priest chaplain the Mass; but both of these instances illustrate how the eucharistic traditions still lingered in both England and Denmark. It is consoling to see them connected with the first American explorations.

Then comes a gap of seventy years, and the next priests who appear in this part of the world were the two who went with de Monts to Acadia — one, the Abbé Aubry, who nearly lost his life in the woods and shortly after returned to France; and another who died almost as soon as he landed. After them comes the Abbé Flesche, who was decorated with the singular baptismal name of Joshua, and who for the prodigality of his baptisms was recalled to France. Finally, on May 22, 1611, the Jesuits Biard and Massé arrived. All of these priests celebrated the Holy Mysteries frequently, if not regularly, for the conditions were hard and at times impossible; but there are two or three occasions which, on account of their picturesque surroundings, call for special notice.

The Commandant Potrincourt had quarrelled with one of his officers, Du Pont, who had taken flight and was living among the Indians. As it was morally a very dangerous situation for the fugitive, Father Biard interceded, till the Commandant relented and agreed to go in search of him. They found him on the other side of the Bay of Fundy, and after the reconciliation Du Pont went to confession on the beach; the Indians standing at a distance

and wondering why he was so long kneeling at the feet of the priest. When the poor wretch was shriven, an altar was erected on the shore, and Mass was said at which Du Pont received his Easter Communion. The place was known as La Pierre Blanche, evidently Whitehead Point on the Grand Menan, off the coast of Maine.

There was another celebration of Mass under still more peculiar conditions. The younger Potrincourt had heard that there was a band of poachers plying their trade some distance up the St. John River, and he started out to find them. He arrived at night, saluted the fort and was saluted in return and invited to land. Next morning he went ashore, and Father Biard celebrated Mass on the beach; the poachers, who were all Frenchmen, coming out of their defences to assist at it like good Christians. When all was over, Potrincourt, to the disgust and amazement of everyone, suddenly announced that the men who had been kneeling around the altar with him, their hearts no doubt full of brotherly love, were his prisoners. Wild disorder of course ensued, which came near ending in bloodshed, but after a night and a day, peace was restored, and Potrincourt sailed away with the priest to explore the coast of Maine.

On the 28th of October, 1611, the little ship entered the Kennebec and ventured up the river. How far they went is not said. The Indians were suspected at first and kept at a distance, but were at last allowed to board the vessel for trade. Profiting by the opportunity, Biard took a boy with him and went ashore to celebrate Mass. Meantime the redmen became so riotous on the ship that Potrincourt was several times on the point of ordering a general massacre. The thought of the priest at the altar in the woods was the only thing that prevented his action. Finally the chiefs called off the braves, and Father Biard clambered up the ship's side only to learn how near he had come to

being killed with the chalice in his hands. It is to be regretted that it is impossible to identify the place.

As the troubles increased at Port Royal, the Jesuits abandoned it, and settled at Mount Desert in the present State of Maine. There, says Bancroft, "in front of a cross in the centre of the village, Mass was said, and the Roman Church entered into possession of the soil of Maine." But there were not many Masses said there. The English soon descended upon the colony and gave it over to the flames, taking away the priests to hang them in Virginia — a project which a merciful Providence prevented. The name Saint Sauveur, which was given to the settlement, still remains, and has even been appropriated by the Episcopal chapel of the place.

It is somewhat surprising that, when Champlain brought over the Récollets in 1615, the first Mass was not said at Quebec, but further up the river, namely, on the Island of Montreal. Champlain himself tells us that "the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was sung on the shore of the Rivière des Prairies with great devotion by Fathers Denis and Joseph, in presence of all the people, who admired the vestments, which were more beautiful than anything those people had ever seen, for this was the first time Mass was ever celebrated there."

There is a curious conflict of authorities about the first Mass that was offered at Quebec after the return of the French in 1632. The *Abrégé chronologique et historique de tous les prêtres du Canada* pretends that a priest of the Missions Étrangères named Benôit Duplein, who could speak English, had remained in the city and had continued to say Mass during all the time of the Occupation. Unfortunately for this claim, the Society of the Missions Étrangères was not established until forty years later. The year 1632 was evidently mistaken for 1672, for at the latter date there was a Benôit Duplein of the Missions

Étrangères in Quebec. Possibly, also, the writer was misled by the official Register of Quebec, in which it is said that a daughter of Couillard was baptized in 1631. She was indeed baptized, but the officiating clergyman was the Protestant minister who had come to the city with the Kirkes in 1629.

The Couillard family probably thought it was the best thing they could do, especially as they saw that the parson was being brutally treated by Kirke for having protested against the liquor traffic, and also for attempting to prevent the execution of some Iroquois captives. He was kept a prisoner for six months in the dilapidated Récollet convent, under the charge of fomenting rebellion among the soldiers. No doubt he was glad to see the French return to their possession. As for the Mass, Le Jeune, in the *Relation* of 1632, distinctly says that there was no priest in Quebec during the Occupation, that is, for three whole years. It was he himself who said that first Mass, and it was celebrated in Couillard's house on the 13th or 14th of July. The house had to be used, for the English had burnt the chapel in the *basse ville*.

After Champlain returned, piety reigned in Quebec, and Le Jeune writes that the scenes at Mass almost made him think he was home again, in France. The church was crowded at all the services, the ceremonies were carried out with all possible solemnity, and the fervor of the colonists resembled that of the first Christians. It should be noted, however, that it was a penal offence to be absent from Mass.

It is sometimes asked whether the old missionaries always celebrated Mass on their apostolic journeys. Sometimes they did, but often it was absolutely out of the question. Thus Father Jogues never offered the Holy Sacrifice during all the time he was in New York. It was evidently impossible, when he was carried thither as a

prisoner, with his body slashed and his hands crippled and mangled.

Nor could he have even done so on his second visit, for he was warned to have nothing sacerdotal even in his appearance, and he went there as an envoy of the Governor, in the garb of a layman; and on the last and fatal journey, he took neither vestments nor chalice with him, for he intended to remain with the Mohawks only during the winter, and, as he said himself, to be "without the Mass and the Sacraments." He was captured at Lake George, and was killed almost as soon as he arrived at Ossernenon. That was in 1646.

In 1646, when Father Druillettes made his daring journey in a canoe from Quebec to Boston, he was cordially received by the old Puritans, and he tells us that he was the guest of a Major Gibbons, who gave him a key to his room, where he might say his prayers without fear of being disturbed. Whether he availed himself of that seclusion to offer up the Holy Sacrifice he does not say. But as our only source of information is a public document, in which he had to restrict himself to an account of the official work which he was sent to perform, we cannot expect to have any information on the matter of his devotions. It might have compromised Gibbons.

It was evidently impossible also for de Brébeuf and Chaumonot to have said Mass even once during their terrible winter journey of four months from Lake Huron to Niagara, and from there to a place opposite the present site of Detroit, and then back to the cabin from which they had started out. Almost every wigwam either barred its doors against them or drove them out into the snow. Nor did Millet during his five years' captivity at Oneida ever say Mass.

There is a notable example, however, of frequency of Communion in the accounts of the last terrible days of

Father Ménard's life out on the shores of Lake Superior, in 1660. The chronicle thus relates it:

"In the second winter an attempt was made to fish, and it was pitiable to see these poor Frenchmen in a canoe, amid rain and snow, driven hither and thither by the whirlwinds of these great lakes. They frequently had their hands and feet frozen, and sometimes they were overtaken by snow so thick that the man steering the canoe could not see his companion in the bow. But while destitute of bodily comfort, they were strengthened by heavenly favors. As long as the Father was alive, they had Holy Mass every day, and confessed and received Holy Communion about once a week." The men succeeded in getting back to Quebec, but Ménard died farther on in the wilderness.

Of course, when circumstances permitted, those great missionaries did not allow the opportunity to pass of offering the Holy Sacrifice, no matter what intense suffering it caused them. Thus Albanel tells us that for four successive days on the Saguenay, while the tempest was howling in the bay, the fire was extinguished in the wigwam so as to prevent the priest from being stifled by the smoke, in which he would otherwise be obliged to stand, and then, in the almost insufferable cold that resulted, the Indians knelt around the rude altar until the priest had finished and the fire was again lighted. The date is 1670.

Father Buteux, the apostle of Three Rivers, has left us some very graphic descriptions of these ceremonies in the wilderness. Thus, for instance, at the end of March, 1651, he started with a band of Indians for the Whitefish country. At night they slept in a hole dug in the snow. Some soldiers who made that first day's journey with them said it was like going into a sepulchre, and they turned back next day to Three Rivers, while Buteux and his Indians proceeded north. "On the 4th day," writes Buteux, "I said Mass on a little island. It was the first time the adorable

Sacrifice was offered in these parts. There was a discharge of musketry at the Elevation, and after Mass a feast of Indian corn and eels.

"On the 7th day we walked from three o'clock in the morning till one o'clock in the afternoon, in order to reach an island where I wanted to say Mass, for it was Palm Sunday. I succeeded, but I had a share in the sufferings of the Passion of our good Master. My thirst made my tongue adhere to my palate. The extra burden I had to carry when my man left me aggravated my pains. The Indians saw my weakness during Mass and afterwards gave me some sagamité, made especially for me, which consisted of some dough boiled in water and with it the half of a dried eel.

"The thirteenth day was the hardest of all. We started out at three in the morning, by horrible roads, through underbrush so thick that it was impossible to find a place for either our feet or our raquettes. I got lost several times because I could not follow the trail. We then reached some lakes where the ice was very slippery, yet impossible to walk on without raquettes, for there was danger of going through the ice; and on the other hand the snow and melting ice made our feet very heavy. At mid-day we stopped, and I had the happiness of saying Mass, which was my only consolation. There I found strength in my weariness. To revive me, for I was exhausted, they offered me a piece of beaver, which had been left over from the day before. I did not take it, but offered it to Our Lord, for I had not tasted meat from the beginning of Lent.

"The fourteenth day was Easter Sunday, the ninth of April, and I was very much consoled at the piety displayed by the Indians. Our little chapel, built of cedar and pine branches, was beautifully decorated, that is to say, each one had brought whatever pictures and new stuffs he had, and hung them here and there on the walls.

"After blessing the congregation with holy water and distributing the *pain bénit,* which was a piece of bread I had kept for that purpose, the chief made a speech to excite the devotion of his people. When Communion and thanksgiving were over, and the beads recited, they came to offer me some little presents: one gave me a piece of fat elk-meat, another a partridge, and so on. They deprived themselves of these things to give them to me, in spite of the hunger that was gnawing their vitals as well as mine."

There are many such heroic acts of homage to the Blessed Sacrament in those north woods during the wonderful career of Father Buteux. The incidents just related occurred at the end of his life. He was killed in those same forests shortly after, and his body was thrown into the rapids.

In Father de Crespieul's *Relation* we have a description of a Repository of the Blessed Sacrament in the forests beyond the Saguenay, which is worth reproducing here. "Our journey ended," he says, "at the Lake of the Cross, so called from its shape. It was Holy Week, in 1673, and the locality suggested that more than usual devotion should be displayed in the Adoration of the Holy Cross; and though it may excite astonishment, that for the proper celebration of the most august mysteries of our religion we were able to find room in our poor cabin for everything that conformity with the Church requires during Holy Week, yet we accomplished it, in order to bring our winter to a happy end, and to consecrate those rocks and mountains by all we possess of what is holiest and most worthy of veneration. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of Holy Week converted our forests into a chapel, and our cabin into a repository, where very few of the ceremonies observed at the time by Christians were omitted by our Indians. Above all they showed profound respect, and maintained religious silence in the cabin in which the Blessed Sacrament was placed

during the night, between Thursday and Friday, and in the depth of that desert this august mystery was honored without ceasing, by continual prayer, which suffered no interruption in the darkness of the night. Easter Sunday crowned it all by a general Communion."

It may be noted that the Assouapmouchouan, which empties into the Saguenay, had been called the River of the Blessed Sacrament by Father Dablon in 1660. Jogues had so called Lake George in 1646. These, it goes without saying, were acts of homage to the Holy Eucharist.

In Marquette's exploration of the Mississippi there is no mention, as far as we are aware, of his ever landing for the purpose of saying Mass; but there is a valuable bit of eucharistic information in his account of his journey to the Illinois in the following year. His two men, Pierre and Jacques, went to confession and received Holy Communion twice a week, thus antedating the practice of the present day.

The question naturally arises, How did they procure wine for the Mass in these solitudes? Of course they had to carry it with them on journeys such as we have been describing. But in their ordinary places of abode they made it out of the wild grape. We read in Sagard (vol. i, 228) that " when our little barrel of wine gave out, as it soon did, for it held only two pots full, we made wine from the wild grape. Our wine press was a mortar, and our strainer one of the altar linens. We could make only a limited amount, for our tub was nothing but a bucket made of bark. The pressed grapes we mixed with sugar, and made into a confection to eat on recreation days, or to give to any of our compatriots who might visit us. They could take a little of it on the point of a knife."

There are not many instances recorded of the seizure of the priests' vestments by the savages. The chalice and vestments of the Recollect Viel, who was drowned at Sault-

au-Récollet, were taken, but recovered; the latter, however, were in rags, the Indians having used them for decorations.

When Le Maitre, the Sulpician, was beheaded near Montreal, a savage was seen shortly after, clothed in the priest's vestments, strutting defiantly before the French palisade. The chalice of Chabanel, who was murdered on the Nottawasaga River, was given to the assassin's mother, but as a great many misfortunes immediately befell the family, she threw it into the river. Doubtless, the Indians who killed de Brébeuf and Lalemant, carried off the sacred vessels, though nothing is said of it in the *Relations*. But we know that everything that could be found in Rasle's chapel was seized by the English and brought to Boston. His crucifix and "the strong box," in which he probably kept his chalice, are now in the museum of Portland, Maine. Finally, somewhere at the bottom of the Ottawa River there is, if it has not rotted to pieces meantime, a box full of altar furniture. The canoe in which it had been put was upset, and though the heroic young Indian Armand, who was in charge of it, clung to it as long as he could at the risk of his life, it was torn from his grasp by the torrent and disappeared. A beautiful ostensorium which was made by the Jesuit Coadjutor Brother Giles has also been discovered and is now in the possession of the Wisconsin Historical Society.

We do not know if the nuns at Quebec made any of the vestments, but we have a record of one devoted sister of the Hôtel Dieu, of that city, who supplied chalice palls for the missions for the space of forty-two years — from 1717 to 1759. In each pall she would insert a prayer, and an invocation such as *justifica nos, dealba nos, vivifica nos*.

Unveiling of the Tablet in Honor of Jean Nicolet

Before the Michigan Historical Society, Mackinac Island, July 13, 1915

THE memorial tablet of Jean Nicolet which has been affixed to the rocks of the Island of Mackinac is not only the record of a notable historical event, but is also the declaration of a doctrine. It is a protest against a philosophical theory prevalent at the present day that makes man the creature as well as the victim of his environment; a theory which assails the dignity of human nature by robbing it of its freedom of will, and connotes a mental attitude despised by even the old pagans themselves. "The just man," sings the famous Roman poet, "will persist in his purpose; and even if the whole world were to crash about his head, he will stand amid the ruins undismayed." The Christian view is not content even with this, and proclaims that he only is the true hero who makes disaster itself contribute to his glory.

Jean Nicolet was not a great explorer like Champlain; he was not a picturesque governor like Frontenac; not a daring fighter like Iberville; not even a successful discoverer like Marquette; nor a martyr like his friends Brébeuf, Jogues, Daniel, Garnier, and Garreau. He occupied no conspicuous position in the official world; he was not intrusted with the building or moulding or modifying of a commonwealth or a colony; he was simply an employee in a trading post, an Indian interpreter who passed the longest and most ambitious period of his life amid surroundings that were calculated to tear out of his heart not only every

noble aspiration, but every recollection of Christianity and civilization; yet he was a man who was not only not influenced or harmed by such surroundings, but made them minister to his advancement in the noblest qualities that adorn humanity; and in doing so he has achieved a greater glory than the one which this tablet specifically commemorates, namely, his entrance into a new and unknown territory. Being so concealed from the public gaze and engaged in work that usually escapes recognition, it is a remarkable tribute to his work that after almost three hundred years he should be selected by a great Commonwealth as particularly worthy of honor. He is not only the first white man who appeared in what is now the State of Michigan, but a man whose virtues may be proposed to the youth of the country as an example and an inspiration.

He was a mere lad when he stepped ashore at Quebec in 1618, and the conditions that prevailed there at that time must have filled him with consternation and dismay. For ten years the heroic Champlain had been struggling with adversity, and each year only brought him nearer to the brink of destruction and despair. He was in the relentless grip of a fur company that not only owned the colony, but had determined to defeat the magnificent project of making it a mighty appanage of the crown of France and of increasing the glory and power of the mother country in the New World. For the traders it was to be merely a post for making money. The establishment of a colony of Europeans, and the conversion and civilization of the savages, or the considerations of patriotism did not enter into their calculations, and Champlain was thwarted at every step. The result was that while the English colony of Jamestown, in Virginia, had at that time four thousand settlers who owned their own lands and made their own laws, Quebec had no more than forty or fifty people, even including the employees of the company and the mission-

aries, and they were all dependent on a heartless corporation, even for bread to eat. The fort was in a state of dilapidation and decay; no assistance could be obtained to repair its walls, and the countless journeys of Champlain across the ocean to plead for his wretched colony met only with apathy and unconcern, or with promises that were never kept. In spite of it all, however, he kept up the unequal fight. Though beaten and beaten again, he persevered, in spite of accumulated disasters which would have crushed any ordinary man, until at last, after more than a quarter of a century, he won the glory of being classed among the greatest men in the history of the Western World.

It must have been the contemplation of Champlain's splendid personality that inspired young Nicolet to live in like manner, in the humble career in which Providence had placed him. Around him were a number of young reprobates whose names are infamous in Canadian history: Vignau, who endeavored to murder Champlain; Brulé, whose morals were so depraved that he was killed by the savages, who were themselves so vile; and Marsollet, who, though not so bad as the rest, proved a traitor when Quebec succumbed to the English. Not only with these and their similars did Nicolet have nothing to do, but he by his example, unconsciously no doubt, but truly nevertheless, inaugurated that long line of youthful Canadian heroes whose equals it would be difficult to find in the history of any other country. There was, for example, young François Marguerie, the idol of the colony, and a splendid Indian fighter of whom it is recorded that once when he stood with his sword at the throat of a savage he dropped it, saying, "If I kill him, I shall be killed instantly. If I am tortured to death, I shall have more time to prepare my soul to meet God," and he surrendered; there was his companion Normanville, who would travel hundreds of miles in midwinter to get a priest for a sick Indian, and who, after a life of

adventures ending in the valiant defence of Three Rivers, was burned at the stake on the Mohawk; there was Charles Le Moyne, the defender of Montreal when he was only a stripling, who, besides the memory of his countless exploits, left as a heritage to New France a remarkable family of heroes such as Iberville, Longueuil, Sainte-Helène, Bienville, Chateaugay, and the rest; and omitting a throng of others like Goupil, Couture, Lalande, and the wonderful Christian Indian boy Armand Jean, who reflected honor on the great Cardinal Richelieu after whom he was named, it will be sufficient to recall the memory of the glorious sixteen under Daulac or Dollard, only one of whom was above thirty, who in spite of their youth and inexperience withstood eight hundred Iroquois, and by the sacrifice of their lives — for every one fell — saved New France from utter destruction. Jean Nicolet was the leader of this glorious line.

The first test to which he was put was his appointment as interpreter on Allumette Island, far up the Ottawa. No doubt, like any other healthy boy, he was fascinated by the wild beauty of the region through which he passed on his first journey into the depths of the country. He had never seen anything equal to the Rideau, as it dropped curtain-like into the mighty river beneath; nothing so terrible as the Chaudière, where the Indians, descending or ascending the stream, performed their incantations to propitiate the evil spirits that dwelt in the boiling waters; nothing so startling as the angry leap of the waters over the rocks of the Calumet, where to-day stands, under the pines, the gleaming marble shaft *à la mémoire de Cadieux,* who in his days was to be another Nicolet. All this doubtless amazed and delighted him, but the poetry of the life was soon dissipated when he found himself in the grossness and squalor and filth, both physical and moral, of the Algonquin wigwams. The aborigines were far from being the noble crea-

tures depicted by Fenimore Cooper and other romancers, but were steeped in the foulest vices; and again and again the missionaries protested against leaving young and unprotected boys in such surroundings, without any religious assistance to keep them from becoming as bad as the savages themselves. But the traders whose employee Nicolet was, considered moral disasters of very little importance if the storehouses at Quebec were filled with furs.

In that place young Nicolet remained for two years, completely mastering the various Algonquin dialects, and exercising such an influence over his Indian friends that he was able to lead four hundred of their braves down to the Mohawk to make a treaty of peace with the terrible Iroquois.

Of course, this embassy was due, in large measure at least, to Champlain, and it goes far to exculpate him from the charge, so frequently urged against him, that the long series of Iroquois wars were the result of his indiscretion. As a matter of fact, the battles of Lake Champlain and Cap au Massacre were unavoidable, for the Iroquois were actually invading the country and had to be repelled, if an indiscriminate massacre of red and white men alike was to be averted. To have made a treaty of peace so soon after the battle of Oneida clearly shows the falsity of the accusation that the Iroquois nourished an implacable hatred of the French. After Nicolet's visit to them the incursions ceased, and were renewed only when the incompetency and blundering of some of Champlain's successors prompted the Indians to dig up the hatchet and renew their depredations.

Nicolet remained for two years on Allumette Island, and was then transferred to the Nippisirien country, which the missionaries called the land of the sorcerers, because, day and night, the drum of the medicine-men was heard on the lake or in the forests conjuring the evil spirits. Evidently a great change had been wrought in the disposition of the Indians of those regions, and it was most likely the result

of Nicolet's skill in managing them, for only a few years before, Champlain had been warned that it was as much as his life was worth to venture among them; but young Nicolet not only established a trading post on the lake, but was adopted by the tribe, became one of the great chiefs, with a voice in their most solemn councils, and participated in all their hunts and wars and battles.

There he lived for nine consecutive years, undergoing all the hardships of the savages, and frequently passing two or three days without a morsel to eat, and on one occasion supporting life for five or six weeks by gnawing the bark of the forest trees. He kept a record of these adventures and gave it to the Jesuit Fathers, but we have been unable to lay hands on it.

It was during this period that an overwhelming disaster befell the colony in the capture of what was supposed to be the stronghold of Quebec. In 1628, while Champlain was anxiously waiting for supplies from Europe to stave off starvation from the garrison and the colony, an English ship under the famous Kirke appeared in the river and demanded the surrender of the fort. The garrison had absolutely no food at the time, and there were but fifty pounds of powder in the magazine, but Champlain defied the enemy to make the assault. Astounded by the answer, Kirke actually lifted anchor and sailed down the river; but the next year three ships appeared, and the French flag was hauled from the citadel, and the banner of England floated in its place.

It was on this occasion that the dastardly character of Brulé and Marsollet displayed itself. They had revealed the helpless condition of the garrison to the enemy and were on the very ships that had come to demand the surrender of the city. Absolutely unlike them was Jean Nicolet. He remained at his post among the Nippisiriens and waited for better times.

In 1632 Champlain came back again, no longer in the

fetters of the trading company, but as the lieutenant of Richelieu and the first Governor of New France. After a fight of twenty-four years he had triumphed, and only then did the colony on the St. Lawrence begin to live. Nicolet was recalled from the interior and given charge of the trading post at Three Rivers.

It was during this period that he was commissioned by Champlain to discover the great river that was supposed to empty into the Western Sea. He was thus about to realize the great dream that had haunted the imagination of Europe for centuries about the passage to China or Cathay, and which had assumed a new form after the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes had been explored. The sapient geographers had concluded that as there was a mighty river flowing from the centre of the continent there must be a corresponding one flowing west to preserve the equilibrium of the sphere. To find it Nicolet set out from Three Rivers, and that was the reason why his journeyings led him to the Island of Mackinac. He came dressed as a Chinese mandarin, in a gorgeous robe of damask which was richly embroidered with figures of birds and of flowers, in the hope of awakening some long-buried atavistic memories in the minds of the savages who were supposed by the learned men of the times to be of Asiatic origin. On the other hand, it is difficult to conceive that either Champlain or Nicolet shared in this delusion. They both knew the Indians too well. Champlain had passed a whole winter among the Hurons, and his account of the habits and character of those savages is to-day a classic for the ethnological student. Nicolet had lived eleven years among the Algonquins and Nippisiriens, and he also was perfectly well aware that, apart from some mythological nonsense about their origin, there was no tradition of anything whatever connecting them with the Chinese.

Indeed it is quite possible that it was merely to satisfy

some theorist in France or Quebec that the masquerade was adopted. The report of his coming as the great representative of the white men to arrange for a treaty of peace was of course rapidly spread among the tribes, and somewhere on the shores of Lake Michigan four or five thousand Indians assembled to meet him. It was an amazing spectacle for them. The white man whom doubtless many of them had known at Allumette and Lake Nippising was no longer in his usual attire of a hunter, but in a splendid robe such as they had never seen before. On either side of him great poles had been erected on which numberless presents were displayed. In his hands he held two ponderous horse pistols, and after haranguing them in their own language and expatiating on the desirability of a lasting and universal peace with the supreme chief at Quebec, he lifted up his instruments of war towards the sky. A terrible explosion followed, and the squaws, and perhaps many of the braves, scampered away in terror from the mighty man who held the thunders of heaven in his hands. They soon recovered their senses, however, and as no one was injured they returned to express their satisfaction with the proposals of peace, and the presents which he had come to offer. But from none of them could he learn anything of China, nor did he find the great river that flowed into the Pacific, though he reported, on his return to Quebec, that a few days' journey would have carried him thither. It is somewhat surprising that he did not continue his search, in that event, but possibly it was because the river they spoke of took a southerly and not a westerly course, and could not therefore be the one he was sent out to find. Had he done so he would have anticipated Marquette by nearly forty years.

This was in 1634. On Christmas Day, 1635, the illustrious Champlain, worn out by his life of hardships and perhaps by the worry which he had been subjected to from the

first day he built his miserable hut at the foot of the rock of Quebec, at last went to his well-merited reward. He was succeeded by Montmagny, whose name, Onontio, an Indian translation of Great Mountain, remained as the descriptive designation of all subsequent governors of Quebec. He was a worthy successor of Champlain, whom he took for a model, and during his long tenure of office did efficient work in building up the colony, in spite of the apathy of the home Government, which left him almost without resources. Louis XIV was too busy with his European enemies to find time enough to learn of the importance of his colonial possessions.

At last someone stirred up the Iroquois, and then Canada entered upon the bloody epoch of her history. Three Rivers, where Nicolet was living, was the centre of attack, and the St. Lawrence at that point was swarming with Iroquois in war paint. Brébeuf had come down from the upper country and narrowly escaped with his life on his way to Quebec. The war, however, was not precisely against the whites. It was an attack on their old foes, the Algonquins, but the French of course were involved. It was at this juncture that young Marguerie returned from captivity as an Iroquois envoy, and was sent to the French fort to arrange a treaty of peace. But in spite of this, warlike preparations were soon made, forts were built on the other side of the St. Lawrence, and Montmagny came up from Quebec to direct the fight if it should assume large proportions. There were raids and captures here and there, and in the *mêlée* we see the figure of Nicolet constantly appearing. He with Father Ragueneau crossed and recrossed the St. Lawrence again and again, entering the forts of the Iroquois, at the risk of their lives, to plead for a reconciliation, until finally, after some show of fight on the part of the invaders, a temporary calm resulted. This was in the year 1641.

Soon afterward Nicolet was summoned to Quebec to take the place of his brother-in-law, Le Tardiff, as chief official of the trading company. He was hardly there a month, when news came down from Three Rivers that a Sokoki Indian was about to be put to death by the Algonquins. This meant a renewal of hostilities, for the Sokokis of Maine were allies of the Iroquois, and the execution of the captive had to be prevented at all hazards. It was then October 27; the ice was forming in the river, the night was coming on, but without a moment's hesitation Nicolet leaped aboard a shallop that was making for Sillery. While rounding the point, a squall struck the boat, and in a moment the crew were struggling with icy waters. One by one they disappeared in the dark river, though only a short distance from shore. Nicolet and de Chavigny were soon the only ones left. At last, chilled by the bitter cold and feeling his strength completely gone, he called out to his friend, " Make for the shore, de Chavigny, you can swim. Bid good-bye to my wife and children. I am going to God." The waves closed over him, and he was never seen again. De Chavigny succeeded in reaching the shore and, more dead than alive, staggered into the Jesuit house at Sillery, where he told the dreadful occurrence to Father de Brébeuf. The news brought consternation to the colony. The Indians especially were alarmed, for they had lost a friend, a protector, and a father, and they ran like demented people up and down the bank of the river, crying, "Achirra! Achirra! Shall we never see thee more?" The whites too had reason to fear. No one exercised such an influence over the natives as Nicolet, for he bent them without difficulty to his will, at any moment and for all kinds of enterprises. As a Christian, the missionaries bear the splendid testimony that his virtues were those of the apostolic times and that even the most devoted priest might take him as a model of piety and self-sacrifice. But perhaps the best description of his

character in this respect may be found in the list of books contained in his little library at Quebec. They were: "The Metamorphosis of Ovid"; "The Relation of 1637"; "Portuguese Discoveries in the West Indies"; "Collection of Gazettes from 1634"; "The Art of Fencing"; "Inventory of Science"; "History of St. Ursula"; "Meditations on the Life of Christ"; "The Secretary of the Court"; "The Clock of Devotion"; "The Way to Live for God"; "Elements of Logic"; "The Holy Duties of a Devout Life"; "History of Portugal"; "Missal"; "Life of the Redeemer of the World"; "History of the West Indies"; "The Lives of the Saints" in folio.

Such was Jean Nicolet; a man who occupied a very humble place even in the miserable colony of Quebec, but who, by the force of his own irreproachable character, exercised a most extraordinary influence for good both among the colonists and the natives; a man who from the very beginning of his career, though thrown into surroundings which had wrecked the lives of many of his compatriots and had changed them from the representatives of most excellent families into wild and depraved *coureurs de bois,* kept his own virtue untarnished. He was intrusted by his superiors with the most important missions, and was admired and loved by such men as Brébeuf, Ragueneau, Jogues, and indeed by all the missionaries. In brief he was a man of the world, who at every stage of his short career would have been able to utter the same words that left his lips when the waters of the St. Lawrence closed over him: "I am going to God."

Michigan may well be proud of the first white man who set foot on its territory.

The Marist Centennial

St. John the Baptist's Church, New York, June 4, 1917

A STUDENT of chronology might find a singular and suggestive or rather a corrective coincidence in the fact that the year in which Marcellin Champagnat, the saintly Founder of the Society of the Marist Brothers, was born, is the very one that inaugurated the most abominable epoch in history. It was 1789, the first year of the terrible French Revolution, which let loose on the world the most appalling flood of moral, religious, and political turpitude that ever disgraced and degraded humanity. It was all the more awful that it emanated from a race which had been once conspicuous for its chivalry, its civilization, and its Christianity. He showed that Faith still lived.

A French historian does not hesitate to say that whereas in Pagan Rome two centuries of frightful despotism, reaching from Caracalla to Heliogabalus, were required to complete its catalogue of crimes, one year of the Revolution sufficed to surpass in horror anything that the imagination could conceive of the capabilities of unrestrained paganism. There were stationary guillotines in the cities and portable ones in the country places; there were massacres at Arras and Nîmes, drownings at Nantes, fusillades at Toulon, burnings at Lyons, starvation at Toulouse, judicial murders at Angers, until at last a huge hecatomb was piled up of priests, plebeians, and patricians, whose blood flowed like water, and whose numbers were like the sands of the sea. A constitution was conceived which created a reservoir whose sanguinary floods inundated the earth.

In Nantes alone, Carrier murdered thirty thousand people; there was a general massacre of priests in the

prisons of Paris which was continued for days by order of the Government; fifty thousand nuns were flung out of their convents and left homeless beggars on the highways of the world; ten thousand priests were banished from their country, crushed to the earth or under it by every possible accumulation of brutality and barbarity. Many were imprisoned or carried across the ocean in the pestilential holds of rotten ships, and driven into the poisonous forests of Guiana to perish; indecent orgies which would have been infamous in pagan times were permitted and promoted in the public squares of Paris and elsewhere; the heads of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette rolled at the feet of the frenzied populace, who shrieked with delight at the hideous regicide; churches were defiled and dishonored; the total extinction of Christianity was officially decreed, and a medal struck to commemorate the event; the "year of the Lord" was expunged from the calendar and replaced by "the year of the Republic"; the Sovereign Pontiff with broken health and a broken heart was dragged as a degraded prisoner through the cities of France till he expired, and the Goddess of Reason was adored in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. They have atoned for much of it since.

We have enumerated these horrors, though they are among the commonplaces of history, in order to bring out in stronger relief the countless and almost insuperable obstacles that stood in the way of the initial educational efforts of the Society whose Jubilee we are celebrating to-day. It will explain the crudeness of the instrumentalities which the first members of the Congregation were compelled to employ, and at the same time will help us to appreciate the greatness of their achievements, and compel us to ask what they would have done if the splendid appliances of to-day had been at their disposal.

The predecessors of the Marist Brothers of to-day achieved their triumph, not only by willingly accepting the

hard conditions in which they found themselves in the beginning, but by regarding it as a privilege and an honor to have been called to battle for the regeneration of their country and the return of the people to God. They joined in the fray because they had the vision of the Divine Teacher before their eyes; and they followed His counsel to seek first the Kingdom of God, knowing that all else would be added to them; they grasped the significance of His words, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and for that reason they consecrated themselves to the teaching of the primary schools; they heeded the warning that God resists the proud and gives grace to the humble, and hence they assumed designedly the title of "Little," which they put in their rule-book again and again and made their badge and their battle-cry. In a word, they kept constantly in their minds and their hearts that greatness grows from littleness just as the vast universe comes from nothing by the power of God.

These traits are a legitimate inheritance from the saintly man to whom they owe their existence as a religious Congregation. We do not, however, propose to consider him under the aspect of holiness, but rather as one of the great educators of the nineteenth century, though possibly his name would not appear in any of the pedagogical histories of that period. Indeed, they would not have been able to comprehend the motives of his action and would stand aghast at the inspired audacity which prompted him habitually to essay the impossible.

During all the terrors of the Revolution and up to the time of Napoleon's coronation Champagnat was living in an obscure and out-of-the-way hamlet somewhere in the vast diocese of Lyons. He was almost absolutely without any education. He had been only a single day at school, and refused to return because one of the scholars had been cuffed by the "master"; and a harsh word from a priest

also shocked his supersensitive soul. The memory of both of these incidents remained fixed in his mind for life, and he subsequently made it a rule for his followers that they should be conspicuous for their gentleness and self-control in dealing with their pupils.

His absence from school of course left him in ignorance, but book learning counted for little in those tumultuous days. However, it is more than likely that a holy nun who had taken refuge with his family during the Revolution instructed him to some extent. At all events, she and his devoted mother sedulously cultivated what is of fundamental importance in the training of a boy, namely, his purity, his piety, his reverence for authority, and his love for religion. The rest would come afterward.

In view of what he subsequently became, it is singular that he never had or never manifested any desire to embrace an ecclesiastical career until he was interrogated by a professor of theology who visited the family in quest of possible candidates for the depleted ministry of France. The visitor had never seen the boy before, and was probably as much surprised as anyone when Marcellin assented to the proposal. In other circumstances it would be most reprehensible to decide a vocation to the priesthood in such an offhand fashion, but in this instance it was happily followed by good results which, however, could not have been foreseen. His father set his face against the project for the reason that, though the lad had shown some little business ability, he was considered by his family as somewhat dull of perception and absolutely unfit for sustained and especially for serious study. Nevertheless the boy persisted, and by way of trial was sent to an uncle who was credited with some degree of education, but at the end of a year the pupil was voted a failure.

That did not daunt him, however, and in some way or other, though already seventeen years of age, he contrived

to gain admission to the Little Seminary of Verrières and was placed in one of the lowest classes. At the time he was head and shoulders over his companions in size, and his awkward, ungainly rusticity, as well as his ill-fitting and curious attire, coupled with shyness and timidity, made him the butt of the school. Nevertheless he was undisturbed and kept doggedly at his task, studying commonly till midnight, and finally meeting with such success that by the middle of the year he stood at the head of his class. At the end of the term he passed over the intervening grade and entered the one above. He had made two years in one. He had still much to learn, however, for he spent seven years at Verrières, and it was not until 1812, when he was twenty-three years of age, that he began a four years' course of philosophy and theology at the Seminary of Lyons.

Here we are again face to face with the unexpected. With a number of the most fervent Seminarians he conceived the idea of forming a Religious Order, though neither he nor they had ever seen one except in some recent tentative essays. The Jesuits had been expelled from France as early as 1764, and that was a prelude to the extirpation of the others, while the Revolution swept away what remnants still lingered in the country.

Their idea was a Society exclusively made up of priests; but Champagnat insisted on having lay brothers in the Order who were to be occupied chiefly in teaching Catechism and the elementary branches of learning. Probably the others saw, or thought they saw, the hopelessness of the task and let him have his way; but Champagnat was the Conqueror of the Impossible. He achieved his object, though not in conjunction with the Marist priests, who are distinct from the Marist Brothers.

On July 22, 1816, he was ordained to the priesthood at Lyons by Bishop Dubourg of New Orleans, who officiated in place of Cardinal Fesch. It was another coinci-

dence, inasmuch as Bishop Dubourg was a distinguished member of the Hierarchy which was established in the United States in the very year of Champagnat's birth; for Bishop Carroll was preconized in 1789. So that if Champagnat had the terrible thunder cloud of the Revolution darkening his birthday and had heard in his early youth that the Church would never again exist in France, he had now above him, as he knelt in the sanctuary, the splendor of a new Church that was already springing into life on the other side of the Atlantic and would with a divine rapidity extend over the vast continent till it reached the ocean beyond.

He was assigned to the mountain parish of Lavala, with its rugged cliffs, its precipices, its deep and dangerous ravines, its houses perched on almost inaccessible heights and often miles away from the church — a post which involved continual hardship, suffering, and self-sacrifice. Added to this the people were ignorant and rude, and had forgotten, if indeed they had ever heard, the sublime teachings of their religion; for an entire generation had grown up since 1789.

Such a field of labor was to all appearances not promising for a future Founder of a Society of teachers. But he made it serve that end, and while transforming the population intrusted to him he never lost sight of the ideal of his life: The Little Brothers of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Indeed it was the prevailing ignorance that forced him to persevere.

As the teachers were to be primarily religious teachers, it was necessary that their model and guide should be equipped in advance with all the qualities they were designed to imitate. Hence in the providence of God there developed in his soul, to a remarkable degree, a spirit of faith, humility, confidence in God, prayer, self-sacrifice, and a mortification which, though it never obtruded itself on

others, left its impress on every action of his life and always appealed to his followers.

His spiritual progress in this lonely place is all the more surprising because, buried as he was in the mountains, debarred to a great extent from intercourse with the world outside, he was compelled to be more or less his own spiritual director. For that reason the scrutiny of the movements of his soul was searching and incessant, and, with what seems like a characteristic Gallic fondness for minuteness and multiplicity of details, he was continually drawing up long lists of observances for the various phases of his daily work. In one instance there are as many as twenty-six different resolutions which he sets himself to fulfil — a superabundance which would have been bewildering for anyone else, but which his concentrated and persistent personality pursued to the end.

At last he addressed himself to his task of establishing his educational corps, in a way, however, that would make a modern student of pedagogy gasp in amazement. But there was nothing else for him to do, and so he took the rough material at hand and set to work. The result was crude, indeed, but it was like the precious crayon sketch which an artist makes before he puts on the canvas the perfect picture that is already glowing in his mind. His first associates are two young men of the neighborhood, both of them as ignorant of books as he himself had been when he began his career. He teaches them reading and writing, makes them live together in an old house near the presbytery, arranges for them to earn their living by manual labor, binds them to stability by some sort of promise, instructs them in prayer and mortification, leads them frequently to the altar for Holy Communion, gathers the children around them for instruction, and with the assistance of a teaching brother whose community had been dissolved by the Revolution, succeeds in giving his neophytes some idea of how

to manage a class, and then, on January 2, 1817, he laid the foundation of the remarkably successful Society of the Marist Brothers.

Modern theorists who demand millions for the establishment of even primary schools would scoff at this kind of educational equipment, and yet this solitary missionary's idea of education was the correct one. Of course he did not invent it. It is as old as the Church.

Success in school work depends on the personality of the men who teach, the character of the matter that is taught, and the correctness of the method that is followed. Hence Champagnat in the midst of the mountains of the Cévennes will have only the best teachers he can find. They have not a superabundance of worldly knowledge, but they are men who had set aside all worldly ambition, which was not much in this case, it is true, but even St. Peter gave up only his nets. They are still in the full flush of youth, but are pure of heart and of stainless life; they love their fellow-men and will accept any sacrifice to serve them; they seclude themselves from the world so as to better prepare themselves to teach; they fast, they pray, they observe silence at stated times; they keep the Commandments of God; they frequent the Sacraments; they not only fulfil their duty to their Creator, but perform works of supererogation; they ask no compensation but the joy of doing something for God. Such teachers could not fail to improve the minds and morals of their pupils, and that is the purpose of education.

Secondly, the knowledge which they have to impart is of the very highest order, and in this connection I recall a certain conversation in which a group of cultured gentlemen were discussing the great vital questions which always persist in thrusting themselves on the minds of all kinds of people, religious or otherwise — what is man's origin, his destiny, the character of his soul, the moral law, the

other life, etc. They were all at odds with each other, or admitted their ignorance. The only one who could offer anything like a satisfactory solution of their doubts was a Catholic lawyer, and when he was asked where he acquired his information he called up a little lad and put to him the first questions of the Catechism: "Who made you?" The ready answer was: "God." "Why did he make you?" "That I might know Him, love Him, and serve Him in this world and be happy with Him forever in the next." "In what is your soul like to God?" "Because my soul is a spirit, endowed with understanding, free will, and is immortal, that is to say, can never die," etc.

The effect was astounding, and everyone asked in amazement where the child had learned so much and how he was so familiar with the greatest and profoundest problems that perplex and confound the non-Catholic philosophers of to-day. It was clear to them, if they thought of it, that the commonest Catholic school is provided with educational material which is not to be found in many of the great universities.

Finally, the method employed by Catholic educators is the only one that conforms to the rules of reasonable pedagogy. For it is surely a better and greater achievement to impart knowledge about God, about the soul, about its intelligence, its freedom of will, its immortality, the moral law, the purpose of our existence, etc., than to confine one's self to the exclusive teaching of reading, writing, and arithmetic: one is abstract, spiritual, supernatural; the other is concrete and gross; one is intellectual, the other largely material and can be performed by mechanical contrivances. Moreover, spiritual knowledge is, in the highest and noblest sense, more utilitarian; for the knowledge of man's dignity, his obligations, his destiny, is of infinitely greater use to the nation, to the family, and to the individual than readiness in the three R's. It is noteworthy also that the

knowledge of what is spiritual enables the intellect to grasp more rapidly and to understand more thoroughly studies that are concerned only with material things. Modern educators have addressed themselves to the latter with a mad enthusiasm, only to find that matter uncontrolled by the spirit brings ruin upon mankind. The crying need of the day is to restore the spirit to its proper place in the schools. Had the world at large received a better education than the one that has been thrust upon it for the two or three past generations, it would not be suffering the disasters which are crushing it to-day.

Upon that basis were the Marist schools erected one hundred years ago, and hence their success. Not that they were alone in formulating this educational programme. On the contrary, they were merely contributing their share to the great movement which had been instinctively inaugurated from one end to the other of the country, as soon as Napoleon began to control the frenzies of the Revolution.

Even before 1817 as many as nineteen new Teaching Orders of women and eleven of men had been permitted to open schools all over France. The old Orders that had been expelled had resumed their interrupted work and were laboring with all the power of their souls to restore to their country the Christianity and civilization of which she had been so cruelly despoiled. Infinitely more than the armies of Napoleon did this splendid phalanx of Christian teachers help to restore France to her place among the nations.

Conspicuous in the battle were the Marist Brothers. They were everywhere in demand in their own country, and soon extended their activities to all parts of the world — to America, Africa, and even the islands of the Pacific. The work appealed to generous souls, and at the end of the century the Society was represented, not by the two youths whom Father Champagnat had so laboriously

trained, but by six thousand ardent apostles who are now celebrating their Jubilee.

They have a right to it, and we rejoice with them. We exult with them in their well-merited triumph; we are grateful to them for the benefits they have conferred on humanity, for the glory they have given to God, and the consolation they have brought to the afflicted heart of the Church. The world needs them now as much as it did after the French Revolution, to bring back this generation of ours to purity of life, to reverence for authority, and to belief in God — three things which are declared in the first passage of their Constitution to be the chief object of the Congregation of the Marist Brothers.

Dedication of the Granite Shaft on Indian Hill

Here on November 14, 1655, the First Mass was celebrated in the State of New York
Syracuse, New York, September 23, 1917

THOSE were wonderful men, — the first missionaries who came to Onondaga, Chaumonot, Dablon, and Le Moyne. "Chaumonot," says an eminent authority, was "one of the most beautiful figures of the Canadian missions." He was as simple as a child but as brave as a lion. Side by side with the heroic Brébeuf he tramped through the snows of the neutral country during five terrible months every moment of which might have been his last. Starving, exhausted, and ready to sink in the drifts, chilled to the marrow of their bones by the wintry blast, he and his companion saw themselves thrust from the wigwams in the dead of night to perish in the cold, or be tomahawked by some pursuing savage. They heard unmoved the sentence of death pronounced by the chiefs at the council fire, looked calmly into the eyes of the executioners, who dropped their weapons in amazement at the unconcern of their victims, who when set free went their way, travelling from Onguiara or Niagara to what is now Detroit, mapping out the sites of future missions, and at last emaciated, worn, and crippled, but not discouraged, reaching their miserable mission at Georgian Bay. They never saw the Neutrals again, for the Iroquois from the Mohawk swept down on the frightened Hurons and Chaumonot beheld his faithful converts ruthlessly slaughtered before his eyes. He knelt beside the charred and mangled

remains of Brébeuf and Lalemant, who were burned and tortured at the stake; listened with horror to the tragic story of the deaths of the other missionaries who were riddled with bullets or flung into the blazing ruins of their little chapels or murdered in the depths of forests by apostate Indians.

Taking with him some of the remnants of the tribe, he made his way down the cataracts of the Ottawa to Quebec, and there organized his wonderful Indian Sodalities, whose members amazed the white settlers by the ardor of their devotion and the purity of their lives and whose records contain some of the most charming pages in Canadian history. These sons of the forest were in communication with many of the most distinguished Sodalities of Europe, and one reads with delight of gorgeous cavalcades issuing from the gates of the great cities of France to receive the wampum belts which their red brothers on the St. Lawrence sent as a token of union and affection. The life of one of their Prefects, Armand Jean — he was named after Richelieu — is as delightful reading as the most fantastic romance.

Chaumonot was caring for these Indians when the call came from Onondaga to bear the message of salvation to the very savages whom he had seen a short time before ruthlessly butchering his neophytes. He obeyed as lightheartedly as ever. He knew the Iroquois too well to trust them for a moment, but it gave him the chance of seeing and saving the Hurons who had been carried into captivity; and perhaps he thought God might bestow on himself the grace of being made, like his beloved Brébeuf, a martyr of the Faith. Dablon, who had just arrived at Quebec, went with him, though he was unprepared for the work and had not the slightest suspicion of the sufferings that awaited him in the squalor and degradation of the Iroquois cantons. They were received at Onondaga with the wildest acclamations of delight. Chaumonot addressed the throngs and

amazed them by his eloquence and his familiarity with their language. He was admitted to be the equal if not the superior of their greatest orators. The wampum belt he gave them on that occasion is still among the precious treasures of the Iroquois League. On November 14, 1655, the great event occurred which is celebrated to-day. Holy Mass was offered in the little bark chapel which the Indians had constructed for him. Dablon, of course, celebrated Mass on that day also, but Chaumonot, being the senior, was the first to stand in his priestly vestments at the humble altar.

As on the St. Lawrence so in Onondaga he organized a sodality among the Huron captives, and he found as many as eighty who were duly approved by the Council for their piety and faith and were in consequence admitted into the ranks of the Children of the Blessed Mother. Thus Indian Hill has the honor of having established the first Sodality of the Blessed Virgin in the State of New York, and of having assembled its members in the chapel where the first Mass was said.

He labored there until the eventful night of March 20, 1658, when the entire colony of Frenchmen mysteriously disappeared, while the Iroquois slept off the stupor that followed hours of dancing and singing and gorging at a feast that was spread for them. Chaumonot would have gladly remained and died for his Iroquois, but God willed otherwise. He returned to Quebec, and expired after fifty-four years of missionary life among the savages.

His companion at Onondaga, Claude Dablon, was also a remarkable man. A distinguished professor in one of the greatest colleges in France, he came to America when he was about thirty-six, and was immediately sent to the Onondagas, though he did not yet know a word of their language and little dreamed of what the future had in store for him.

It was he who undertook the terrible journey on foot over the ice of the St. Lawrence from Syracuse to Quebec to humor the Indians, who wanted a trading post in their territory. The diary of this perilous expedition forms one of the most interesting documents of American history. He succeeded in his mission, and on July 11, 1656, a flotilla of canoes carrying fifty Frenchmen sailed over Lake Onondaga with banners flying, and, amid cheers and songs and discharges of musketry. The new arrivals, after banquets and speeches and ceremonies and great councils, began the construction of their block-house from which they were soon to flee.

After the exodus we find him working his way in a canoe up the swift Saguenay and over Lake St. John in an effort to reach Hudson Bay; and later on, out in the Far West, with Allouez exploring the shores of Lake Superior and Green Bay, locating the copper deposits which modern commerce now exploits, and while experiencing all the hardships and dangers of missionary life in those distant regions, dreaming like the rest of those apostolic men of solving the problem of the Great River which the Indians told them was somewhere in the West. It was he, who, later on, when he was Superior of all the Missions, appointed Marquette and Joliet to find the Mississippi, and he with them shared the glory of the discovery. The editing of the " Jesuit Relations " was for many years his work.

Greater than either of these heroes, however, is undoubtedly Simon Le Moyne, whose splendid monument adorns one of the squares of Syracuse, and who is admired by all the students of New York history, irrespective of their faith. As early as 1638 he was in the midst of the horrors and terrors of missionary life among the Hurons. He passed through all the tragic scenes which extinguished in blood and fire the whole of that once powerful nation, and only a few years afterwards he was heroic enough to

go down in the midst of the very Iroquois whom he had seen in their wild fury as they slaughtered the missionaries. He went to ask them to receive the brethren of those same missionaries to christianize and civilize them.

Though he was taking his life in his hand as he set out for Onondaga, the diary which he has left of his adventures reveals almost a merriment of soul. He was received with joy by the savages; made enthusiastic discourses to them in Huron, and succeeded in winning from the solemn convention of the Sachems which met on Indian Hill a promise to receive the Blackrobes.

When they proved faithless and the white men fled, he again went among them, after endeavoring to propitiate the Mohawks further down the valley. He was welcomed by some, but persecuted by others; was dragged naked through the streets of Onondaga; was tied to a stake to be burned to death, and was only saved from the tomahawk of a savage by the unexpected intervention of a friendly squaw. Then, to await better times, he withdrew to the neighboring tribe of the Oneidas.

If his eloquence and his holiness did not appeal to the fierce Iroquois, at least he brought the comforts of religion to the Huron and French captives, and to him is due the conversion of one of the most remarkable Indians of those times, the noble Garagontié, who was received into the Church at Quebec with all the pomp and splendor with which the occasion could be invested. Members of all the tribes assisted at the ceremony and looked on with delight as the great chief bent his head over the baptismal font, while the Governor, de Courcelles, stood at his side as sponsor. No one was greater in the eyes of Garagontié than Simon Le Moyne, and when the news of the valiant missionary's death reached him, he cried out, "O Ondessonk! Dost thou hear me from the land of souls to which thou hast passed so quickly? It was thou who didst often

lay thy head on the scaffolds of the Mohawks; thou who didst go bravely into their very fires to rescue so many of the French; thou who didst bring peace and tranquillity wherever thou didst pass, and didst make believers wherever thou didst dwell. We have seen thee on our council mats deciding peace and war; our cabins became too small when thou didst enter, and our villages too contracted when thou wast there, so great was the multitude drawn thither by thy words. Since thou hast so often taught us that our life of misery is to be followed by one of eternal bliss, why should we grieve now that thou enjoyest it? But we lament because in losing thee we have lost a father and a protector. But we are consoled because thou art still such in heaven, and because thou hast found that abode of bliss of whose infinite joy thou hast so often told us."

Such were the first white men who came to this territory; all of them splendid examples of the sublime capabilities of human nature assisted by divine grace. But there was some one with them who was infinitely greater than they, for on November 14, 1655, Jesus Christ Himself was here on Indian Hill.

This is not to be understood in any mythical sense, nor merely that Christ was present in His representatives, or His doctrine, His love, His power, His wisdom, but that as truly as He was present in the crib of Bethlehem, on the shores of Lake Genesareth, in the streets of Jerusalem, in the temple, in the supper room, on the cross, in the tomb, in the upper chamber, and on Mt. Olivet before He ascended to heaven, He was personally and substantially and really present in the little chapel of bark whose memory is recalled to-day by this granite monument. It is true that He was not here in the same manner in which men saw Him, and listened to Him and sat with Him and touched Him during the thirty-three years of His earthly sojourn; but, nevertheless, He was as personally and as truly present in

that chapel as at any moment of His mortal life, or as He is in the glory of heaven. That this is true we know with absolute certainty, for the simple and absolutely convincing reason that the night before His passion He took the Bread and Wine in His hands; pronounced the words: "This is my Body; this is my Blood"; and as none can obtain eternal life except by the Bread of Life, He enjoined upon His Apostles and their successors to repeat the same act of transubstantiation wherever they might be till the end of time. Hence it is when the ministers of Christ acting in their sacerdotal capacity utter these words there before them is the Body of Christ; there is the Soul of Christ; there is the Divinity of Christ.

That is what we mean by Christ's Real Presence in the Eucharist; that is what gives significance to this act of to-day; the placing of a monument on the spot where those divine words were first pronounced in these parts; that is why Catholics all the world over kneel in adoration before the tabernacle where the light is glimmering, though there is not a sound of service or ceremony in the edifice; or, to take one concrete instance, that is why in one of the old churches of the metropolis, right in the heart of the intense business of the city, throngs of men of every condition of life hurry in to kneel for a few brief moments during the noon recess, before the silent and unillumined altar. Christ is present there. That is why splendid churches and cathedrals have been erected and glorified with all the beauty that the sublimest art and architecture could conceive. Christ is present there. That is why when riches and beauty and art are unattainable, the same manifestations of awe and reverence and perhaps even more are seen in the sordid surroundings of a log cabin, or an Indian wigwam, or a mountain cave, or amid the trees of the forest as on the most splendid shrine that was ever erected. Christ is present there.

Hence it was that Le Moyne could write to his Superiors: "The chief prepared in his own cabin a chapel which he built without cut-stone or carpentry. Our Lord, who consents to place Himself under the species of bread and wine, does not disdain to dwell under our bark roof, for the trees of our forest are as precious to Him as the cedars of Libanus. Where He is, there is Paradise. Thus our good Garagontié thought he could do nothing that would please me more. Indeed you can judge what a consolation it was for me and our poor captive Frenchmen and a number of our old Christian Hurons to find ourselves together in the depths of this savage country performing our devotions and celebrating the august Mysteries of the Altar."

As the old hero intimates in these words, it is not merely the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist that forms the attraction of a Catholic Church, but it is chiefly because in it are celebrated the "August Mysteries" of the Holy Mass. For it should not be forgotten in the first place that the sublimest act of religious worship is not merely prayer or song or some other service, but the immolation of a victim to the Almighty, and secondly, that humanity has everywhere offered its homage to God in that manner from the time Cain and Abel offered the first fruits of the earth and the first lambs of the flock, and will continue to do so till the end.

It is an ineradicable instinct of human nature, and a glance at the history of the race reveals the fact that it recognized that there was no better way of declaring the essential dependence of the creature on the Creator than by that form of homage. Notably at every stage of the history of God's people sacrifices were offered; the patriarchs and prophets built altars and immolated victims; and the temple of Jerusalem had no other object or purpose than that the sacrifices ordained by Moses should be offered incessantly and with due solemnity until the com-

ing of the Lamb of God, who would make the sublimest possible oblation to the Almighty by His bloody death on the Altar of the Cross.

But as the Prophet Malachy had announced, this sacrifice of the Cross was to be perpetuated in an unbloody manner, until the end of the world, therefore, that the merits of His Passion might be applied to all mankind in all times and in all places, Christ in His infinite love decreed that He Himself as the Great High Priest should offer by the hands of His consecrated ministers the species of Bread and Wine which He assured us in the most solemn manner and at the most solemn moment of His earthly life to be nothing else than His own most precious Body and Blood.

Could there be any greater act of religion than that? Could there be any sublimer sacrifice? Could there be any surer or more perfect manner of adoring God? Any better way rendering Him thanks? Any more infallible means to secure help in our necessities of soul and body and to atone for our sins? Assuredly not; for in the Mass it is Christ who adores; Christ who gives thanks; Christ who pleads; Christ who atones; and He does all this for us.

It was from this Eucharistic Sacrifice that Chaumonot and Dablon and Le Moyne and their associates drew their courage to face torments and death; and even to rejoice in the opportunity to pour out their blood if need be for Him who shed His blood for them. It was from the same divine source that these erstwhile savages were enabled to live Christian lives; that Garagontié, for example, could verify his beautiful name: "The sun that advances"; that Hot Ashes the Oneida, and Kryn, "the Great Mohawk," became ardent apostles in their respective tribes; that young Skandegorhaksen became an Aloysius among his degraded people; that Tegakwitha, and others like her, became saints; that numbers of these barbarous men and women of a few years before were transformed into pious Sodalists,

and that still more of them lived and died thanking God for the gift of the Faith.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of the intelligence with which these Indians recognized the importance and the necessity of the Holy Eucharist in the life of a Christian might be shown by the now historic act of the Caughnawaga Indians, the descendants of the old Iroquois who had been settled on a reservation near Montreal. A band of them had tramped almost across the continent, and meeting the Flatheads in the Rockies warned them that they would be eternally lost unless they had a Blackrobe to minister for them at the altar and offer for them the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Again and again they travelled down as far as St. Louis, which was two thousand miles away, in quest of a priest. They found one at last in the person of the illustrious De Smet, but not before Ignace, the leader of the band, was slain by hostile Indians. It was a glorious ending for Ignace, the Iroquois, whose love for the Blessed Sacrament had prompted him to face death that his friends might thus have Christ living in the midst of them. One might well consider him a martyr of the Real Presence.

If we turn to the times when the white race replaced the unfortunate Indians here in New York, and ask what is it that inspires and enheartens the multitude of men and women we see around us to lead pure and holy lives? What is it that forms chaste and holy families whose chief purpose is to make home the vestibule of heaven? What is it that fires with enthusiasm so many young hearts to consecrate themselves to the self-sacrifice, nay, the immolation of a sacerdotal or religious career? What is it that enables the devout laity and even those that are not usually devout to bear with such divine patience, and even thankfulness and resignation, the bitterest anguish and sorrow? What is it that brings crowds about our altar rails, little children and old men, rich and poor alike, not only on Sundays but every

day of the week? What is it that prompts our poverty stricken people to build churches and cathedrals and chapels and schools and hospitals and asylums and refuges for the abandoned and afflicted, and to supply them with an ever-growing army of the best of our families who labor for no other purpose than the love of God in the most distressing and sometimes the most revolting surroundings? What is it that has created six vast dioceses in this State with nearly thirteen hundred churches at whose altars more than two thousand priests are ministering where less than one hundred years ago one bishop, a few scattered churches, and a handful of priests sufficed? What is it that has produced the result that while as many as forty-three per cent of the people of the State have declared in the official census-taking that they have no religious affiliation, three millions of the inhabitants proclaim themselves Catholic?

Of course there are obvious reasons for this astonishing numerical growth, such as immigration, large families, and conversions, but the question is, why, independently of defections among these three million, by far the vast majority remain faithful and why the growth continues? The answer is, the Blessed Sacrament. Take away the altar and all piety will disappear; take away the altar and all charity and self-sacrifice will die; take away the altar and all faith and religion will disappear; the numerical superiority will immediately dwindle; our three million Catholics will no longer figure in the census and our churches like those around us will be abandoned.

Hence the wisdom, Gentlemen of the Order of the Alhambra, of recognizing and proclaiming, as you have done, the necessity of this Eucharistic worship of Almighty God. You have found the place where the Holy Sacrifice was first offered in the Empire State, and you were not prompted in the search by the historiographer's eagerness to discover and record an interesting occurrence; nor because of any

idle and futile and foolish desire to boast of the origin and the growth of your own Church in contrast with the decline and decay of others which should be a subject rather of alarm and dismay, but because you desire to declare and demonstrate to those around you, nay, to implore and entreat them to recognize that there has never been and never can be a perfect act of religion without an altar and without a sacrifice; and that the sacrifice ordained by the Redeemer of the World is the Holy Eucharist. You are apostles of the Real Presence and your monument is a declaration that the most splendid basilica which the genius of man has ever reared becomes a cold, an empty and abandoned house if the Eucharist is not there. It is haunted by the ghosts of the past, for in it the Faith was cruelly slain, while on the other hand the wretched chapel which Father Chaumonot regarded as the Holy of Holies is still held in veneration two hundred and fifty years after it has crumbled into dust or was swept away in some Indian conflagration, simply because Christ was once worshipped there in the Holy Eucharist. No ghosts of the past will ever haunt this place, but angels from heaven will guard it as a sanctuary forever.

Dedication of the Church of the Nativity

Brooklyn, New York, September 30, 1917

THE Nativity of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is not only the central but the centralizing point of all human chronology. It is more than a fact, it is a cause. Every other event is inextricably bound up in it, all the past was a preparation for it, all the future refers back to it, so that it is impossible to know where we stand with regard to the occurrences of ancient or modern history except by taking the Nativity of Christ as the starting-point of our computations. Thus the great overlords of Assyria and Babylonia scorned to chronicle any event except by stamping a record in clay that, during such or such a year of their reign, they built a city or waged a war or overthrew a king. Egypt counted its age by its dynasties, which were multiplied indefinitely until they faded into the clouds and mists of mythology. The intellectual Greeks computed time by their Olympian Games, and the Romans took as the beginning of history the building of their city, which they fancied was immortal; but Assyrian kings and Egyptian dynasties and Olympian Games are in the discard now, and there is no other way of measuring time except by the four letters B.C. and A.D., "Before Christ" and "The Year of the Lord."

France once attempted to expunge them from the calendar and started anew with "The Year of the Republic," but the folly was brief; then science sought to deny the facts of the creation, the fall, and the redemption of mankind, by multiplying the centuries, the ages, the eras, the

epochs, and the æons of the world's evolution; but in doing so it only magnified the glory of Him who is "the Alpha and the Omega," "the Beginning and the End of all things."

So also for the future. No one knows how long the earth will last, but we do know, for He has told us, that when time is no more and when the sky is rolled up like a scroll, there will come the Day of the Lord whose Kingdom is for everlasting. Hence, whether they will it or not, pagans and Jews and atheists and unbelievers as well as Christians can never speak of the grandest or the obscurest events of human history without proclaiming the Nativity of Jesus Christ, and realizing St. Paul's triumphant prophecy, "Jesus Christ! Yesterday, to-day, and forever."

Nor is this chronology a matter of convention or convenience, for down deep in the heart of humanity there was not only the hope but the conviction that a Redeemer would come to lift mankind from the degradation into which it had fallen and in which it would be buried unless He came in time to save it. He was the Glorious Deliverer who was to bring back the Golden Age to the world.

That fact stands out prominently and vividly in all the histories and traditions and superstitions and mythologies and religious rites of every nation under the sun, both civilized and savage. The pictures they drew of Him are indeed hideous and distorted at times, but they are nevertheless unmistakable in their intent and in the outlines they attempt to make of His personality, His power, and His purpose. Even the exact time of His coming was fixed — whether because of a primitive revelation or an acquaintance with the Hebrew Scriptures it is impossible to determine — but, be the origin of this remarkable prepossession what it may, the fact remains that Persians and Arabians and Hindoos and Greeks and Romans and Etruscans and Teutons and Celts and Esthenians and Aztecs and

American Indians were anxiously awaiting Him. He came, indeed, but they failed to recognize the mighty Conqueror, the universal King, the all-wise Ruler whom they had hoped for, in the Man who was born in a stable and died on a cross. "He was a scandal to the Gentiles and a stumbling block to the Jews," says St. Paul; and hence, to fill the void, even Herod claimed the Messiahship, and Augustus styled himself the Saviour of the world. But they only increased the general corruption. The result was that despair fell upon the nations, and they regarded their long-cherished hope as a dream and a delusion. Even Seneca, the great Roman philosopher, declared that nothing now was left but the destruction of the world. Yet, for those who had eyes to see and a mind to understand, this very despair was a tribute of homage. It was a universal admission that without Christ there is no salvation.

More distinctly still, the origin, the political vicissitudes, the triumphs, and the ruin of the Jewish nation proclaim this predominance of the Christ in history. Without any effort on their part, in fact against their will, they were delivered, by the direct interposition of God, from a degrading and destructive slavery and established as an autonomous people. Except in one or two instances, they displayed no genius either for war or statesmanship, and to the end they were rent by internal dissensions. As many as ten of their tribes were lost among the Gentiles. Nor were they an intellectual race, and being prone to idolatry were forbidden by their religion to cultivate the arts. Nor did they develop their commerce or industries to any notable extent, and yet the capital of their Kingdom became one of the great centres of the world to which millions journeyed from every part of the world, on solemn festivals, to participate in the sacrifices of the Temple and revive their faith in the Redeemer who was to be of the seed of Abraham and of David. The greatest and noblest

and holiest of their representatives formulated the divine promises in language that has no parallel in any tongue for majesty, eloquence, music, and beauty. Every detail of the life and character of the Christ was inscribed in their sacred books, whose text was so jealously guarded that for its preservation every genuine Hebrew would have gladly died. Indeed the Sacred Scriptures formed the only bond of unity that held this politically weak nation together, and insured its permanency, in spite of its own incessant internecine strife and the constant menace of the mighty empires with which it was in closest contact, and which could have absolutely annihilated it any moment.

In flat contradiction, however, with every political and human prognostication and prevision, it was the great nations that disappeared, while the weak one, which was helpless and despised and often depleted and decimated by its own deplorable schisms and individual apostasies, as well as by invasions, massacres, repeated subjugations, servitudes, and deportations, persevered as an independent national entity up to the very moment of the coming of Christ; and then, like the others, it ceased to be. What was the reason? It is not far to seek. The sole purpose of its existence as a nation was, absolutely and exclusively and without qualification, the guardianship of the promises whose realization within itself was to be its especial glory and whose splendor was to be diffused from it for the enlightenment and the salvation of the world outside. It proved false to its trust. It refused to accept Jesus of Nazareth as the Messiah, and never since has it had a king, a city, a senate, or an altar. It rejected the cornerstone of its national structure and was crushed by it.

Thus it is that Christ is the central figure of all human history. But He is more than that. It is He who controls and shapes and directs everything that occurs in the progress of time. Who, for instance, can forecast the future?

Who can tell with absolute certainty what is to happen, thousands of years hence, during which mighty empires arise and disappear? Who can penetrate the infinite instability and changefulness of human plans and purposes, which not only hide the distant future, but make the events of even the next moment, at best, only a matter of speculation? Yet His radiant figure is seen in the first dawn of time, growing brighter as the clouded centuries recede, until at the appointed time He blesses the earth with His presence. Again, He is born in a stable, but angels announce the glad tidings and kings kneel before Him with their gifts. He withdraws into obscurity, but on the banks of the Jordan a voice is heard above Him glorifying Him and proclaiming to the world that He is the Son of the Eternal Father, and that all the world must obey Him. He is transfigured on the lonely and far-away mountain of Thabor, and the greatest saints of the Old Testament come to pay Him homage; from out the gloom of Calvary He arises in the splendor of the Resurrection and ascends in triumph to heaven; He establishes a spiritual kingdom on foundations that seem to invite and even compel its ruin, but it has defied all the powers of the earth that were united to destroy it, and it has the promise that it will never fail. He rules not by terror but by love, and countless millions in every land and every time worship and adore Him. He has filled the universe with holiness and truth, and when the earth shall have run its course, He will appear in majesty and power to judge the living and the dead.

Well might we follow the example of the old missionary among the Iroquois who, when driven out of his wigwam, fixed on a cross in the wilderness near the Falls of Niagara an inscription which his angry and stupid savages might look at in wonderment even if they did not understand its meaning: *Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat.* In our unbelieving age, which is fast becoming

savage in its perceptions, in its instincts, and in its methods, we, like the persecuted and wearied apostle in the wilderness, can keep before the eyes of this generation that same truth which alone can save us and it: "Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ rules."

It cannot be otherwise. For Christ is not, as we hear Him proclaimed everywhere to-day in the press, on the platform, in schools and universities, and, most deplorable of all, in Protestant pulpits, merely a man, a teacher, a reformer, the inaugurator of a new epoch. He is God; He is the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity; He is God of God, Light of Light, True God of True God, the Creator of all things that are made, Who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven, was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us.

How do we know this? We know it because all humanity, waiting through the centuries for His coming, proclaimed it. We know it because the saints and prophets of the chosen people again and again asserted it and died to maintain it. We know it because it is acclaimed by the countless myriads of children of that universal and eternal Kingdom, the Church, who love and serve Him in sorrow and affliction, for whom His Divinity is the light and glory and joy and hope of their lives, and who would sacrifice all they have, even to the last drop of their blood, that His reign might be extended wider and wider upon earth. We know it because Christ Himself, in the full light of the prophecies, in the splendor of His miraculous power, and the transcendent beauty of His holiness, taught it to the assembled Sanhedrin when the clouds of death were gathering around Him; taught it to the adoring and jubilant people on the street, and to the representatives of all the nations of the world that were grouped around the cross on which He was nailed. Nothing false could have defiled the lips of such a teacher.

It is needless to advert to the fact that at the present time there is an especial need of insisting upon the teaching of this doctrine of the Divinity of Christ, for all over the world it is mocked at or ignored, with the consequence of a widespread and appalling apostasy from Christianity, of which it is the basic truth. Millions of people in our own country and elsewhere have never even heard the doctrinal and moral teachings of Christ, or if they have it is only to flout them; families are constructed on principles that are not only in antagonism with but in defiance of the commonest Christian ethics; governments in the main are frankly pagan in their principles, their purposes, and their methods; and the upper classes, like Dives, think only of filling their storehouses and of faring sumptuously, while Lazarus is rotting at their doors. If history means anything, the past will be repeated in the future; nay, it would seem that the future is already here. The great nations are disintegrating before our eyes; family life and family decency have disappeared; and Lazarus is replaced by those who have made up their minds not to be crushed, but to destroy their oppressors. In brief, a condition obtains in the world at present which has no parallel since the Nativity of Christ.

What is the remedy? There is only one, and it has been clearly proclaimed by him who represents Christ: "Restore Christ to civilization." To effect that object is the work not only of this Church of the Nativity, but of every other Catholic church that has been built in the past or will be built in the future; not, however, by merely inculcating the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ, but by accomplishing what the Incarnation of the Son of God is intended to achieve, the creation of other Christs, the deification of humanity itself. St. John does not hesitate to say, and the Church does not hesitate to repeat it almost every day, at the Divine Sacrifice, that "The Word was made flesh and gave

to everyone who received Him the power to be made the sons of God; of being born not of bloods, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

What does this mean? It means that what we call sanctifying grace is bestowed upon us to enrich our soul with a life far above the one that it already possesses in virtue of its spirituality and immortality; our intellect is so illumined that it is made capable of grasping divine truths which, unaided, it could never attain nor even suspect or surmise; our will is endowed by it with a power of resisting temptation, supporting trial, and achieving the loftiest heroism of life and act; and, finally, our faces are set not merely to the ultimate goal of the natural and consequently of the inferior felicity due to a spiritual creature, but to nothing less than the ineffable bliss of the beatific vision in which we are to see God face to face forever and ever.

Hence it is that, in each House of God in which His children assemble, every sacred sign and symbol upon its walls, every ceremony, simple, solemn, or sublime, in its sanctuary, every song of praise or prayer or plaint or triumph or entreaty that rises from the heart or is voiced on the lips of the throngs that kneel in its inclosure or is carried on the murmurs or thunders of its mighty organs, or in its strange, unworldly music whose cadences and intervals and long-drawn-out and lingering notes die away in the distance like birds that disappear in the far-away depths of the heavens, all proclaim that Jesus Christ is the God of God, the Light of Light, True God of True God, to effect directly or indirectly, mediately or immediately, a transformation of the soul that entitles us to be called and to be the Sons of God and the Brothers of Jesus Christ.

The unusually beautiful church which we are dedicating to-day is an illustration of this. Its name "Nativity" is a perpetual pronouncement of the first doctrine of Christianity, the Incarnation of the Son of God. Its intention-

ally plain but noble exterior recalls the humility of the Humanity of Christ, which was the shield of the splendor of the Divinity which dwelt within Him. Its columned and spacious portico, standing wide on the level of the public highway, is an invitation to all those who pass by to enter into God's household; its confessionals are built outside the walls, like sepulchres wherein we lay our dead selves and from whose granite gates we emerge like Lazarus from the tomb, reclothed with the life that sin had robbed us of; and, omitting other architectural significances, its stately procession of glittering monoliths leads us straight to where Christ abides in that Eucharistic life which His love has devised that He might dwell with us until we gaze upon Him, not veiled in the Sacred Species, but in the splendor of His glory in heaven.

In conclusion, therefore, and, I trust as a logical deduction from the premises of this protracted discourse, let me say, that the people who are privileged to be the parishioners of the Church of the Nativity, and who from their hard earnings have erected this magnificent edifice in the honor of God, from every part of which the soul hears such eloquent appeals, should, by the purity, the integrity, the nobility, nay, by the divinity of their lives, be conspicuous among their fellow-men as genuine children of God; the enlightened, self-sacrificing people who are steady and unshaken even in the midst of the direst afflictions, who rate all things as naught in comparison with their faith in Jesus Christ, who know that it alone can give repose and comfort in their earthly sorrows, sanctity and security to their family life, stability to their country, and the assurance of eternal salvation.

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